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DEC. 6, 1930

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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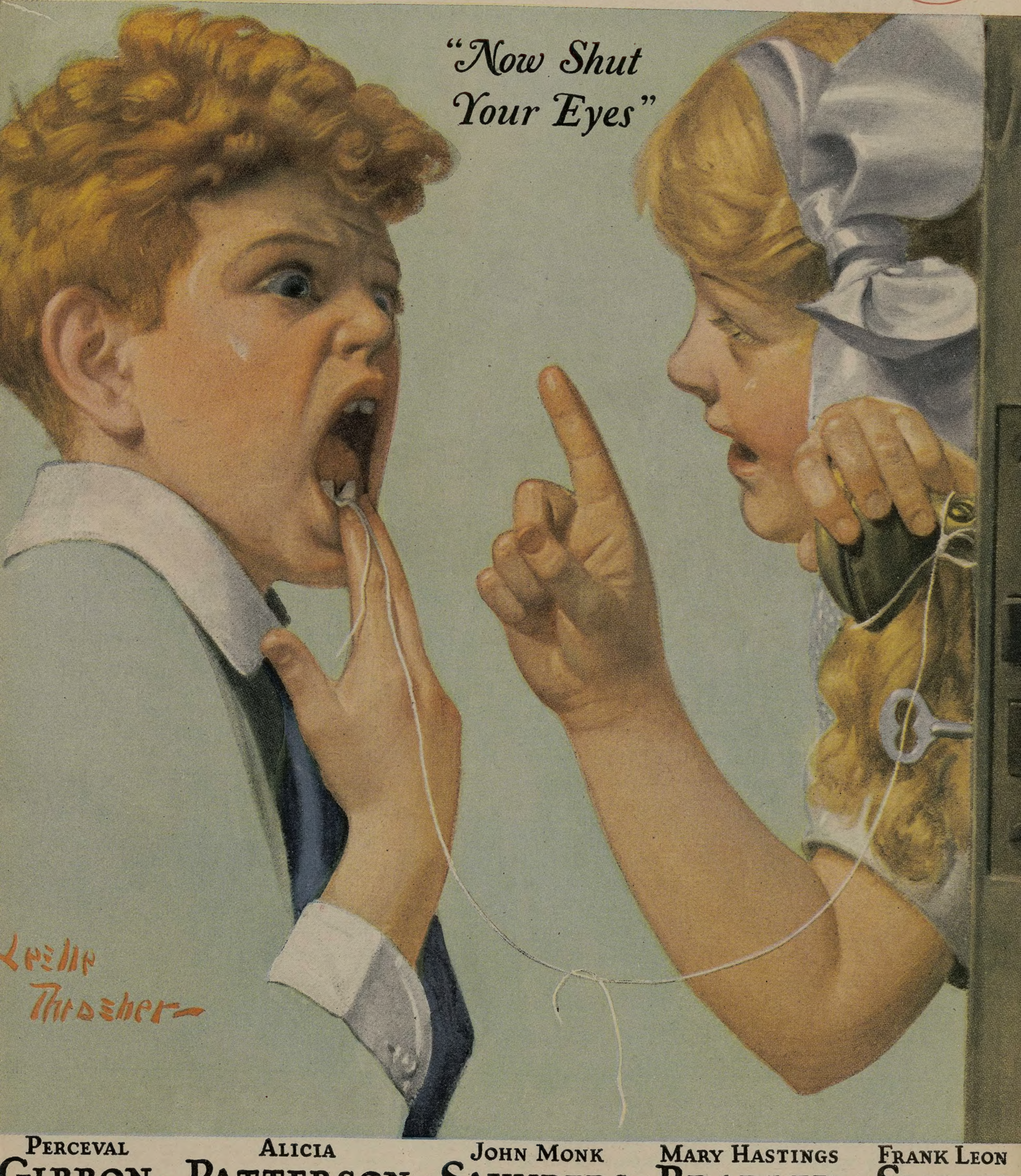

"Now Shut Your Eyes"

PERCEVAL **GIBBON** ~ ALICIA **PATTERSON** ~ JOHN MONK **SAUNDERS** ~ MARY HASTINGS **BRADLEY** ~ FRANK LEON **SMITH**

TEXACO
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WITH
ETHYL
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

TEXACO-ETHYL starts quicker.. because it's "DRY"

WHEN your motor greets the first command of the starter with a sputter—that's warning enough of cold weather troubles on the way.

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Begin to use Texaco-Ethyl now! Do away with the long warming-up periods, excessive crankcase dilution and battery waste. Enjoy the smooth, anti-knock performance provided in the Ethyl compound. Even on the coldest days Texaco-Ethyl Gasoline starts quickly and keeps your engine running so quietly, and so well, that, as far as the engine is concerned, you'll never know that winter has come. Available in all our 48 States.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

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TEXACO *the original* "DRY" GAS + **ETHYL** *nationally famous* ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND = **TEXACO-ETHYL** THE "DRY" ANTI-KNOCK GASOLINE

Young Wives who are all confused

all confused by the information
they receive from other women

should send for this free book

The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene

IT'S often a time of bewilderment— that first little while of a woman's married life. She talks to friends who have been wives for years. Why don't they seem more sure of the facts? Why do they hesitate so, when they discuss this important matter? Why do they themselves appear to be confused?

Uneasiness about poisons

In back of the whole subject of feminine hygiene, there is a great uneasiness about the antiseptic to be employed. This is readily understood. Not so very long ago, caustics and poisons were the only germicides powerful enough for the purpose.

The medical profession naturally approves of feminine hygiene in principle. More than anyone else your doctor appreciates the value of surgical cleanliness. But he would never advise the use of bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid. Time and again he has seen the pitiful damage done to delicate tissues, the irreparable damage.

Fortunately for women, this situation has completely changed. Along with other advances in modern science, a new germicide has been discovered. And this discovery has proved a priceless blessing to all women who demand the healthful cleanliness and the peace of mind that come with the practice of feminine hygiene.

Zonite is absolutely safe

The name of this new germicide is *Zonite*. You can use Zonite regularly with the assurance that it is *safe*. Women who realize the difference between Zonite and the old-fashioned methods will never again worry about feminine hygiene. For Zonite cannot cause mercurial poisoning. It will not produce areas of scar-tissue. Nor will it interfere with normal secretions.

Zonite is absolutely non-caustic, absolutely non-poisonous. It is actually soothing to membranes. And yet it is very powerful. *Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the human body.*

Send for this book of up-to-date facts

There is so much uncertainty about this subject that women are no longer content with the information they receive from other women. They want facts from a reliable source. And a booklet called "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene" has been written to supply just these facts. Send for this book. It is free. It is frank and authentic. In your own home (and without any embarrassment) you can read the latest, up-to-date findings about this vital matter. Mail coupon. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

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☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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DEC. 6, 1930

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

"WORKS OF ULTIMATE NECESSITY"

A statement from the White House recently announced that, in addition to the $500,000,000 to be spent by the government this fiscal year, Congress will be asked for an emergency appropriation to pay for "works of ultimate necessity."

The idea of these emergency funds is that they will relieve unemployment by keeping men busy on things we don't need now but will be needing later on.

Among such things are mentioned roads, dams, public buildings, and a number of similar items, the providing of which is undoubtedly sound public policy.

But there is something else which has not been much mentioned, and it seems to us it might well be given a little attention. This is the matter of building our navy up to the strength authorized by the London treaty.

If for no other reason, this is important because it would give employment to a good many thousand men who now are either idle or filling jobs that other men might be filling. The treaty allows us to build about 100,000 tons more in cruisers than we now have, and about 60,000 tons more in airplane carriers—that is to say, a third more in cruisers and nearly twice our present tonnage in airplane carriers. We may, if we like, spend about $750,000,000 on new ships. And eighty per cent of this would go to labor!

But beyond that, there is a deeper reason. Whether times are good or bad, it is highly important that we build our navy up to its authorized strength before the next conference meets in 1936.

When the naval treaty was being negotiated, and when it was being considered by the Senate, administration spokesmen gave the impression, unmistakably, that we would build up to the limits allowed us. And we think the least one can say is that a false impression was conveyed to supporters of the treaty if there was, or is, really no such intention.

If we have the same navy as other nations, we shall be in a better position to talk about reduction at the next conference than if we remain in our present state of standing still. You cannot talk to your vis-à-vis with any great degree of persuasion if he has a lot of ships in the water and you have nothing but a lot of blue prints in a desk.

And obviously, a paper fleet in time of need is a paper fleet and nothing more.

We don't understand the President's attitude on American naval matters. Even with all due allowance for his Quaker upbringing and the other influences which have shaped his character, Mr. Hoover is still an enigma to us in this regard.

In what light does he view the navy? And is all this treaty-making just a gesture? Why should we sign a treaty if we have no idea of taking advantage of what it gives us?

The thing just doesn't seem to make sense.

God knows neither Mr. Hoover nor anyone else needs to hold down the United States navy to keep Ramsay MacDonald from being bellicose. Mr. MacDonald has a navy up to strength, and we haven't.

We need such a navy, and we have the right to build it. With men out of work and with the price of materials very low, it is practical economy to build it now. With another naval conference approaching, it is sound diplomacy to build it now.

And further, whether you like it or not, things look bad in Europe. There is muttering and restlessness, and suspicious dislike of the U. S. A. We need a navy, not to cause trouble, but to keep out of it.

What good is a cruiser or airplane carrier that doesn't exist, either for affording employment now or insuring protection later?

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

CHElsea
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Their words have wings as swift as light

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

We live and work as no other people have ever done. Our activities are pitched to the swiftness of the instantaneous age.

Whatever happens, wherever it happens and however it may affect you, you may know it immediately over the wires or the channels of the air that carry men's words with the speed of light. Business and social life are free from the restrictions of time and distance—for practically any one, anywhere, may at any time speak with any one, anywhere else.

The widespread and co-ordinated interests of the nation depend upon an intercourse that less than sixty years ago was not possible in a single community. This is the task of the telephone wires and cables of the Bell Telephone System—to make a single community of our vast, busy continent wherein a man in Los Angeles may talk with another in Baltimore or a friend in Europe as readily as with his neighbor.

It is the work of the Bell Telephone System to enable friends, families and business associates to speak clearly and immediately with one another, wherever they may be. Its service is as helpful and accessible on a village street as in the largest cities.

To match the growing sweep and complexity of life in this country, to prepare the way for new accomplishments, the Bell System is constantly adding to its equipment and bettering its service.

To this end, its construction program for 1930 has been the largest in its history. This System at all times accepts its responsibility to forward the development and well-being of the nation.

Dr. Allen Rogers

Ph.D., University of Pennsylvania

says: "As a Cleansing Dentifrice Colgate's has no equal"

Dr. Rogers is head of the Department of Industrial Chemical Engineering, Pratt Institute. His tests on toothpastes and their action are of the highest interest not only to the public but to scientific circles as well.

Dr. Allen Rogers, Ph. D. University of Pa.; Member American Chemical Institute; American Institute Chemical Engineers; awarded Grazelli Medal, 1920; Author Manual of Industrial Chemistry; Director Department of Industrial Chemistry, Pratt Institute.

WHEN a distinguished scientist like Dr. Allen Rogers announces without reservation that one dentifrice is vastly superior to all others, the world wants to know his reasons. And he gives them. Conclusive, scientific reasons. Backed by painstaking, impartial laboratory research.

Colgate's has no equal. Very well, why? It is a matter of low surface tension, as Dr. Rogers explains. "The sole purpose of a dentifrice is to give the teeth and gums a complete cleansing. It must, therefore, have the ability to get into the crevices between the teeth and remove the decaying foods.

"A tooth paste that has a low surface tension is the one that gives the best results. My tests indicate that Colgate's gives these desired results."

Nothing need be added to that convincing statement from one of the country's recognized authorities.

But if one should ask further scientific proof of these facts, there are such noted scientists as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of the School of Sciences, Catholic University, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Henry Leffman, noted lecturer at leading universities, author of many books on scientific subjects, and scores of others equally well known, who have been retained to make analytical tests and render expert opinion — and their individual researches agree entirely with those of Dr. Rogers.

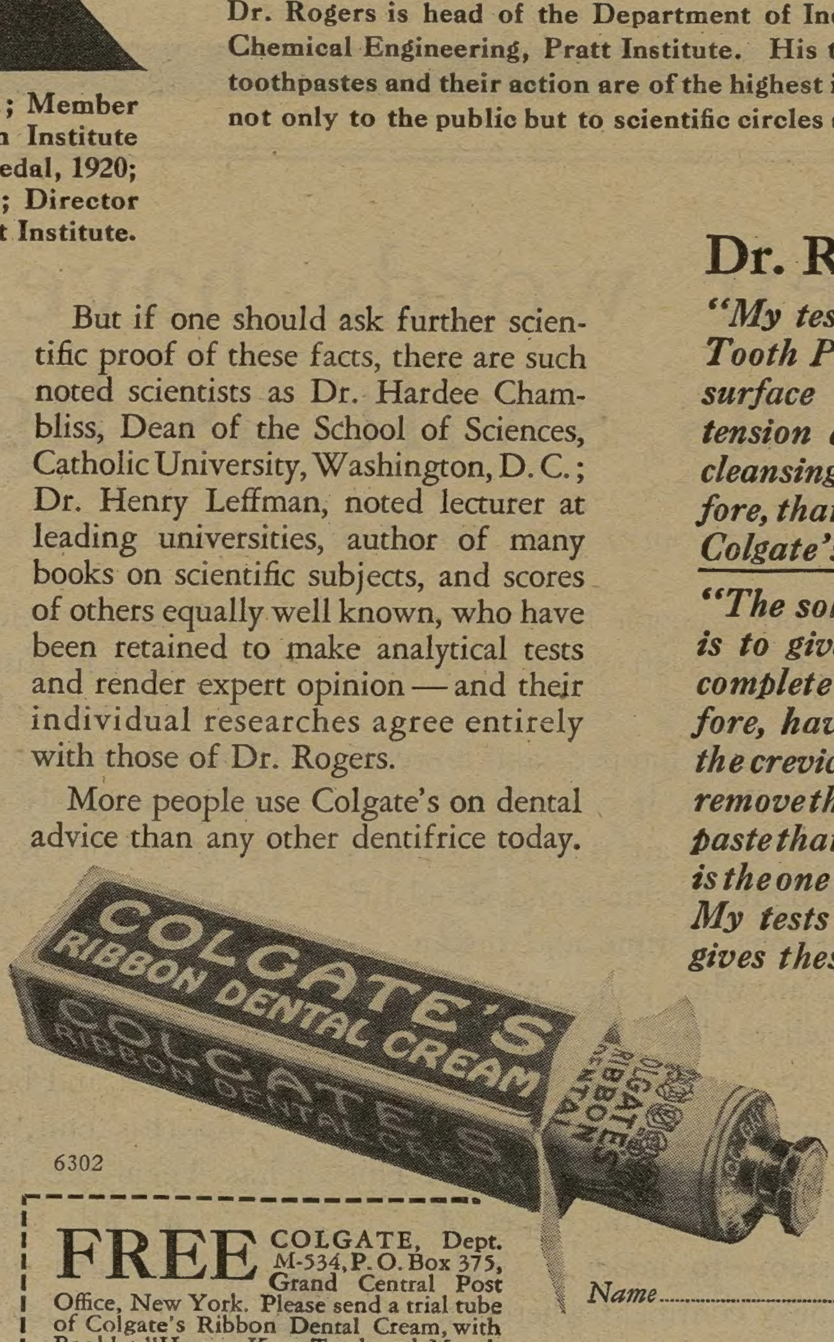
More people use Colgate's on dental advice than any other dentifrice today.

Dr. Rogers says:

"My tests reveal that Colgate's Tooth Paste produces the lowest surface tension. Since surface tension determines detergent or cleansing action, it follows, therefore, that as a cleansing dentifrice, Colgate's has no equal.

"The sole purpose of a dentifrice is to give the teeth and gums a complete cleansing. It must, therefore, have the ability to get into the crevices between the teeth and remove the decaying foods. A tooth paste that has a low surface tension is the one that gives the best results. My tests indicate that Colgate's gives these desired results."

Allen Rogers



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FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-534, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York. Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with Booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Heathy."

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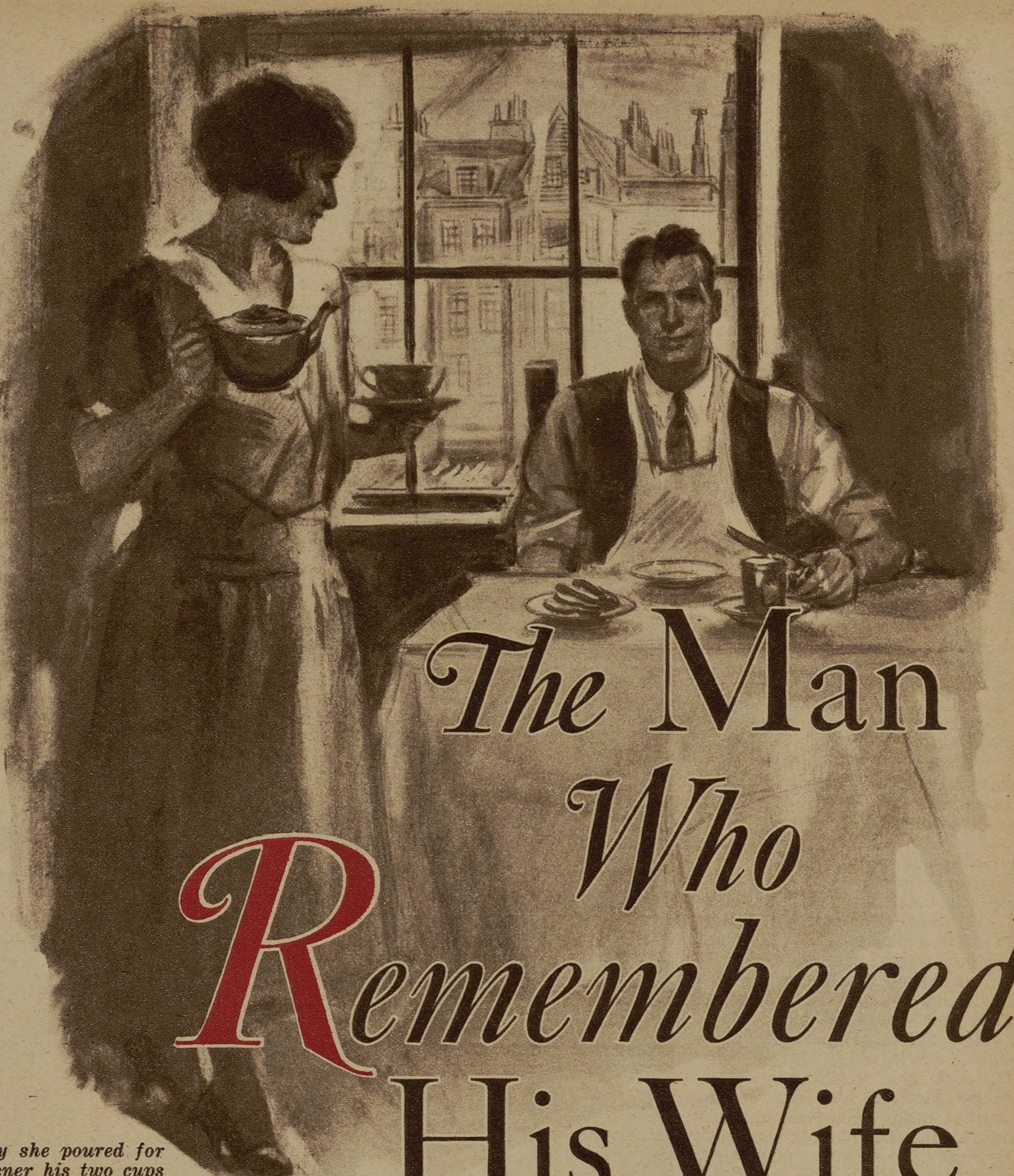


Daily she poured for Tavener his two cups of tea.

The Man Who Remembered His Wife

The Story of a Living Ghost

(*Reading time: 30 min. 20 sec.*)

By

PERCEVAL GIBBON

a Welshman whose sudden death in Guernsey ended an adventurous life as journalist in many countries, African game hunter, soldier, poet, novelist, and short-story writer. When he died he left a number of unpublished stories, of which this is one.

Pictures by ROBERT TODD

IT is at ten o'clock in the morning, or thereabouts, when the new day is properly aired and the wheels of trade have been manhandled into motion by early rising underlings, that there appear upon the scene the afterguard of commerce, the solid men who find their offices manned and under way and their desks already arranged for them. Silk-hatted, decorously clad, nourished by unhurried breakfasts and instructed in the morning's news, they spread abroad the stations; the city receives in them its active leaven of direction and responsibility; and London is itself again.

Of these was Mr. Tavener. As the nine fifty at Charing Cross came to a stop and seemed to shrug open the long line of its doors, he stepped from the first-class compartment with the cheery and insouciant air of one who is entirely assured of his place and his welcome. He was a shortish man, of that com-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE MAN WHO REMEMBERED HIS WIFE
Continued from page seven

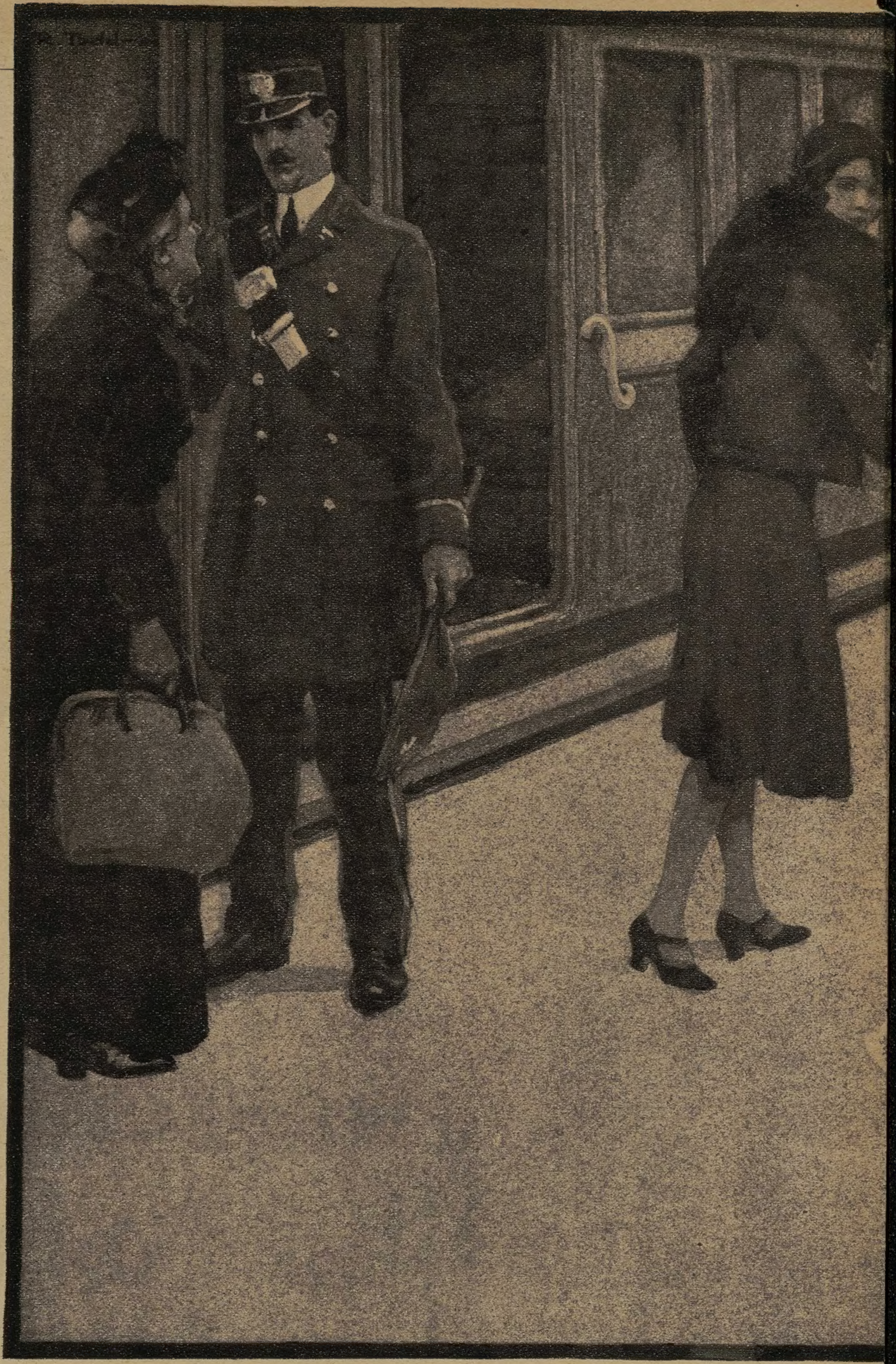
fortable bulk which is seemly at fifty-eight years or so, with a trim pointed gray beard and a plump face that was both amiable and shrewd. He turned to speak a friendly farewell to his fellow travelers, tucked his folded newspaper under his arm, and moved off toward the gates of the platform with the buoyant stride of physical and mental well-being.

Upon the other side of the platform, an outward-bound train was receiving its passengers to an accompaniment of loudly slamming doors. Mr. Tavener threaded his way through those who came running from the gates to catch it. If he perceived them at all, save as obstacles to be skirted or dodged, it was with a placid tolerance; this jostling was his daily initiation to the atmosphere of his work. A man with a suitcase in either hand and an umbrella carried horizontally under his arm cannoned into him from the left and bumped him painfully; he merely made a little half-humorous grimace of remonstrance as he recoiled, and bumped into a woman who was passing behind him. She made an inarticulate sound, a sort of snarl that had all the purpose and offense of an oath, and thrust him away angrily.

BUY NOW and Bring Prosperity Back!

“I BEG your pardon,” began Mr. Tavener hastily. “I really—”

She was not looking at him; she had eyes only for the train in which she sought a place. But the miscreant with the suitcase and the umbrella tore loose from the grouping in which his collision had momentarily jammed them and delayed her for yet a couple of seconds. Mr. Tavener, his apology bitten off short, with the conciliatory half smile petrified on his face, stood and stared at her. She paid him no attention; an instant later she had plunged forward once more into the swirl of hastening people and was gone from his sight—a middle-aged dowd with the white and sour face of a shrew.



Mr. Tavener stood staring at the place where she had been.

But Mr. Tavener, unmoving in the throng that frothed about him, stood where he was, staring at the place where she had been, with his smile growing rigid and horrible on his whitening lips. From under his slackened arm the folded newspaper fell to the ground at his feet.

The train gave a little start like a horse touched with the whip and commenced to float away. Mr. Tavener still stood, staring beyond the visible presences about him, but now his plump and sanguine face had blanched and all in it that was lively and able had shriveled to mere horror and amaze. A porter marked him and spoke to another; after a brief hesitation they approached him together.

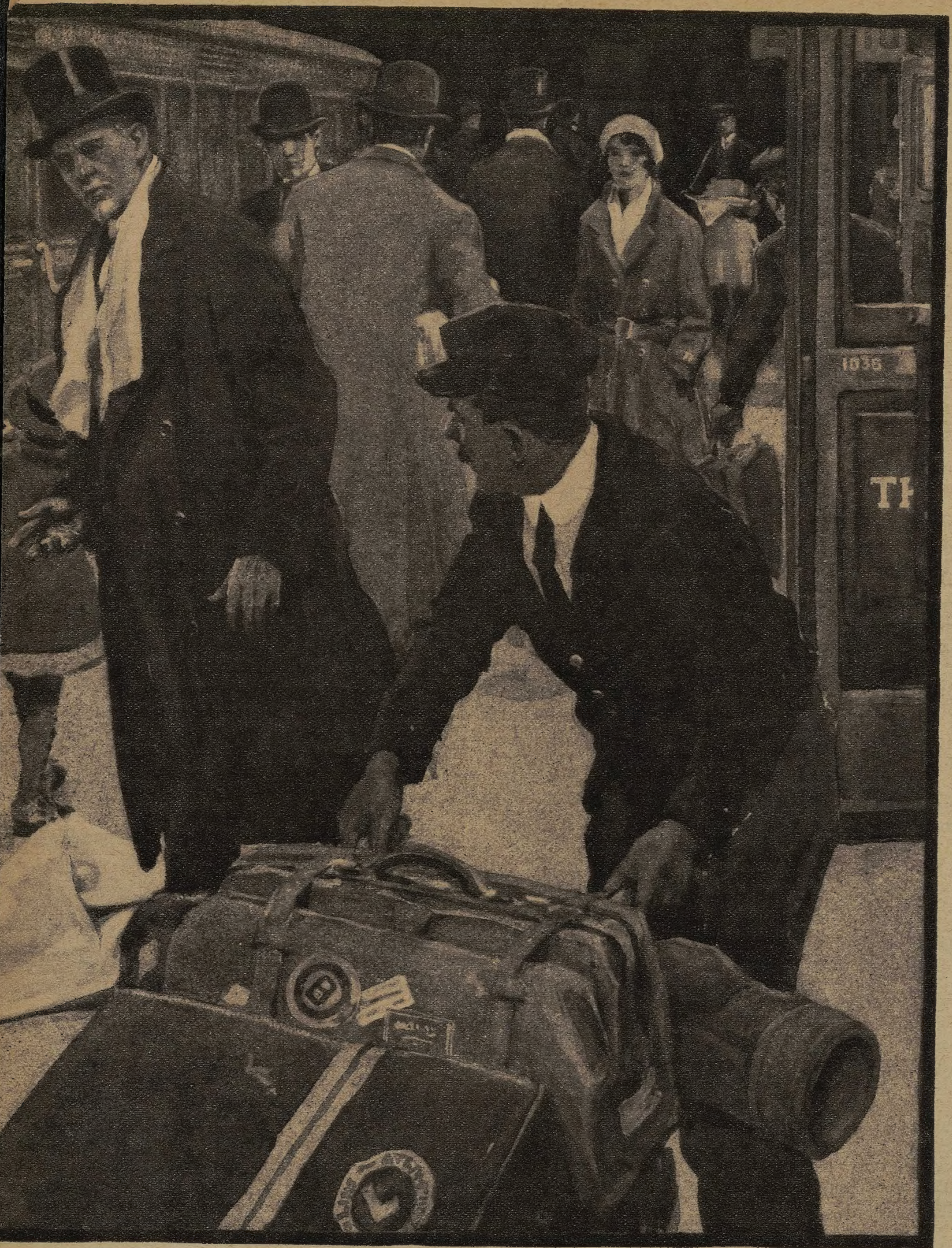
“Ain't you feelin' well, sir?” asked the first of them. “Shall I give you my arm's far as the waitin' room?”

The touch of his hand on Mr. Tavener's elbow seemed to recall the older man from his abstraction. He sighed deeply and turned slowly upon the porter a face that was ghastly and disordered.

“I'm—I'm—all right,” he managed to say in an uncertain whisper, and took three steps toward the gates. Then, ere that porter could catch him to hold him up, his legs appeared to crumple under him and he sank to a sitting posture, saving himself from falling sideways by a hand that propped him. His silk hat, jerked from his head, rolled along the boards.

The inevitable little crowd came into being about him at once; the words “fit” and “drunk” stood over him doubtfully; but at last a quiet and assured man thrust his way through the ring of gazers. “I'm a doctor,” he said, for sufficient excuse. “And now, sir,” as he knelt beside Mr. Tavener, “let's have a look at you!”

Already Mr. Tavener could speak again. “All right



From under his slackened arm the newspaper fell to the ground at his feet.

in a minute," he breathed. "Just felt faint. Get a cab presently." The doctor's hand explored his pulse and the region of his heart and the doctor's trained and searching eyes his face, where yet there persisted the traces of horror and amaze.

"Had a shock of some kind, I'm afraid," he said, giving to his remark the tone of a question. Mr. Tavener nodded. "Well, I think you'd better let us help you to the waiting room and perhaps I can get you a little brandy."

The big waiting room, grave as a church, afforded to Mr. Tavener a measure of the privacy he needed. The brandy which the doctor magically procured in that droughty and liquorless hour of the forenoon gave him back some of his color; in the half hour during which he sat there he seemed to recover all that had gone from him at that encounter upon the platform. He was able to stand, to thank the doctor, tip the helpful porters, and walk to his cab steadily enough.

WHEN the taxi had left the station and turned along the Strand he showed at the window a face that looked upon the life of the streets with the expression of one who looks upon a world of ghosts. The common figures of every day, the familiar traffic of the town—he seemed to regard it with a strained and fearful curiosity as though he beheld a thing grotesque and perilous.

BUY NOW!

His office was over the chief of his shops in Oxford Street—he was the principal proprietor of a small but prosperous string of grocer shops—and among his clerks the fact that he was late was in itself an event. He was aware of their stares as he passed through the outer office; aware, too, that they marked in him the traces of his recent experience. His manager, following him in with a letter basket full of papers, even spoke of it.

"You're not looking quite yourself this morning, sir," he said. "I hope there's nothing wrong."

He was a large-featured man, competent as any other narrowly specialized machine. He stood beside Mr. Tavener's desk, looking down at him with respectful solicitude.

"Yes," said Mr. Tavener. "I've had—I've had some bad news."

"Sorry to hear that, sir!"

"Yes—bad news!" Mr. Tavener frowned at the letter basket and its heaped documents doubtfully. "I can't attend to these this morning," he decided. "Take them away and do the best you can. And look here! Ring up Bohun's at once, will you—the Inquiry Agency, you know!—and tell them to send round a good man."

"Bohun's, sir?" The mild young man's characterless stare was tinged with interest. "Send you a—a detective, sir?"

Mr. Tavener repressed an impulse to shout at him impatiently. "Of course!" he said crisply. "At once! And shut the door as you go out!"

For many years, till the thing lost its savor through

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MAN WHO REMEMBERED HIS WIFE
Continued from page nine]

much repetition, Mr. Tavener would account for himself to friends and acquaintances by saying, “Well, as a matter of fact, I’m a foundling.” And not till they had been led to a thorough misunderstanding and visions of some latter-day Moses in the bulrushes, would he enhance the marvel of his origin by explaining the matter.

It was thirty years now since he had been carried to hospital from among the débris of an omnibus overturned in a fog. Those who attended to him guessed—they had no other way of telling—that he was then about twenty-eight years of age, a pallid young man, clad in cheap and worn clothes. They found in his pockets nearly five pounds in gold and silver, but of papers, letters, or other means of identification not a scrap.

He had been grievously injured about the head in the accident; only inspired surgery, by a man whose fame yet endures, had availed to save his mere life; and it was weeks before, helmeted in bandages, frail and ghostly upon his pillow, he had looked up with understanding in his eyes and rediscovered the faculty of speech.

“Your name?” The quiet-voiced, watchful physician by his bedside never took his alert gray eyes from the injured man’s face. “Think quietly; try to tell me what your name is!”

They repeated strings of Christian names to him with their diminutives; he listened intently, seeming anxious to hear one that never came. But in the end, the result was always the same.

“I don’t know,” he would murmur, wearily and helplessly. “There’s nothing there; I can’t remember anything.”

He could speak, he could count, and, with pauses of effort, he could add numbers together. And he could learn. But of his past life, up to the moment when his head had struck the curb and the horses, plunging and thrashing, had surged back upon him, there was nothing. The pages of the brain were wiped clean.

Once upon the mend he made a rapid recovery toward physical health. Presently he was moving about the ward and the small garden of the establishment, docile, feebly amiable, happy when called upon to aid the nurses in any small matter, untroubled by any fate that might have been his in the lost years. The police, called in to help account for him, reported that no one at all resembling him was on their list of missing men; there came no inquiries nor any clue at all. The world that he had lost seemed content to resign him.

BUY NOW!

He stood for some time in danger of a pauper lunatic asylum; but, fortunately, among his doctors there was one of humanity and sagacity. When he was restored to strength and bodily health, this physician found him an employment with his own grocer, and he left the hospital to grope his way toward a new identity in place of that which had been stripped from him. He picked himself a name at random from a directory—Tavener, added John to it, and was thus born anew.

HIS employer, the grocer, was a silent, competent, and kindly Scotchman, willing enough to be considerate to this victim of freakish circumstance. But as the months passed, the newly labeled recruit to the grocery trade needed consideration less and less. He was delightfully willing and quick to learn; he devoted himself to his work as though with an ardent and insatiate desire to give a distinctive character of industry and efficiency to his new life. His good nature was inexhaustible; he was as innocent of vices as a baby. Customers liked him and trusted him.

“Do ye not think, seein’ the way ye’re takin’ hold, that maybe ye were a grocer or a grocer’s man before?” his employer asked him once.

John Tavener, white-aproned, was at his counter. He gave to his questioner a steady, serious look.

“I’ve tried to remember,” he said. “At first, I used to puzzle over it till I nearly went crazy. But I can’t remember anything—and now I don’t want to.”

“Eh? An’ why not?”

Tavener shook his head. “Perhaps I was all right,” he said; “but perhaps I wasn’t. Suppose suddenly I remembered that I was a criminal or something!”

The Scotchman uttered one of his rare laughs.

“Criminal!” he repeated. “Man, have sense! Doctors can’t make chaps like you out o’ thieves an’ murderers.”

Between four and five in the afternoon it was customary for the shopman to go upstairs to the grocer’s home over the shop for his tea. The Scotchman was a widower with one daughter, a buxom, tranquil lass, one of those women who are matronly in their girlhood and yet preserve a virginal quality throughout life. Daily she poured for Tavener his two cups of tea and cut his bread and butter, and daily he brought to her his mild and happy countenance and all his strengthening effect of ready friendliness and willingness to please. Daily, too, she added herself to his new equipment of human experience, taking in the make-up of his mind a place in which, at least, no previous occupant had left any trace.

Of course, they talked a good deal about his condition; in the first year or so, every one who knew him had that for a staple topic. But he had been with the grocer for over a year before their talk took on its inevitable purpose.

“IT’S queer about you forgetting *everything*,” she said. “In all those years there ought to be *something* that you couldn’t just blow out like you blow out a candle. Your mother, now!”

He shook his head. “Perhaps she died when I was born,” he suggested. “At any rate—there’s nothing.”

“Or”—she bent above the loaf she was cutting—“your wife!”

“Yes,” he agreed. “I’ve been thinking a lot about that of late. But I can’t remember. And it doesn’t seem possible that a married man could vanish like that with never a question asked—without anybody even going to the police, does it? There were twelve men missing in the week that I had my accident; and all that weren’t too old or too big to be me have been found, dead or alive. So it seems to me that whoever my friends and relations were, they were glad enough to get rid of me.”

“I’m not thinking that,” she answered, and looked up at him. “If there was a wife, she’d have wanted you and found you.”

It was nearly five years later that that talk bore fruit in their marriage. The grocer had died. All he possessed, his business and the harvest of his lifelong thrift, descended to his daughter. In all that time there had come to John Tavener no gleam or echo from the hidden past; their questings with the aid of police and private agents furnished no clue, no least hint, not even a convincing theory.

They had thriven. First there had been an amalgamation with the business of the dead Scotchman’s brother, also a grocer, and from these beginnings the concern had enlarged as by some natural and steady process of growth. Mr. Tavener and his wife had passed into the sober comfort of middle age in contentment and ease. She was still buxom and tranquil, a kindly and lovable house companion; together they had found and settled into their groove, and the strangeness of the events that had made it possible for them to come together was dulled in the perspective of the years. Whatever paths Mr. Tavener had trodden ere he came to the turning of the bus accident were overgrown by the weeds of time. They were safe.

And that morning the walls that had shut him in and defended him had been breached. The stout-bodied, thin-faced shrew in the station—the thirty years that had mellowed and remade him had not been sufficient to disguise her. It was as though she had protruded her bitter countenance through a curtain, rending it so that it fell apart, revealing to Mr. Tavener all that past that had been hidden from him. It came sudden as a blow and like a blow it had felled him.

“Her name was Clara,” he said half aloud in the privacy of his room. “And we’d been married three years. My God!”

He was leaning with both elbows on his desk, his head in his hands. He raised it as the door handle turned and his manager came in and announced, in hushed tones, “The detective, sir!”

The “private inquiry agent” showed himself as a large swarthy man with a formidable mustache.

“Mornin’, sir,” he said, with a sort of perfunctory official heartiness. “Nothin’ much wrong here, I hope?”

“Sit down,” said Mr. Tavener, and while the man arranged himself in the chair at the other side of the desk and found a place for his hat, he gathered himself together.

BUY NOW and Bring Prosperity Back!

“There’s nothing wrong,” he said. “I want a certain person traced and some information about her. The last knowledge of her that I have is thirty years old.”

The large man nodded. “Long time, that, sir,” he said. “Still, if you’ll just give me the particulars, an’ if she’s still alive—”

“She was alive an hour ago,” interrupted Mr. Tavener. He drew a sheet of paper toward him and took up a pencil. “Her name,” he said, “was Tyler—Mrs. Clara Tyler. I’ll write it for you.”

He bent above the paper and wrote. He had need to hide his face for an instant. The name, his own lost name, stabbed him with a strange hurtful emotion.

“She lived then at—” he went on, speaking and writing the particulars as they came to him—her maiden name and the address of her parents, names and addresses of her two brothers, her married sister, and the like. Her prosperous uncle, the builder, and others—he set them all down.

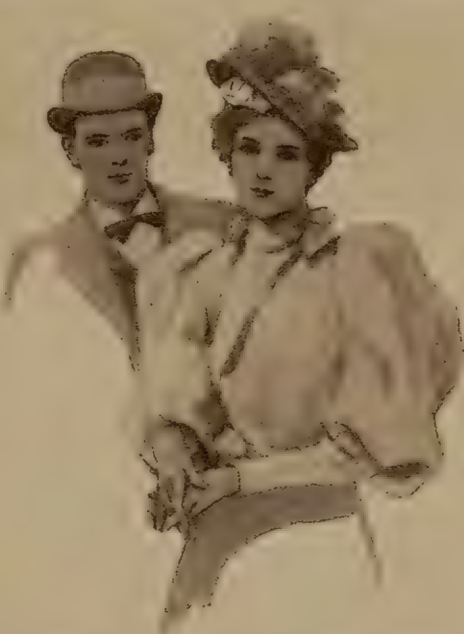
The detective took the paper and scanned it frowningly. “Ye-es,” he said. “An’ what kind of information might you be wantin’, sir?”

“Anything you can get,” replied Mr. Tavener. “Everything you can get, and as soon as possible. Where she lives, and how; whether she’s—er—happy—and all that. Do you think you can do it?”

“Well, sir,” said the large man, “thirty years is a long time. But you’ve given me the names o’ fourteen people, none of ’em livin’ far off, an’ without makin’ promises, I should say it was a certainty. I take it the lady isn’t to know she’s bein’ inquired after?”

“No,” said Mr. Tavener. “If there’s anything to tell her, I’ll tell her myself.”

“Very good, sir.” The large man rose and reached for his hat. He looked at Mr. Tavener with an interest in which there was no curiosity.



“Miserable, underbred little creatures, married for a whim.”

“OF course, sir,” he suggested, “all you say to me is in confidence, an’ if I knew what your interest in this ’ere lady was, I’d be able to ’elp you better.”

Mr. Tavener shook his head. “I’m not sure what it is myself,” he answered strangely.

He went home early that day. “A bit out of sorts,” he explained to his wife, adding vaguely, “It’s the weather, perhaps.” And while she bustled about him, profuse in suggestions for a call upon the local doctor, a day in bed on the morrow, and the like, he was watching her, estimating her as though he saw her for the first time.

In all things she was good, a piece of sterling womanhood, stanch and loyal to simple, decent ideals, kind to the bone, clean in the soul as in the body. And in the light of the knowledge that had come to him of himself as he had been, he perceived that he had had need to be born again, cleansed by pain, ere it was possible that he and she should belong to each other.

After their evening meal they sat together according to their custom, he to one side of the fire, she to the other. She was darning socks, and he had let his newspaper drop and was marking, almost unconsciously, how all her attitudes and mannerisms were yet faithful to his earliest memories of her.

“Anything in the papers, John?” she asked presently.

“Eh?” he started from his reverie. “Oh, murders, burglaries, divorces,” he answered. “A lot of ugly things. It’s an ugly world when you see it through a newspaper, Annie.” An idea took hold of him. “And I came across an ugly little affair up in town recently, that’s rather stuck in my mind.”

She looked up. “Oh?” she inquired. “And is that what you’ve been thinking about? I knew there was something.”

“Did you?” He stared at her and she smiled back. He realized that he must be careful.

“It was just watching you here and thinking how different all this is to the—er—story I was speaking of. Seems to me there’s only two kinds of people, Annie—the good and the bad.”

“But what’s the story, John?”

“OH, the story! Just an affair of two young people who couldn’t make their two lives into one. Miserable, underbred, underfed little creatures, married for a whim and making a little private hell of a little jerry-built home! The man was a third-rate clerk in a firm in the city, pilfering from the petty cash and the stamp drawer, betting in shillings on horses, drinking and loafing. Just a mean little piece of two-legged London vermin!”

“His name,” added Mr. Tavener, gazing into the fire, “was Tyler!”

“Tyler,” repeated Annie in a murmur.

“The woman,” went on her husband, “was a better type than he, stronger, more resistant—but poor enough at that—the type of girl you see by scores in the streets of any lively suburb in the evening. You know—flimsy, anæmic, small-boned, with just that touch of pitiful youthful prettiness that stands no more wear than the bloom on a peach. But they have courage and a sort of vicious spiritedness, and in nothing are they more courageous than in their marriages.

“Most of the story almost tells itself. One can picture to oneself that horrid little house that never had a chance, the girl’s shrill resentment, her complainings and abuse, the vileness of the man and his utter weariness of the discomfort and hatefulness of it. His public house and other resorts began to cost him more; his pilferings and various small dishonesties increased; there was danger for him in the state of his accounts, disaster that might pounce at any moment. He was—I expect he was very wretched, frightened, and worried, needing drink to give his mind and body the only peace they got, with nerves less and less able to endure the shrill raw voice of anger and contempt that was raised to receive him whenever he entered at his own door. One could pity him—couldn’t one, Annie?—for that time of trouble if it hadn’t been the only punishment he got.”

“Yes,” said Annie, darning industriously.

“But it was, though,” went on Mr. Tavener. “Except for that, he got off scot-free. Instead of disaster, deliverance swooped down upon him—deliverance in the only form he could appreciate and profit by. You see, salvation means different things to different men, my dear. For him, it meant escape at any cost—save detection and punishment—from his worries. And the cost was small. He was a thief and a wastrel already; what did another theft matter to him? But the petty cash was never large enough in amount, and its disappearance would have been discovered before he could have

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE MAN WHO REMEMBERED HIS WIFE
Continued from page eleven

bought a railway ticket with it. All doors were closed to him; and then, as I said, there came deliverance.

"It was a Saturday and near to closing time. He happened for about two minutes to be alone in the office. It was just a chance; the chief clerk was out on business and the remaining one had taken a customer up to the sample room. Even the office boy had gone to carry the day's letters to the post. And up to the counter came one of the firm's travelers.

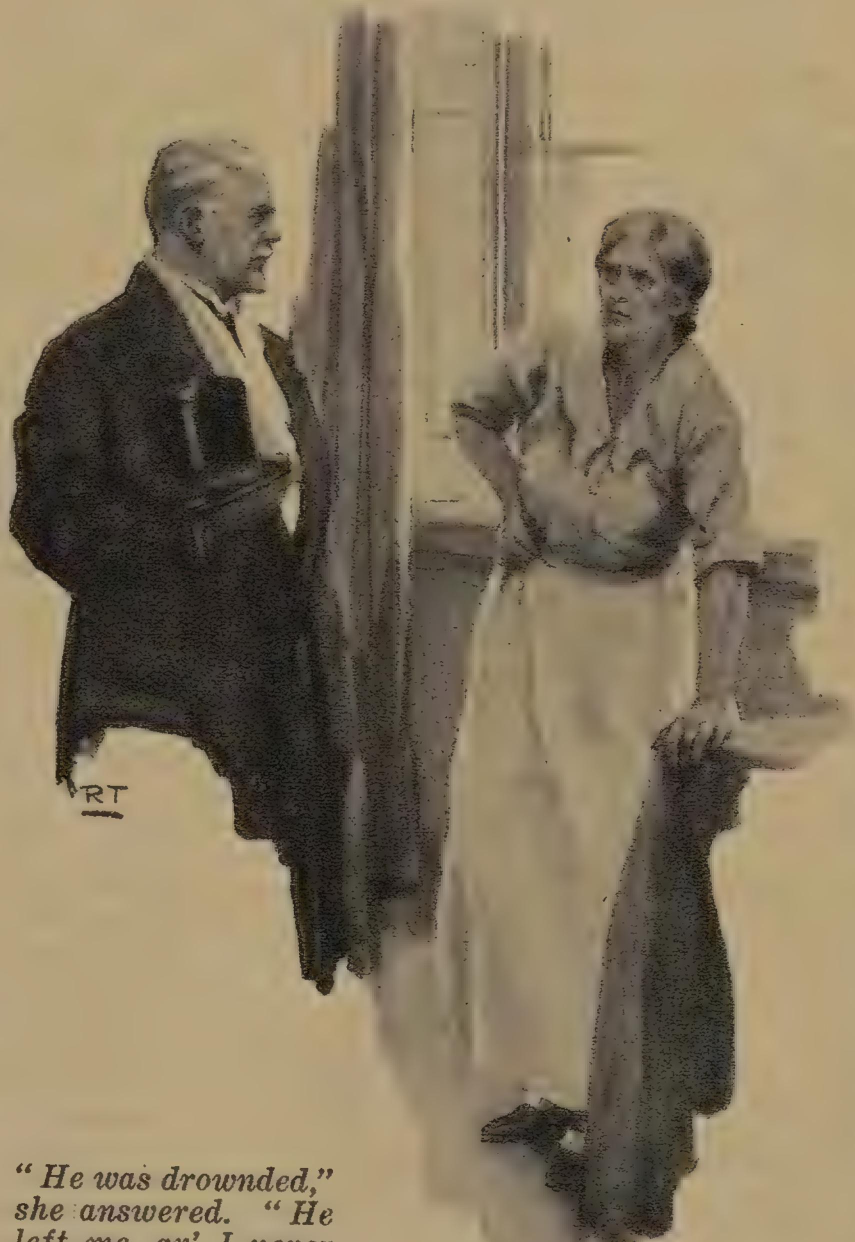
"He came like a man in a hurry. 'Here!' he said ungently. 'Where's the chief clerk?'

"'Engaged,' replied Tyler. 'Probably be here in ten minutes or so.'

"The traveler swore impatiently. 'My wife's at Brighton and I want to get down there,' he explained. 'I'll miss my train at this rate. I say, could you give me a receipt for this and hand it to him when he comes?'

"'This' was a folded packet of five- and ten-pound notes, two hundred pounds in all. Tyler hesitated; it was none of his business to issue receipts; and then, suddenly, in a blaze of vision, he saw his opportunity. He scrawled an acknowledgment, stamped and signed it, saw the traveler out, and found himself alone with the money. Instantly his plan was born, full-grown, in his thief's mind. He crammed the notes into his pocket.

"His plan wasn't a bad one. He would change one ten-pound note immediately and the rest he would post to himself under an assumed name at some provincial town whither he could go that night. On Monday he would claim the money before the numbers could be notified to the banks and depart elsewhere. The world was wide and he was small; it should not be difficult for him to find a safe crevice to crawl into, secure against discovery and his deservings. And that was actually what he set out to do.



"He was drownded," she answered. "He left me, an' I never saw 'im alive again."

"YOU can imagine him, can't you, boozing away that afternoon in saloons, brooding upon his plan, elaborating it, enjoying it? He had posted his money to York; there was a train that evening at eight; and probably if he had not been drinking, he would not have gone to his home at all. Or perhaps he wanted a last sight of his dreadful little wife, a final impression of her nagging and screeching at him, the better to taste the flavor of his escape.

"If that was it, he got what he wanted. Bills were overdue for food and rent; collectors had called in the afternoon and had not been civil when the wretched wife had failed to pay them; she was all but hysterical with rancor and resentment and the sense of her own misfortunes. She met him with an outcry, with such a torrent of abuse, that he was for the moment daunted. He stood dumb and abashed on the threshold while she raged at him; till anger and hate rose in him and he strode within to where she was and struck her in the face. He had never struck her before; he had never dared; it was his farewell, the one spontaneous and sincere gesture in all his life of falsehood and pretense. Then, slamming the door behind him, he went forth into the wet of the gathering evening.

"He was a full hour earlier than he had meant. He slouched away to pass the time. Their horrible small home was at Hammersmith, and he came out at length to where a small street ran down to the mud of the river bank. His mind was running on his plan by this time, and he bethought him that here was the place to get rid of such obvious proofs of identity as the letters in his pockets and the like. He tore them into bits and scattered them where the next tide would gather them. As he turned back, he noted a mean shop with festoons of secondhand clothing hanging to each side of the door, and here, upon an impulse, he made a change from the clothes he was wearing to garments of a different shape and color, and gained a couple of shillings on the transaction.

"HE was ready now for his adventure.

"And so, in darkness and chill, with the mist from the river driving up through the streets, he departed toward his goal and away from his burdens and his fears. The wife, crying in the empty house—if she waited for him, she still waits. She never heard of him again."

He ceased. Annie was still placidly pushing the large needle with its limp tail of wool to and fro.

"Things like these happen," said Mr. Tavener. "They happen without ceasing; but not to us, Annie. We're different, aren't we? Don't you feel that we are different, that we have a right to our peace and our happiness?"

She made a little murmuring sound that might have been meant for thoughtful assent. Then: "Who told you that story, John?" she asked.

"Who told me?"

"Yes," she said. "Was it Tyler himself? Because you tell all that he did when he was alone, with no one to watch him, and the plans he made, and all that."

Mr. Tavener smiled and shook his head. "I tried to make the tale complete," he said; "to fill in the gaps reasonably. I think, if we could know all, I have not been far from the truth."

He was startled, though, at her penetration. The tale he had told her was of course his own; if ever there should come a need now to speak openly, to confess in terms of plain fact, at least the story was known to her; he had only to claim it.

BUY NOW!

It was two days later that the private detective, unchanged in any least detail from boot laces to rigid blue tie, was shown in to his room at the office. After his greeting—that, too, did not vary—he produced from his breast pocket a folded typewritten paper.

"Well, sir," he said; "it hasn't taken very long, 'as it? 'Ere's all partic'lars obtained so far, but more will be forthcomin' if required." He spread open the folded paper. "What threw me orf the track at first was the fac' that the lady isn't Mrs. Tyler at all—not now!"

"Eh?"

"No, sir." He sought details upon his typewritten screed. "Married first at 'Ammersmith in 1887 to Alfred Tyler, clurk; widow in 1890; remarried in 1891 to James Albert 'Orrocks, cab propri'tor. Two children by 'er present 'usband. But you'll find it all 'ere, sir, address and everything."

He passed the paper over. Mr. Tavener took it and scanned it.

"This Tyler," he said, "her first husband: you didn't get any particulars about him?"

The detective shook his head. "It was the lady you mentioned, sir; and I took it you was in a 'urry. But I did 'ear something, in the course o' conversation, about 'im 'aving been killed in an accident o' some sort."

"What sort of an accident?" demanded Mr. Tavener.

"Ah, that I don't know, sir, but, o' course, I could easy get partic'lars for you."

Mr. Tavener considered. "No," he said. "No need. I'll let you know if there's anything more to be done."

His single desire in the matter was to do what was right. For thirty years he had had no other desire. To look facts in the face, to handle circumstances with bare hands—this was his principle of tactics. And it was thus inspired that he found himself at noon in the high street of a southeastern suburb, looking up at a sign that announced: "J. A. Horrocks: Job and Livery."

The Job and Livery lived up a passageway where a languid man was washing a cab with a hose; J. A. Horrocks resided in a small square house to one side of the entry. "Better than she had in Hammersmith, at any rate," commented Mr. Tavener as he knocked at the front door.

The woman herself opened it to him. To the salute of his raised hat she gave no acknowledgment, merely fronting him with the cheerless glare of her white sour face and waiting for him to speak.

"Mrs. Horrocks?" inquired Mr. Tavener.

"Well?" demanded the woman.

"Formerly Mrs. Tyler, I believe. This is my card," said Mr. Tavener, holding it forth to her. She made at first no motion to take it. "I am seeking some information about the late Alfred Tyler."

SHE took the card then. In her bitter face were suspicion, ill humor, impatience, and at his last words it seemed to him that it showed a furtive fear. But though she stared at him unwinkingly, it gave no token of recognition.

"He's bin dead thirty years next month," she said, with a sort of angry scorn. "Buried at Brook Green, he was; you c'n go an' look at his grave for yourself. I *did* give 'im a headstone, any'ow."

"Buried!" repeated Mr. Tavener. "You say—he was buried?"

"Why, what else would you do with a dead man?" She had begun to shrill at him; her voice had yet every tone of its old quality; but it died down toward the end of her sentence. She poked her head out and glanced along the street from side to side as though in fear of being overheard. "Here," she said; "better come inside; can't stand talkin' on the doorstep."

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

Within she faced him in a small gloomy parlor. She had worn badly; of the feebly pretty girl he remembered there survived only the virago quality and a snakelike energy of venom.

"And now, what's it all about?" she demanded. "I 'eard there'd been somebody askin' questions, lars' day or two."

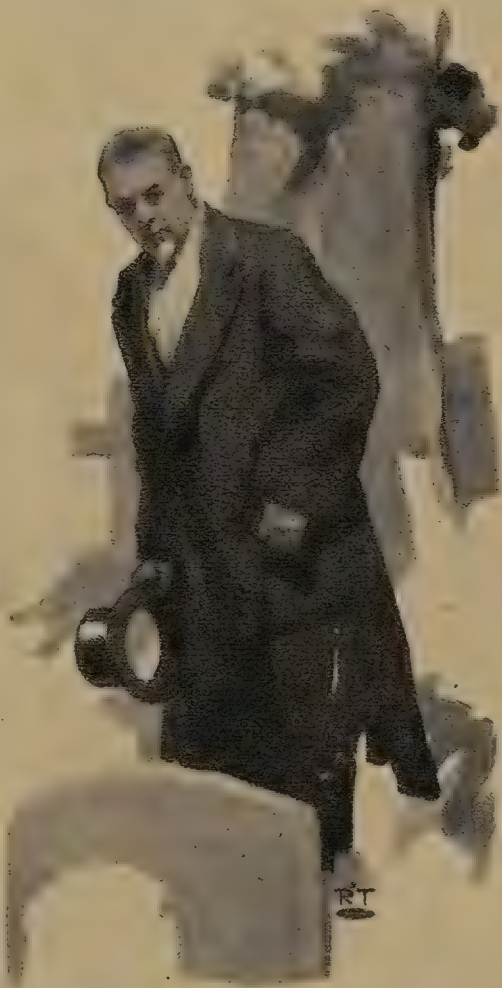
"That," said Mr. Tavener, "was a detective." He paused to let the word and its implication have their effect and saw her hand go out and clutch the edge of a table. "I want to know how Alfred Tyler died."

She was staring at him, but now fear was plain on her face. Still she did not know him.

"He was drownded," she answered. "He left me—a Saturday night it was—an' I never saw 'im alive again. His body was took out o' the river. There was an inquest."

"And you identified the body?"

She shuddered. "It was 'im, all right. His clo'es an' all, but his face—he must have been dragged under a steamer, they said. But his clo'es—he'd only bought 'em the month before. It wasn't only me; the man from the shop where he'd bought 'em came forward an' swore to 'em."



"Rest easy, friend; you've earned it. You saved four of us that night."

HE recalled again the dirty little shop where he had exchanged those clothes for others, the snuffling Jew who haggled with him, the smell and the dirt. Evidently there had been a quick customer for them. He looked at her gravely, shaking his head as though in rebuke. She tried to return his look defiantly.

"What d'ye mean?" she cried, but her fear mastered her and she broke down. "Oh, for Gord's sake, don't tell me 'e's alive! Don't—don't, sir! You don't know—an' me with a 'usband and two growin' girls. It's ruin! You don't know what 'e was; 'e'd robbed 'is firm, 'e left me without a penny in the house; the lars' thing 'e did was to 'it me in the face an' knock me down. An' Horrocks, he's bin a good man to me. *Don't* say Alfred's alive, sir!"

"But," insisted Mr. Tavener, "you knew that the man who was buried at Brook Green was not Alfred Tyler."

She had her apron to her eyes now. "I didn't know, not really. His face—it wasn't a face. And the clo'es was his. I—I hoped it was 'im. An' now, 'ere you come an' tell me he's alive!"

Mr. Tavener threw up his head and breathed deeply. His course was clear. He had but to speak the truth and shed ruin around him, for Alfred Tyler, he perceived, could do nothing but evil. He carried a plague with him, contaminating and destroying all with whom he came in contact; only in his grave was he harmless.

"Nothing of the kind," he said briskly. The woman lowered her apron and stared at him in a desperation of hope. "I came to get information and I've got it. That's all."

"And—and Alfred, sir?"

He was moving toward the door; he stopped and turned to her.

"Dead," he said. "Dead in his sins. You've nothing to fear."

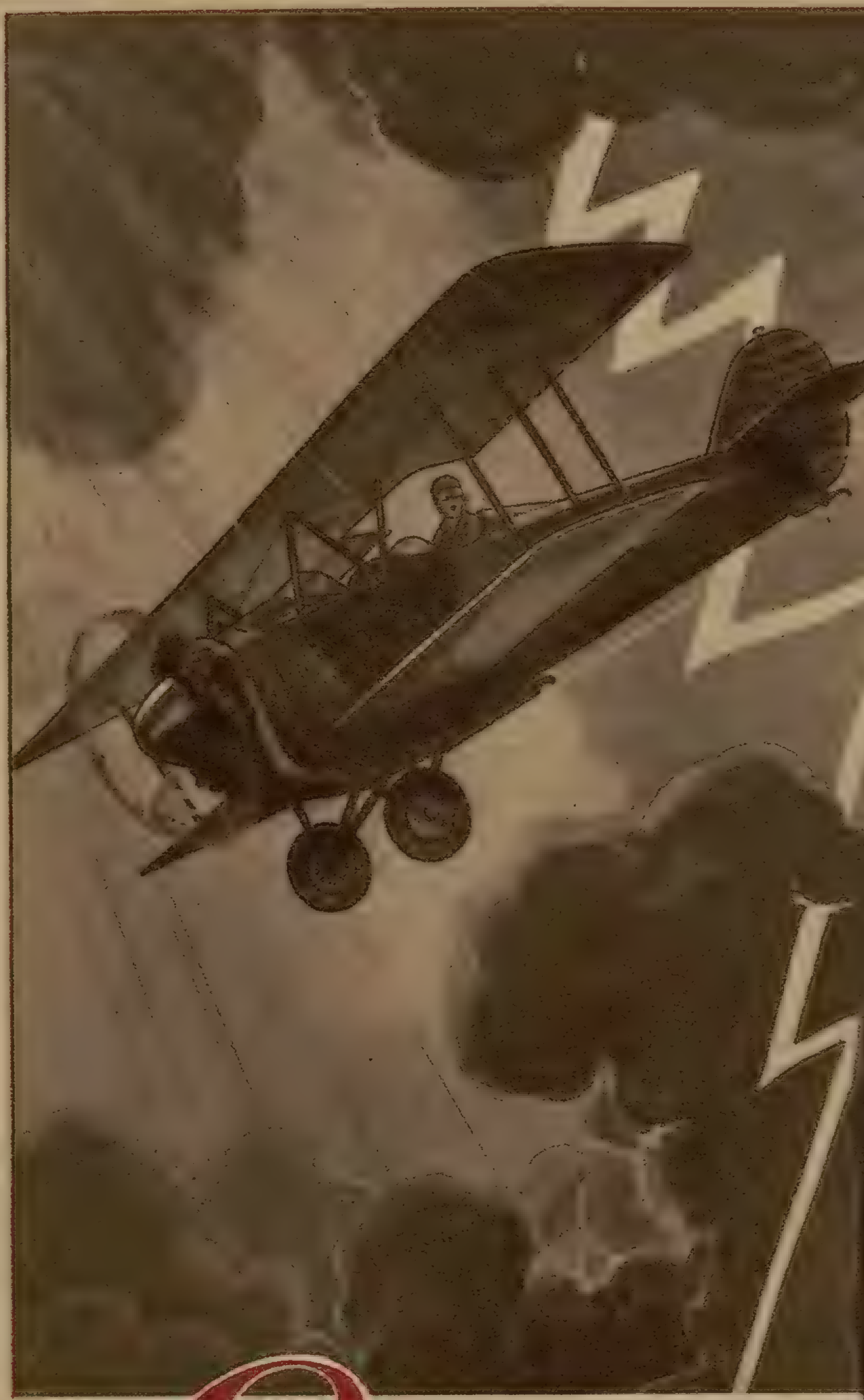
And late in the afternoon he let fall the curtain upon that sad farce, that meaningless tragedy, which had been the life and death of Alfred Tyler. It took him an hour of exploration in the small cemetery at Brook Green ere he found what he sought.

"Sacred to the memory of Alfred Tyler," followed by dates of birth and death; "the beloved husband of Clara Tyler. R. I. P."

He looked down at it, smiling faintly. Then he spoke. "Rest easy, friend," he said. "You've earned it. You saved four of us that night."

He raised his hat in a gesture of farewell and turned and went home to Annie.

THE END



We ran into some more thunderstorms and I again lost Fred.

Drawings by R. B. FULLER

Mishkin Studio photo

Lady BIRDS

An Estimate

By

ALICIA PATTERSON

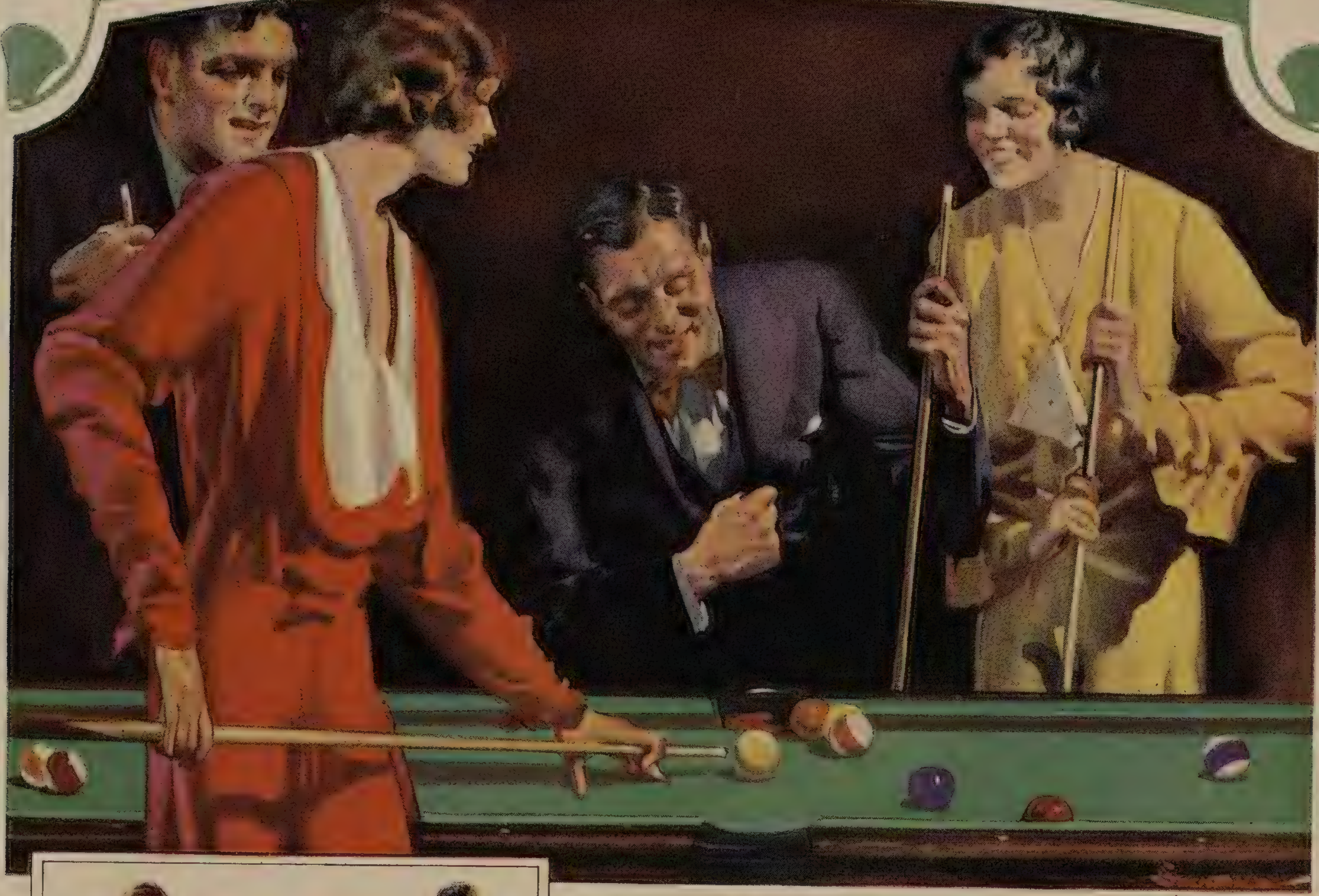
The author (above), a transport pilot, recently broke the woman's record from Philadelphia to Roosevelt Field, L. I., flying the 112 miles in 40 minutes 15 seconds—or at the rate of 167 miles an hour. She also holds the woman's nonstop record from New York to Albany and return, 290 miles in 1 hour 59 minutes.

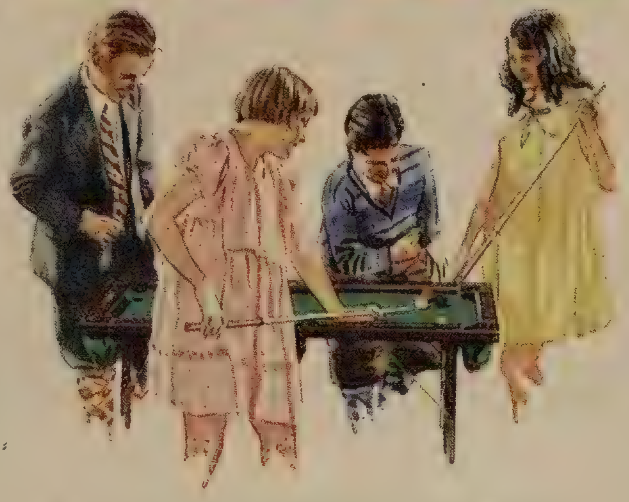
(Reading time: 20 min. 12 sec.)

I READ Richard Carroll's article, Roman Holiday, with great interest. I was out in Chicago for the air races and saw all the flyers and flying that he described. It was a great sight. Most of the representative aviators of the country were there, including five foreign flyers. But the thing that Dick didn't mention (maybe he is too chivalrous) was the poor showing made by the lady flyers. They were very picturesque in their multicolored jodhpurs, their helmets and goggles, and their breeches and boots. Some of them were competent flyers. But none of them were in the Al Williams, Jim Doolittle, or Speed Holman class. Of course, few women have been flying as long as these noted airmen. Still, a graduate of Brooks and Kelly fields can outfly the ladies every time

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

PLAY BILLIARDS





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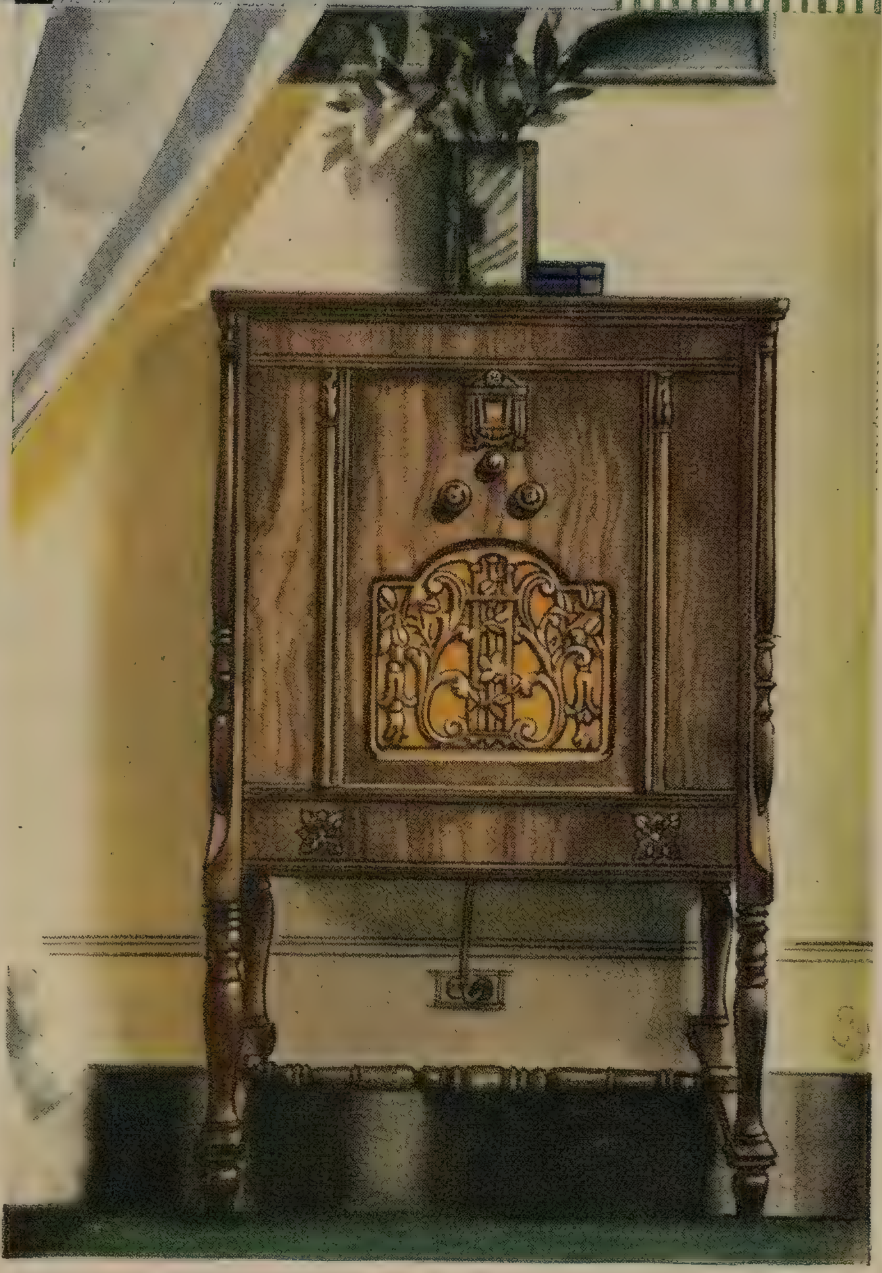
THE RADIO WITH THE



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GENERAL ELECTRIC

FULL RANGE RADIO

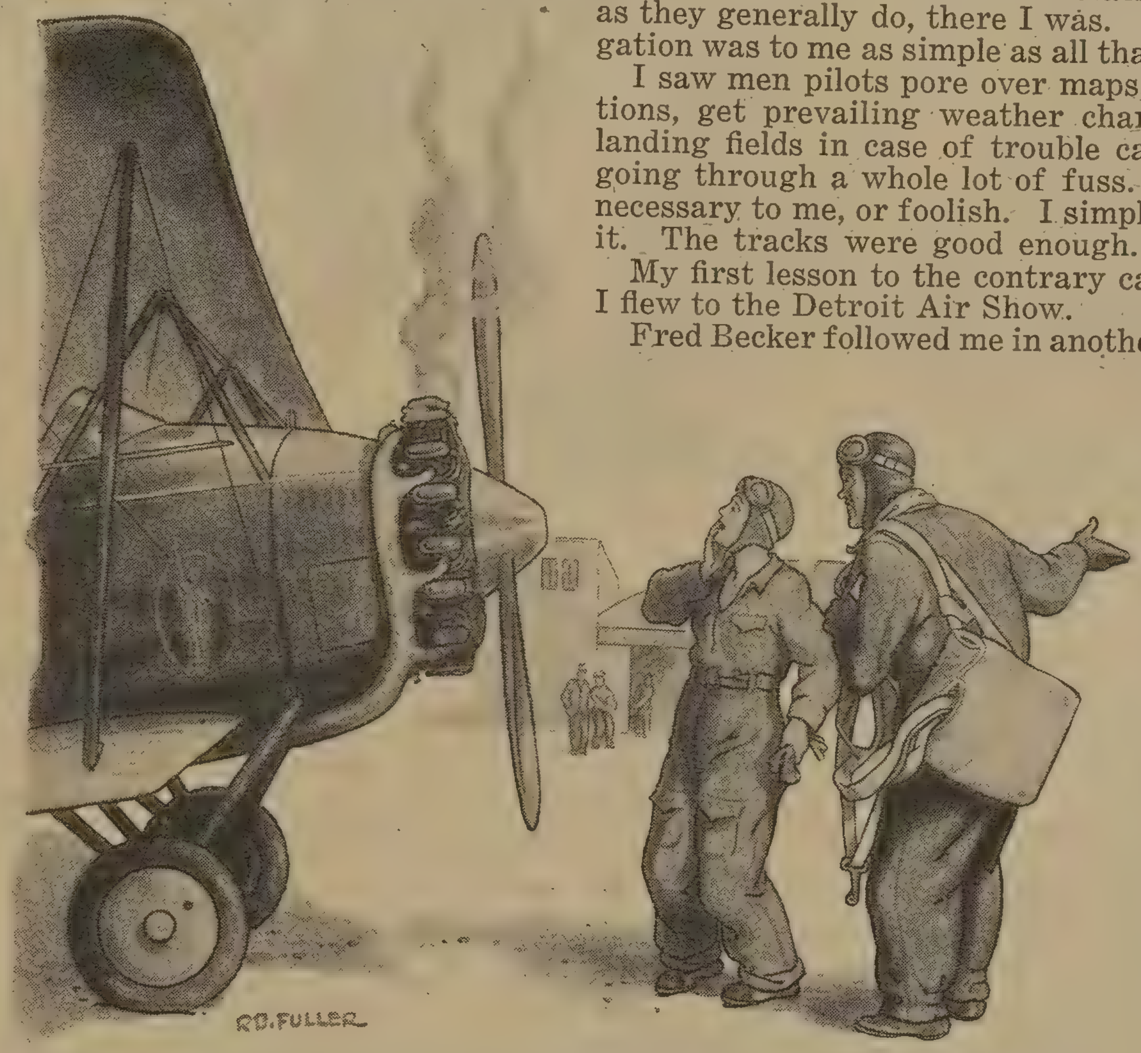
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

and it takes only nine months to go through Brooks and Kelly.

There were races for the ladies in Chicago and pylons are not easy no matter how you look at it. To make a hairpin turn going at full speed around a pylon takes courage, judgment, and skill. Gladys O'Donnell, who won the Los Angeles derby, flew a beautiful race, and so did a couple of the others. Most of them gave that pylon plenty of leeway—for which I can hardly blame them. The racing was not on a par with the men's races. In the Washington-to-Chicago derby there were five women entries. Every one of them got lost except Phoebe Omlie, who won the race. Who ever heard of four-fifths of a men's air derby getting lost? It would be a national scandal. But it was a woman's race and nobody thought it out of the way.

Maybe it is the novelty of a woman flyer that keeps us from being first-class. There are still fewer than 300 women pilots in the country and of these only twenty-six are transport pilots.

Any woman who can take up and land a ship without cracking up is considered a strange and marvelous creature by a lot of people. I think this attitude does much to hold us back. We are content to be just women flyers. We don't have to carry the mail, or fly transport ships, or come in competition with the men. If we did I'm afraid the news would be bad.



If it had been the exhaust valve instead, the engine might have blown up.

A few years ago, when all flying was branded as the quickest route to eternity, men went through the same phase that we are going through now. They walked around a field in all their flying regalia—helmet, goggles, whipcord breeches, high boots, etc. They cast contemptuous glances at the groundlings who ogled them with open mouths. They leaned nonchalantly against the fuselages of their Jennies and talked mysteriously about push rods, air pockets, and visibility. They were all heroes and we worshiped them. I remember the first time I ever went up. When I was fourteen I flew the Channel from Paris to London. I met our pilot at Le Bourget and he shook my hand. I shall never forget it. I was so proud. This superman had deigned to shake my hand. I wonder what happened to him. He was a Napoleon and a Romeo rolled into one.

BUY NOW!

THAT time is past and we don't stand in awe of pilots the way we did—nor do they advertise the fact that they can fly, as was their custom in the good old days. Flying, to them, is now a business and when they are through work they put away their tools. I never once saw Al Williams or Lieutenant Atcherley, the English Schneider Cup racer, wear his flying clothes unless he was flying.

Lieutenant Atcherley told me of a flying club in England—the Mumbo-Jumbo-Tumbo Club. It is a most exclusive club and only the aristocracy of the skies is eligible. The three most heinous crimes a flyer can commit, according to these Britishers, are the Mumbo, Jumbo, and Tumbo. Mumbo, a shilling offense, is counted against any member who parades around the field in flying clothes. Jumbo is given to anyone so *infra dig* as to gun his ship in for a landing. This costs a half crown. The last offense is Tumbo. When you bounce so high on a landing that you have to spiral down, it costs you a pound.

Lieutenant Frank Raymond, a Brooks and Kelly graduate, and a particularly good flyer, summed it up when he said it was more important to make one perfect bank than to own fifty pairs of the finest flying boots in the world.

The thing that used to stump me most in my rather uninspiring career as a flyer was this business of patience. I wouldn't take the trouble to make preparations. If I wanted to go across country I merely glanced at the map—I did not study it. I would start out, pick up a railroad track, and follow it. When the tracks ended up in a town, as they generally do, there I was. The business of navigation was to me as simple as all that.

I saw men pilots pore over maps, study ground conditions, get prevailing weather charts, look for possible landing fields in case of trouble catching them up, and going through a whole lot of fuss. It did not seem unnecessary to me, or foolish. I simply didn't bother about it. The tracks were good enough.

My first lesson to the contrary came last spring when I flew to the Detroit Air Show.

Fred Becker followed me in another ship. We got there all right and it was mean weather. Thunderstorms the whole way. My self-confidence burst its bonds. I began to make plans. I saw headlines in the paper—"Girl Flies Solo to Paris."

WE left Detroit for Chicago in a wicked haze. I lost Fred the minute we had taken off. He landed again thinking I might have come back. In the meantime they had grounded all ships and stopped flying, the weather was so bad.

He had quite a time convincing the authorities that a dumb girl was up in the air and that he had to find her. I in the meantime continued blithely on my way. We had planned on going by way of Toledo. I found the right railroad and stayed with it till I got to Toledo. Then I picked up the Wabash and followed it into Bryan, Ohio, where I landed to gas up. Fred was nowhere in sight, so I decided to push on. I got out about fifteen miles and my engine began to lose revolutions. I turned back towards Bryan, my engine getting worse by the second. I had about 3,000 feet when I turned, and when I reached the field I had a bare fifty feet. The engine didn't have enough power to taxi into the hangar after I landed. We discovered later that one of the intake valves had stuck and one cylinder was completely out. If it had been the exhaust valve instead, the engine might have blown up. I found Fred at Bryan, so I left my ship there and flew on with him to Chicago.

I picked up my ship at Bryan on the way back. The engine had been repaired in the meantime. Everything was going well till we left Cleveland. There we ran into some more thunderstorms and I again lost Fred. I thought it would be fun to cut the corner at Buffalo and beat Fred into Utica. Then my valves misbehaved and I turned back and landed at Buffalo, had them fixed, and pushed on to Le Roy, where I stayed for the night. I was all for going on and would have if it had not been for the timely arrival of Russell Holderman. He is the fellow who taught Elinor Smith to fly. He persuaded me it

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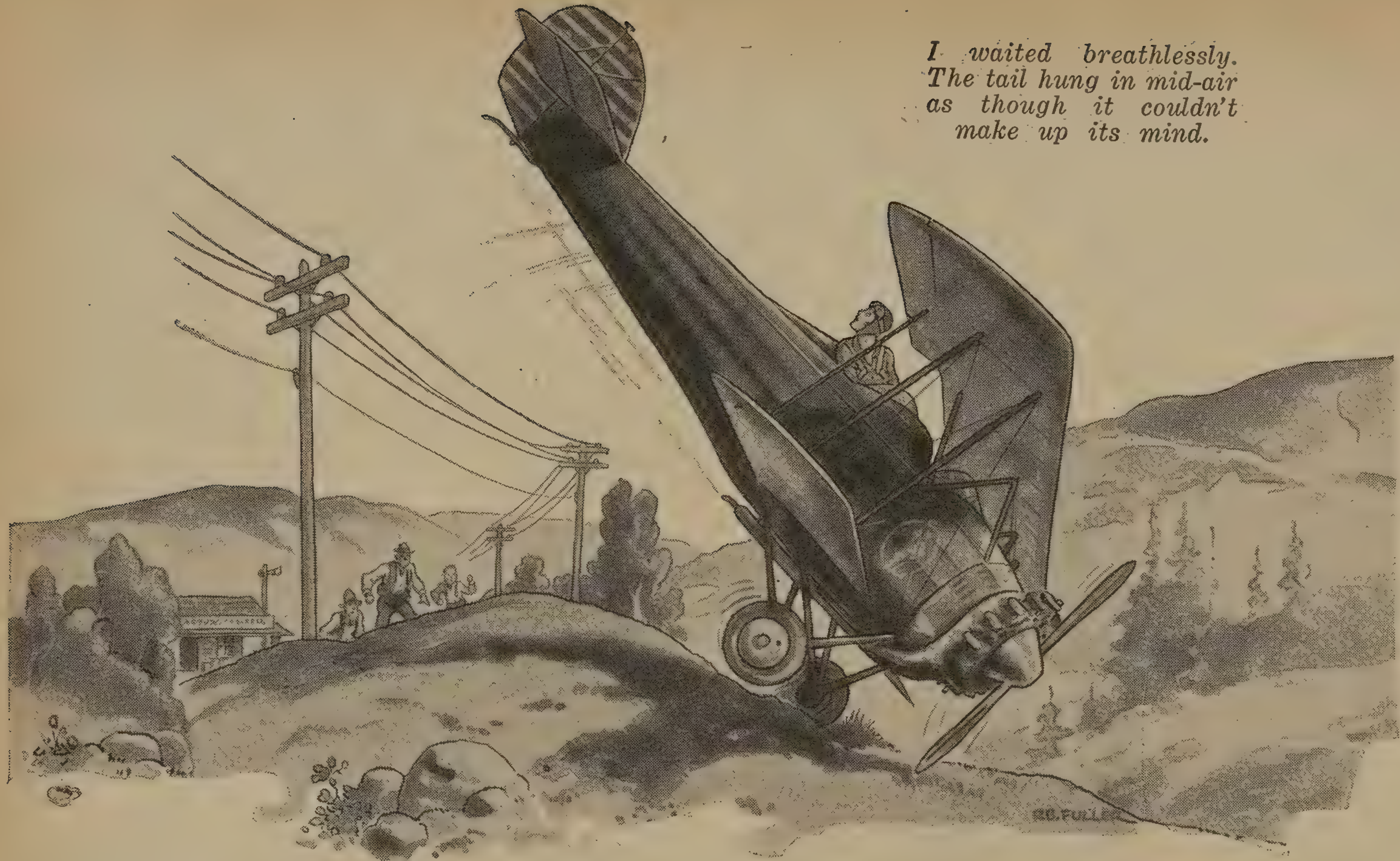


I waited breathlessly. The tail hung in mid-air as though it couldn't make up its mind.

LADY BIRDS

Continued from page seventeen

would be foolish to go on. There was a thunderstorm as black as the ace of spades directly in my path and it was already growing dark. The Le Roy airport is one of the nicest in the country and Captain Holderman runs it like clockwork. If you are ever flying around that part of the world stop in there. It's worth it.

Fred in the meantime had gone on to Utica. We talked it over on the phone and decided that he was to come and pick me up in the morning and pay off some of my debts. I had forgotten to bring along any money, which, by the way, is an important item if you are planning on doing any cross-country flying. The next morning when Fred didn't appear at the appointed time I girded on my flying clothes and set out to conquer the elements. The weather was fair when I left Le Roy and I cut away from the tracks to take a look at the Finger Lakes. I noticed some white heavy clouds drifting towards me, but I didn't pay any attention. I still had plenty of altitude and only a short way to go. The clouds rolled in thicker and faster but I still plowed on. I lost altitude. I had to stay under the clouds. I looked at my altimeter. I had only 500 feet. For the first time I was worried. I wondered if I ought to turn back. Before I made up my mind the weather closed right down. I was flying blind.

It didn't take me long then to make a decision. I turned back. It was too late. I was trapped. I have never felt more helpless in my life—or more terrified. I had heard stories of fog, of how it murdered men, sent them spinning to death. I had been incredulous. It hadn't seemed possible. I thought of all this as I milled around trying to escape. All around me was thick, sticky murk—smothering me, hemming me in. I don't know how long I was lost in this stuff. It seemed a century. It couldn't have been more than a few minutes.

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

When I had given up all hope of escape and was wondering where a crackup would feel the softest I saw a yellow spot in the distance. I headed for it. I came out in the open. I felt like a prisoner with a reprieve. The earth and the sky never looked nicer to me than they did at that moment. I looked in the side pocket for my map to find out where I was. The map was gone. I hunted frantically. Still no map. I had forgotten to take it out of my suitcase at Le Roy. I resolved to be more careful in future—if I had a chance to be.

I tried to find a familiar landmark. I found nothing I could recognize. The weather was still pretty thick. The country underneath was wooded and hilly. A few small towns were scattered here and there. Several fair-sized lakes dotted the landscape. I wandered up and down searching vainly for a flying field. I had only gas enough left for two more hours. I had been lost for an hour and a half. I remembered that a flyer once told me that if I was ever lost to find a definite guide such as a railroad and follow it no matter where it led. I looked for my friend the railroad, and eventually found one. The railroad seemed to be going in entirely the wrong direction but I clung to it. It was my only chance.

THE railroad and I kept company for about one hour and a half. The country was getting more deserted. There were fewer and fewer towns. I passed one town on the way called Douglaston. (I have looked for Douglaston since on a map but I have never been able to locate it.) I flew on till I had only about twenty minutes' gas left.

I figured then that it might be a good idea to find some place to sit down. I saw a little village in the distance and headed for it. The only passable field lay right next to the railroad station. It slanted upwards at what seemed about a fifteen-degree angle, and was carefully laid out in ridges. There should be a law against ridges. I looked the field over, took off my goggles, and set myself for a nice turnover. I brought the plane in at stalling speed, slipped over the high-tension wires bordering the field, pulled back the stick, and waited. The plane rolled along, struck a soft spot, and started slowly to go over on its back. I waited breathlessly. The tail hung in mid-air for a second as though it couldn't make up its mind. Then just as slowly it came back to earth. The plane and I were safe but neither of us knew where. I climbed out of the ship and looked around. In the distance I saw a herd of people coming full tilt towards me. Funny thing about flying—if you ever land anywhere you are not supposed to, it takes just about one and one-half minutes for a young army to get to the spot.

I asked one of the advanced runners where I was. He told me Ellenburg Center. That didn't mean a thing to me. I asked for a more detailed description. I found out that Ellenburg Center is twenty-four miles northwest of Plattsburg, and ten miles from the Canadian border. I was approximately 180 miles off my course. As it turned out I was most lucky—if I had kept on flying I might have run into the heart of the Adirondacks, where forced landings mean one thing.

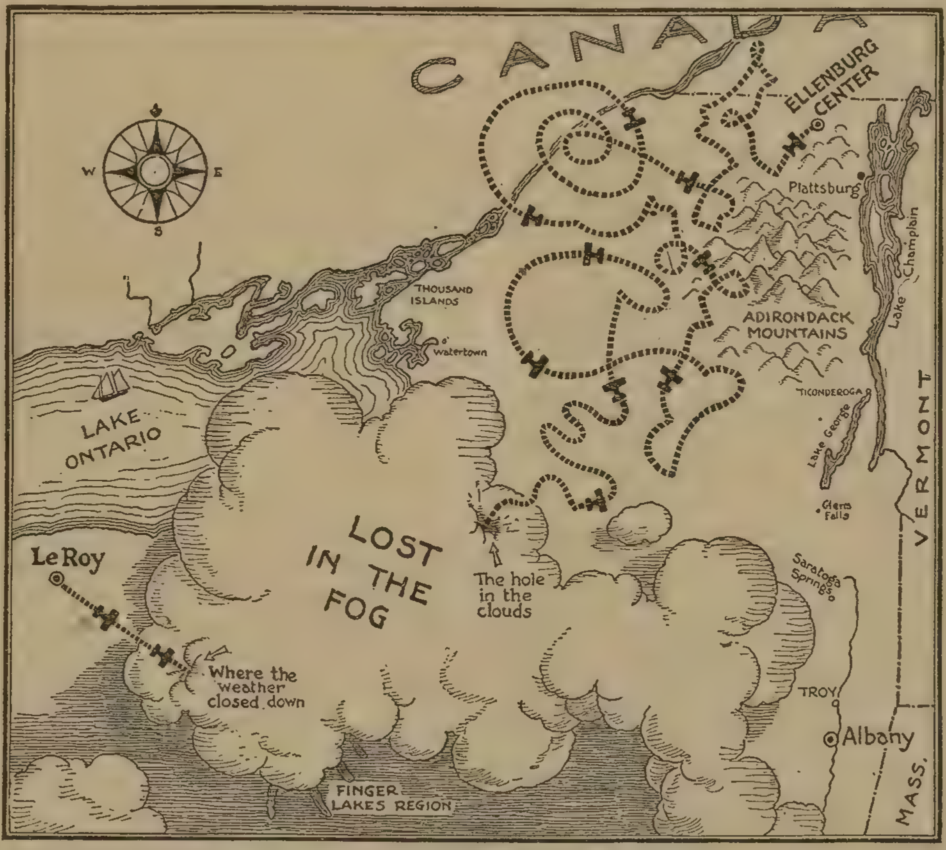
I left the plane there for the night and Fred came up and got it next day. I have often wondered since where I spent those three and a half hours in the air. I think I may have been over Canada part of the time. I later found out that there is only one thing to do when you are really lost and that is to land immediately even if you crack up the ship.

BUY NOW!

Homer Berry, an old mail pilot, believes that 90 per cent of all good flying is done on the ground. He means map studying, mechanical preparation, and weather knowledge. Sandy Willets, chief Department of Commerce inspector for the eastern district, says more pilots are killed before getting into their ships than any other way.

He means that they take off unprepared for emergencies and without sufficient study of the job in hand. He did not say women pilots, however, but all pilots. In that we have one consolation. The best of the men do get lost. And do crazy stunts, too.

George Weiss, an early bird, was telling me a funny experience he had about three years ago. He was ferrying a Stinson cabin plane to Buffalo. Billy Eddy, a Pioneer man, was his passenger. Bill was disappointed that George wouldn't fly over Niagara Falls on his way down. He had never seen the Falls and thought this was a good chance. But George was in a hurry and said he wouldn't have time. When they got near Buffalo the weather thickened up and George tried to get over the fog. He milled around for some time trying to climb over the stuff. He found he couldn't do that, so he figured he had better come down and land quickly. He found an open spot, closed his throttle, and glided through.



Artist R. B. Fuller's graphic map offers an idea of Miss Patterson's route when she ran into fog and flew 180 miles off her course.

BELOW him was rushing water, on each side were high banks, around him was foam. He was in the gorge of the Falls. George turned around to Bill Eddy. "Well, Bill, there are your Falls, take a good look at them." They landed in a school yard without further mishap, but they had to take the plane apart to get it out.

Bob Lout, another early bird, told me that in the old days when barnstorming was at its height the pilots never knew where they were half the time. Something like a 1930 women's derby. If one had a compass it was usually out of commission. The airman flew around till he saw a prosperous-looking farm with a field. He then landed the Jenny and walked up to the house. "Please, madam," he would say to the lady of the manor, "could you give me a glass of water? I am so tired and hungry I don't know where I'm going to sleep tonight." The lady generally took pity on the poor young man and he ended up with a good bed and a swell meal. The next day he took up the whole family for $10 a ride. This gag was worked successfully all over the country.

If you are going in for cross-country and you think you are going to get lost, as you probably will, the best thing is to be able to make a forced landing. As an example, Jimmy Collins, one of our best flyers, made a remarkable forced landing a few weeks ago. He was flying down from the Adirondacks in a Lockheed Sirius. The owner of the plane was flying it from the pilot's cockpit in front. The ship has an enormous gas capacity and the gas is distributed in six gas tanks throughout the plane. Before switching to a full tank it is necessary to turn off the petcock to the empty tank. Otherwise a suction is created preventing the gas from flowing in to the carburetor. These petcocks are in the front cockpit. The owner did not fully understand the system and switched the gas from one tank to another without turning off the empty tank.

The engine sputtered and stopped. They had come out of the mountains and were approaching Whitehall, a most unfriendly country for forced landings. Jimmy took over the controls and looked around. The only possible place to sit down was a plowed field 540 feet long. Jimmy made for it. When he got closer he saw that it was surrounded by high-tension wires. It was too late then to change his mind. He had 1,000 feet altitude. There was one outside chance. He had to land under the high-tension wires. He slipped the plane and crawled under, putting his wheels down on the edge of the field. The plane rolled across the field and stopped—not even the paint was scratched. The Sirius has a wing span of 42 feet. So you can see it was a ticklish job. I don't believe many, or any, girls could do that.

THE most important thing in cross-country flying is navigation, and here the men have it all over us. When I want to fly some place I usually get directions as if I were an automobile tourist. Instead, however, of being told to turn right at a red light, take next road to left, then diagonal road where three meet, the cross-country flyer is told to turn right or left at some town, fly so many degrees west or north for a definite number of miles or minutes, pick up a river or track at that spot, etc., etc., until he gets to his destination. I say that's how I manage it. The big-timers among the men do not. Hawks, Chamberlin, Collins, and their ilk set compass courses and follow them through, figuring out wind drift, compass variation and deviation (compasses have their own peculiarities), and the speed of their ships. That's navigation. An ocean flyer could scarcely be expected to find any marks to fly by across the Atlantic. He has to reckon his way along. The cross-country flyer does the same thing. Often he is flying at 10,000 or 15,000 feet, high above the clouds, and staying there for hours, or until it's time to drop down on some city or town which he knows should then be under him.

I did not go to college, but at boarding school I probably was taught that there are 360 degrees in a circle. If I did hear this, I forgot it. Since then and because of flying, I now know for sure that there are 360 degrees in a circle. My geographical knowledge extends to where I am now convinced that there is a Magnetic Pole as well as a real Pole, that the two don't coincide, that therefore the compass is a variable number of degrees off, depending on your position. Add to that several other

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LADY BIRDS

Continued from page nineteen

things that can keep that needle off its work, things such as metals lying around, etc., and you'll see there is plenty to think of.

A friend of mine has a camp in the Adirondacks, and I wanted to fly there, taking off from New York. I reached Lake Champlain and my instructions at that point were to find a certain indentation in the shore line and take a bearing of about 330 degrees, about N. N. W. Then I was to fly for 30 miles, when I would be over a river. I could follow the river until I saw a fork, take the northern branch, follow that seven miles, and there would be the meadow which served as the camp landing field.

That was easy, save there were several indentations in the shore of Lake Champlain and, not having prepared carefully, I picked the wrong one. When my thirty miles' (about eighteen minutes') flying found me still in the mountains with no river in sight, and the mountains getting higher, I got worried. I suppose mountains don't actually get higher as one flies into them. It's a sort of optical illusion. Or maybe it's plain misgiving. Mental. Anyway they worried me and I turned tail and hit east for Lake Champlain again. I landed at Plattsburg, N. Y., picked up the trail, and finally reached the camp an hour late. To my shame, who should be waiting for me at the field with my father but Colonel Teddy Roosevelt the younger, and his brother-in-law, Dr. Richard Derby. They had forgone their lunch and trout fishing while waiting to see what happened to me. An airplane doesn't have to be overdue longer than half an hour in the mountains before people begin worrying.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

I sensed that my friends looked with tolerance on these misflights because I was just another lady flyer. So when next I flew to the camp I decided to go it alone and find my own landmarks. I started out from Roosevelt Field again. I wasn't well on my way when my stabilizer began to jump back. It wouldn't stay put. The spring had fagged out. I kept correcting it and the job tired me out. If I had run into bad weather, the stabilizer fault might have been dangerous, because it would have kept throwing the nose up.

I landed at Albany for repairs. There they told me that they couldn't entirely repair the stabilizer but that they could block it in one spot and I wouldn't have to keep fiddling with it.

BUT all this took time. On leaving Long Island I had expected to reach camp with an hour and a half's daylight left. I had used up nearly an hour going off the course to Albany and having the stabilizer blocked. Now I had about 135 miles left to make to camp and about one hour and forty minutes before dark. Plenty of time if I kept exactly on my course and the head wind from the north did not increase. As a matter of fact the wind dropped, as it usually does, with the sun.

I concentrated on the map, you may be sure. If I missed the field this time, I'd probably have to go back to the lake and very likely lose the ship, if nothing else. The fields aren't lighted in that section, I'd been told.

Well, there's no more to the story. I hit the field with fifteen minutes of light to spare. Yet if I had not been lost a couple of times before I am sure I would have been lost this time, perhaps with more serious consequences.

I doubt if many women have the strength to make a long cross-country hop without getting too tired. Most people don't understand this. "Why," they say, "there's no strength involved. All you have to do is sit there and hold a stick. It's not much different from driving a car."

This point of view is absolutely wrong. When flying you are under a constant nervous strain. There are a thousand and one things to think of—navigation, instruments, engine, weather, wind, forced landings, structural failures, etc. You do very well for one hour, two hours, even five hours and then your reactions get slower. You don't fly as well. Your landing is apt to be sloppy.

Hawks in one of his record-breaking round trips across the continent cracked up his Lockheed on the landing. He overshot the field and wound himself up in a fence. This wouldn't have happened had he been fresh.

JIMMY COLLINS, in his 15½-hour jaunt from California to New York, couldn't find Roosevelt Field for twenty minutes. It was the Fourth of July, about 11 o'clock at night, when Jimmy steamed over Long Island. He was only two or three minutes from the field and he knows that field well. He has only been using it for the last four or five years. His overworked senses mistook the fireworks for the beacon on Roosevelt Field. He wandered helplessly around from one firework display to another till he eventually stumbled right into the field. At least he saw plenty of fireworks. It only goes to show that even the great male can make a mistake occasionally.

Women pilots have made long flights. Amy Johnson's hop to Australia would have taxed the physical endurance of any man, and the flying skill. But the best compliment paid her when she landed was that she "flew like a man!" On the other hand, no woman has succeeded in such a stunt as flying the Atlantic, where one has to spend thirty-odd hours at the controls. Amelia Earhart took no credit for her flight. She admitted the two men with her did the flying.

I asked Al Williams what he thought of us. He stalled like a gentleman. I pressed him.

"Well," he said, "I think it fine that women can fly. I'm all for it."

"How about Mrs. Williams? I hear she wants to fly."

Al was as uncomfortable as he looked.

"That's a little different," he said.

"But why? If you think it's fine for women to fly?"

"I don't like to see her do it."

"If you had a son wouldn't you want him to fly?"

"I'd disown him if he didn't."

"Yet you'd love your son and wouldn't think it dangerous for him. Maybe it's simply because your wife's a woman and you don't think they're so hot."

"Not that at all. Not that—say, who started this, anyway—"

I stopped because he looked angry.

"I haven't got anything to say about it. There's one boss in the family and I'm not it."

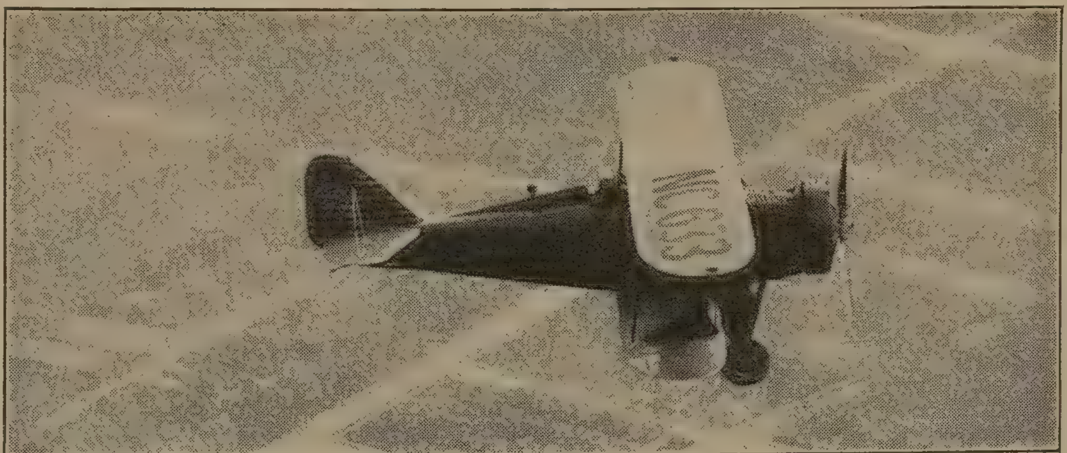
Florence Williams will probably be flying solo very soon, and Al won't be happy as he'll pretend.

But it was the low-down on women pilots. Al is aviation's best booster. He eats it. It's safe for anyone to fly—except his wife. I have just read this article over, and a pretty black picture I have painted for the ladies.

Never mind. If we can't be Williamses and Doolittles in aviation we can be in flying what Glenna Collett and Helen Wills Moody are to their chosen pastimes.

After all, Helen and Glenna can't beat the very best men, but they *can* beat most men.

THE END



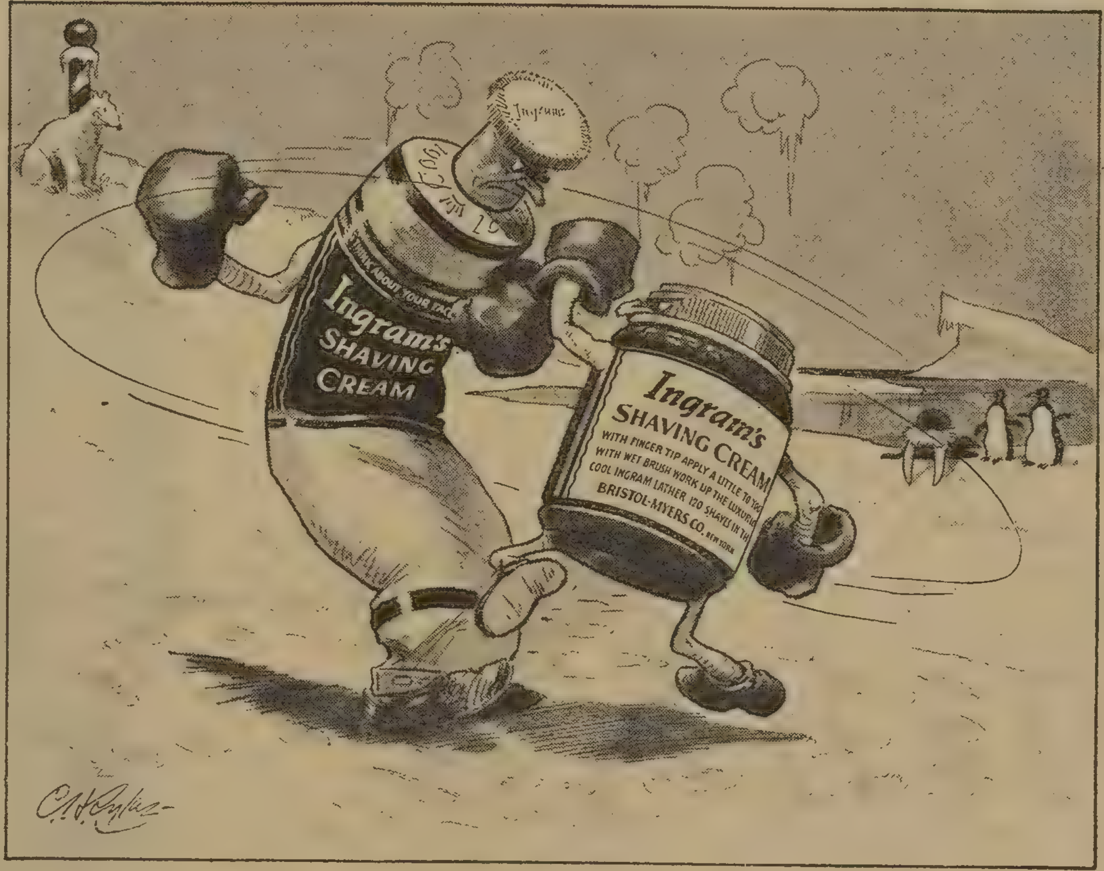
The author in her clipped-wing Laird racer, establishing another woman's record—Cleveland to New York—in 2 hours 49 minutes. The Twentieth Century takes 13 hours for the trip.

Eleventh Hour Dope on the great $5,000.00 Ingram Contest!

W. L. Bomer, Export Manager, comes out for the tube!

"By rights I ought to be in favor of the jar, for shaving cream in a tube isn't very popular in Europe or in most of my territory. But I know that in America, where most of Ingram's cool shaves are sold, a tube far outsells a jar. And even the famous Ingram jar won't stand up against the new blue and white tube!"

W. L. Bomer



"The jars have it!" says W. B. Johnson, Assistant Sales Manager.

"It's going to be a fight to the finish. But make no mistake, the famous Ingram jar will come out on top! A million shaving men already like that jar, and they recognize it has advantages no tube can duplicate! An Ingram shave may be fine and cool in any package—but most men will stick by the original blue jar."

W. B. Johnson

The Big fight is coming to a finish

Both going strong!

THE twelfth and final month of Ingram's $5,000.00 contest is under way! Both Ingram jar and Ingram tube have staged a great fight. Many men prefer a tube but thousands swear by the jar. Both contain the same cool cream—both give you a shave that's *cool . . . Cool . . . COOL . . .* COOL!

Which will be the winner? Mr. Johnson is sure the jar will win. Mr. Bomer backs the tube. What do you think? You have 328 chances to win a prize! Here's the proposition:

Shortly before January 1st, Ingram's was placed on the market in the new tube. Of course it's still sold in the blue jar as well. Five years ago, that jar first introduced Ingram's—the pioneer *cool* shave. Since then, it has become one of the largest-selling of all shaving creams!

Here are Ingram's sales for the last four years:

1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929	1,992,998 Jars

The jar, we know, had a lot to do with Ingram's quick growth in sales. But the most important reason for Ingram's success is that it was the first and best of all *cool* shaving creams!

Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, *in 75 words or less,* how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have on the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give $5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	$1,000.00
Second prize	$500.00
Third prize	$250.00
Next 325 prizes	*each* $10.00

Ingram's velvet-smooth lather brings a new, *cool,* stingless delight to the faces of all men. Its three special cooling and soothing ingredients tighten and tone the skin *while you shave.* You can get either the tube or jar from your druggist. Or we'll send you 10 COOL Ingram shaves free on receipt of the coupon. But whether you use Ingram's or not—enter the contest today!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.

2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.

3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest, but none must exceed 75 words in length. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.

4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.

5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 31, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

Clip Coupon for 10 COOL SHAVES

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 31, General Post Office
New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try 10 cool Ingram shaves

*Name*________________

*Street*________________

*City*__________ *State*________

(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.)

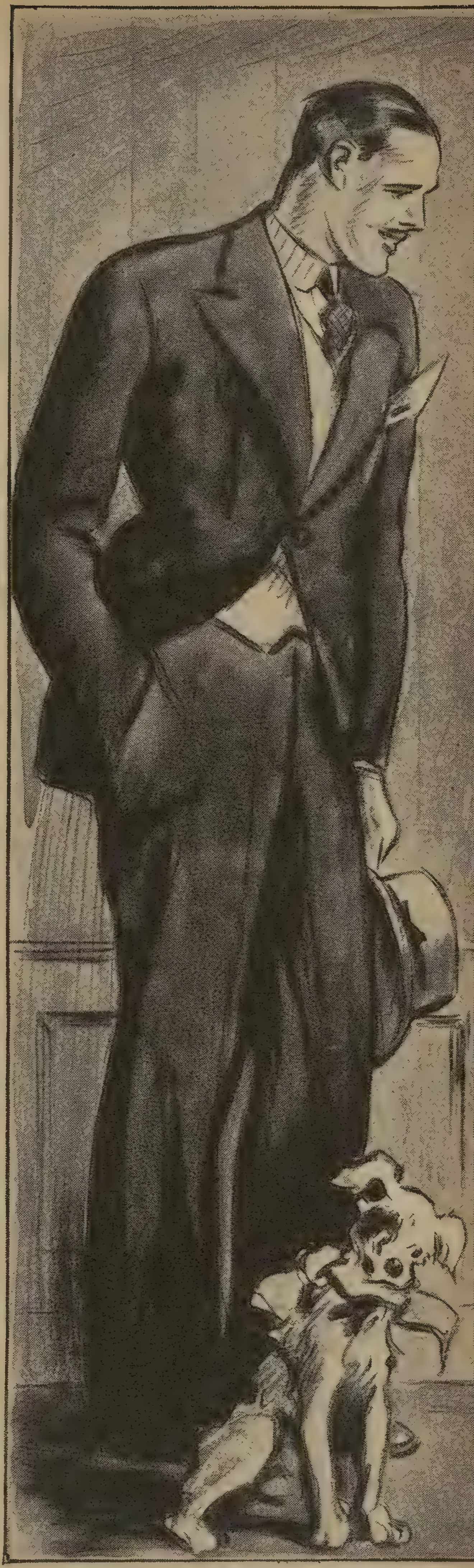
Another Story of NIKKI and Her WAR BIRDS

The Episode of the Painted Toes

By

JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

Pictures by GEORGE VAN WERVEKE



"Nikki's having her toenails painted," Bill observed. "Can you imagine that? What's the idea, Nikki?"

(Reading time: 23 minutes 38 seconds.)

THERE was a note on Shep Lambert's tray when the waiter at the Carlton in Paris brought his coffee and brandy in the morning.

"I have a dreadful attack of the plain and fancy shakes and please bring back my kimono and Eighty-Eight's nose is hot and one of my turtles is missing."

There's a damsel in distress if there ever was one, Shep told himself as he prepared to go to the rescue. It was eleven o'clock, however, before Shep appeared in Nikki's sitting room with Bill Talbot and Cary Lockwood.

Nikki was in a chair by the French windows in an Hawaiian kimono, her flowered nightgown rucked up over her knees. The morning sunlight was streaming into the room. Eighty-Eight Carlton, a white and black wire-haired puppy, was nosing aimlessly about. Nikki's two pet turtles were somewhere around on the floor. Nikki's bare feet rested on a red hassock. A little agate-eyed Oriental knelt in front of her. He was painting her toenails with a tiny brush.

"Hi, Nik!"

"H'lo Shepard. H'lo Bill."

"How's th' ol' gal this morning? Well look at Nikki!"

They all stood still and gazed at Nikki.

"Nikki's having her toenails painted," Bill observed. "Can you imagine that? What's the idea, Nikki?"

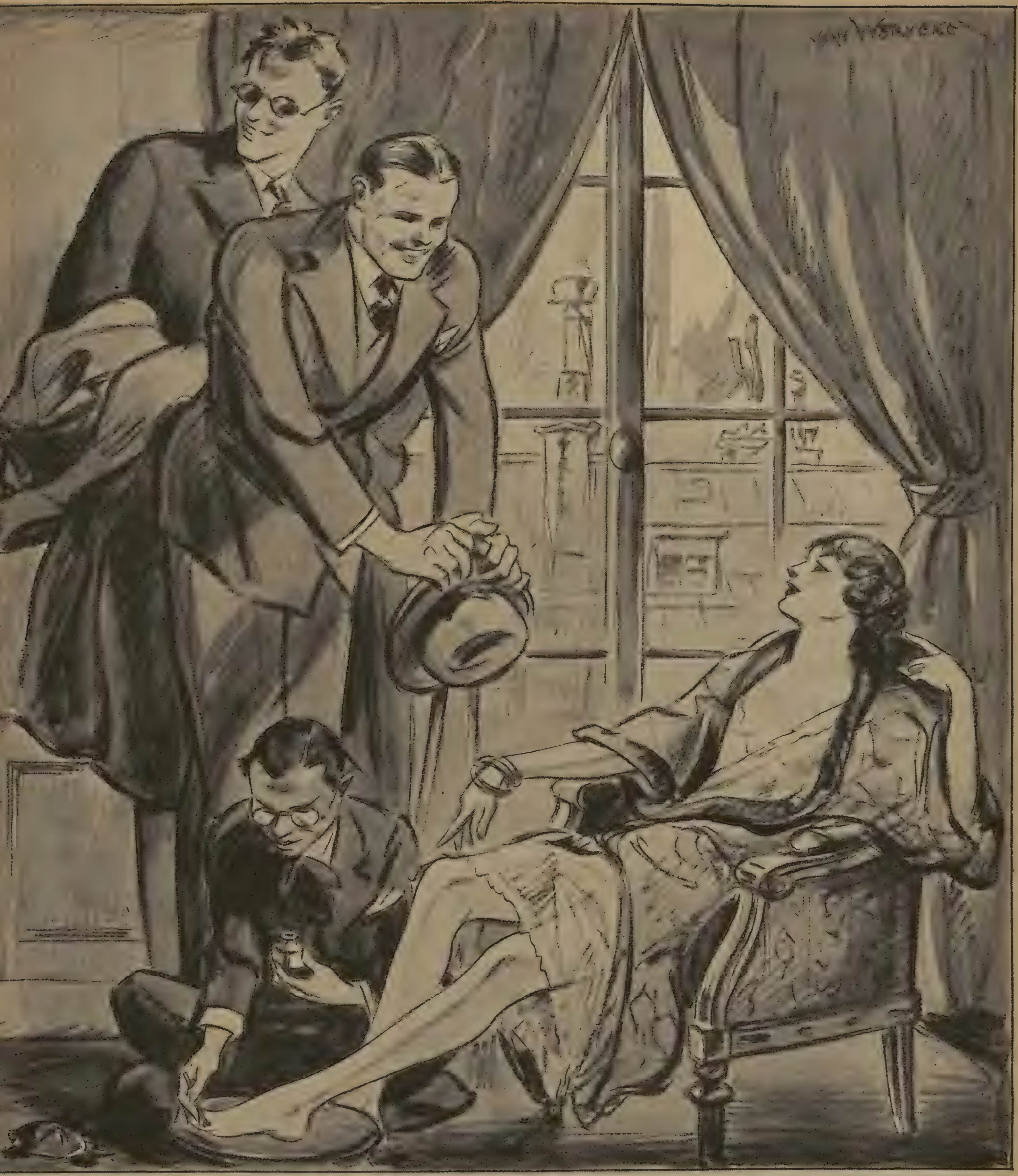
"An old Turkish custom," Nikki explained, "and how about something to pick up a chap?"

"Are you dying, Egypt, dying?"

"Simply dying, Egypt."

"Well, we certainly ought to do something about that," said Shep, and went to the telephone to order some drinks sent up.

BUY NOW and Bring Prosperity Back!



"No prairie oysters," Nikki said.

"Picon citron," Shep said, "will make you laugh and play." He came back and took his place in the half circle about Nikki.

"What you having your toenails painted for?"

"Well," began Nikki vaguely, "seems like a good idea."

"That there," Shep told Bill, "is practically the loveliest pair of laigs I ever clapped an eye on."

"Like my legs?" Nikki inquired, bending forward to look at them.

"Look at those legs, Bill. Why they practically match. Did you ever see sich a set of legs!"

"Very bracing," Bill agreed.

"What can we do about it?"

"Burst into tears is all I know."

Seated as she was, Nikki presented a dazzling pair of legs. She had the small knees and the almond-shaped, well-set kneecaps of a runner. The skin of her well rounded calves just kissed. She had slim, tapering ankles and a small, high-arched foot. Cary thought she had legs like Atalanta the huntress. But all Shep could think of was Swinburne's voluptuous description of Dolores, Our Lady of Pain.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

“Would it embarrass you if we burst into tears, Nikki?”

“On account of my legs?” Nikki said. “I think that would be sweet.”

“Well, on account of her feet, too, Bill. Don't you think? Look at those feet. Aren't they too divine?”

“Too divine,” Bill agreed.

“Those are the highest arches in the world, I bet.”

“You could practically walk under Nikki's arches in a high dudgeon or something,” Shep said. “You know, I think outside of her legs, Nikki's arches are her best feature. I'd marry the gal on account of her arches. Here come the drinks.”

A waiter was coming in with a tray of drinks in tall glasses. Shep told Bill to go into action with the siphon.

The People in the Story

NIKKI, an American girl, “pitifully young and tender and wise,” who has found her way into the strange disordered lives of five American war flyers left astray in Paris after the Armistice.

And the flyers—

SHEPARD LAMBERT, known as Shep,

BILL BRONKO TALBOT, all-American half back,

CARY LOCKWOOD, Rhodes scholar at Oxford,

FRANCIS, otherwise The Washout, who is always falling asleep in the daytime, and

JOHNNY SWANN, the youngest of the crowd—all of them “like swimmers at night on a shoreless sea, fearful to let their legs down, swimming blindly onward and onward to self-destruction.”

“I'd marry the gal anyways,” Shep was saying. “She's a mighty fine type of architecture.

“What color you having your toenails painted?” Shep inquired, peering over the Chinaman's shoulder.

“Rose,” said Nikki.

“Rose, hey? Why not green or lavender or something?”

“Rose,” said Nikki, “is my choice.”

“And very nice, too,” Shep agreed. “That certainly is a cute way you've got your toenails trimmed. What is that? Square cut or something?”

“Emerald, and they have to be done like that,” Nikki said.

“*A cause de quoi?*”

“*A cause de mon grand-père.*”

“On account of your grandfather?”

“On account of my grandfather died of an ingrown toenail. It's in our family.”

“How could anyone die of an ingrowing toenail?”

“Blood poisoning or something.”

“Pore ol' Gramp. Well, Bill, you'll never die like that.”

“Not me.”

“Bill is certainly out of luck,” Shep said. “If he'd of got killed in the war, they'd of named a landing field after him. How do you like Nikki's toesies?”

“Pretty supreme,” said Bill.

NIKKI suddenly became shy and covered her toes with her hands.

“My poor toes,” Nikki said, “I'm afraid they're ruined.”

“How so?”

“Can't you see anything the matter with them?”

“Not from here, I can't.”

“Well, they're kind of red and rough on top.”

“They look all right to me. What's the matter with 'em?”

“Well, when I was a little girl my mother bought me a pair of shoes. And they were too short, way too short. And I had to walk all the way to Sunday School and back. Down the road. And it was very hot and dusty—”

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

Shep and Bill could see a little girl in a bright hair-ribbon trudging down a hot, dusty road to Sunday School in a pair of shoes that were too short for her.

“—and when I got home my toes were spoiled.”

“Take her away,” said Shep; “she's breaking my heart.”

“Listen, where did you go last night?”

“Oh, to a place.”

“What was the name of the place?”

“The Star of Venus or something—”

“The Star of Venus,” Shep repeated incredulously.

“That's right,” Nikki said. “*Installation Ultra-Moderne, Bain de Luxe, Ecran Artistique—*”

“What!” Bill roared out. “Do you mean to say you went there? Well, for gosh sakes! Who took you?”

“Francis.”

“That twirp! I'll snap his spine!” Bill was sore as six goats.

“Well, will you please listen to Desperate Ambrose,” Nikki appealed to Shep.

“He knows better than that!” Bill said. “What the hell does he mean anyway, taking you to places like that?”

“Well, it was my idea,” Nikki said.

“Even so,” said Bill, “he had no right to do it.”

Bill was stalking up and down the room.

Cary and Shep looked at him. They could see that Bill was in love with Nikki. Jealously, protectively, possessively in love with her.

“Well,” Bill snapped out, “what did you do there?”

“It turned out kind of badly,” Nikki admitted. “I got hysterical and Francis had to take me out into the street.”

“If I could—” Bill began.

“Listen,” Shep advised, “lay off him. It wasn't his fault. Nikki wanted to go.”

“Yes, but no decent—”

“Oh zut!” said Shep roughly. “Since when did you start to move in polite society? And besides I told you before—I don't think you better cross that baby. He's poison.”

“Well, what does he keep hanging around Nikki for?”

Shep burst out laughing. “Well, what do *you* hang about Nikki for?”

PR-R-RING! Pr-r-ring! Pr-r-ring! Pr-r-ring! Pr-r-ring! The shrill little French telephone was ringing.

Nikki reached over to the table beside her and lifted off the receiver.

“It's Johnny Swann,” she informed them. There was a long pause.

“He's at the Château Madrid,” she said. “He stayed there last night, and he wants somebody to come out and find out what name he registered under.”

“What room's he in?” Shep inquired. “Ask him what's his room number.”

“What's your room number, Johnny?” Nikki asked. “Johnny, what's your room number? He doesn't know,” she told the others.

“Tell him to go look over the door,” Shep advised.

“Go look on your door, Johnny. Shep says to look on your door. He seems kind of agitated,” Nikki said. “He says he's going to look. One twenty-two? He says his room is one twenty-two and bring him a hat.”

Shep went to the telephone and called the Château Madrid.

“What is the name of the gentleman in one twenty-two?” he demanded.

There was a brief silence while Shep stood smoking.

A voice came over the telephone.

“Doctor Krausmeyer?” Shep repeated. “Thanks. Well, Johnny's imagination is improving,” Shep told the others. “He's registered as Herr Doktor Krausmeyer and family. I'll go and fetch him home.”

“Finish,” said the little Chinaman, gathering up his instruments.

“Oh, I forgot,” Nikki said. “This is—” she reached for a card on the table—“this is Yu-Azim, Pedicure Chinois, English Spoken, Face au Casino.”

Yu-Azim grinned brightly.

“Paris lice?”

“Lousy,” Shep agreed.

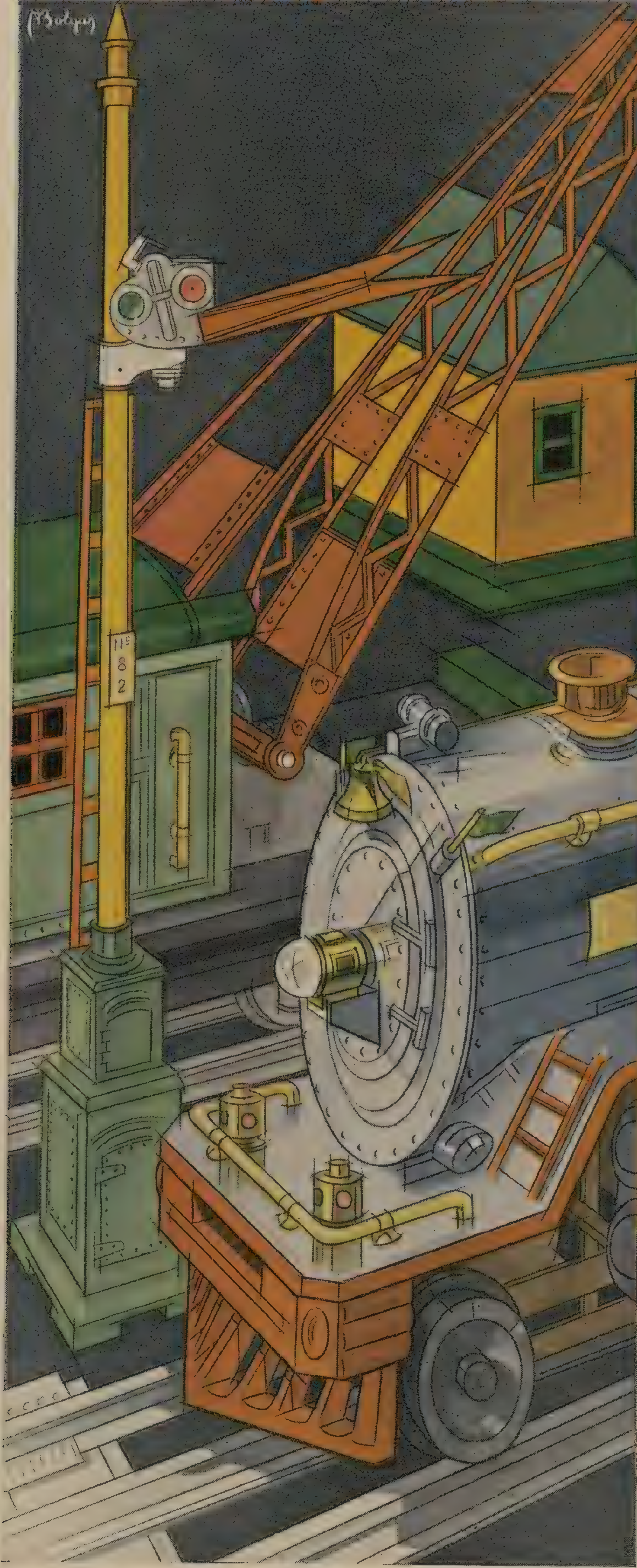
Nikki asked to be excused now, on account of, she said, she had to get dressed. She disappeared into her bedroom, closing the door behind her.

Shep departed in search of Johnny Swann, and Bill and Cary went back to their rooms.

Cary went downstairs to exchange some money at the desk and found a sheaf of letters in his box. Colby, the Cardinal College porter, had sent them on to the Washington Inn, St. James Square, in London, Cary's first forwarding address. They had been, in turn, forwarded to the Hotel Observatoire, the quiet little pension which

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

Your boy wants a LIONEL Train



Satisfy that desire—and give your boy happiness, pleasure, and education. Select for him one of the many wonderful LIONEL train outfits that we make for boys. They are not expensive!

THEY are magnificent trains—beautifully finished, strongly constructed, colorful, and realistic. The locomotives, both electric and steam-type, are faithful copies of the big "giants of the rails."

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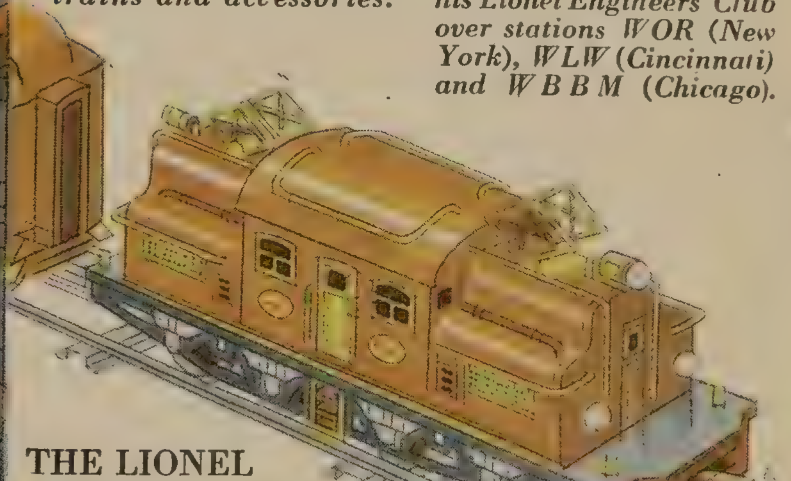
Starting November 14

Every Friday night, 6:00 to 6:30 Eastern Standard Time, "Uncle Don" and his Lionel Engineers' Club over stations WOR (New York), WLW (Cincinnati) and WBBM (Chicago).



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CORPORATION
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LIONEL
ELECTRIC TRAINS

Model Railroad Accessories ◆ "Multivolt" Transformers

Why Go Through This?

Hurried breakfast . . . Out to garage. Get door open— . . .

Pull out choke . . . Step on starter . . . Cold-stiffened oil grips engine . . .

Give her the choke again! . . . Plenty. No results . . . Engine won't start . . .

Cylinders flooded . . . Too much choke.

Try again . . . Starter groans . . . Anger rises . . . Keep pushing starter—

Final groan — starter refuses to work . . . Battery exhausted . . . What next?

The crank! . . . Try to spin her . . . Arm aches . . . Hope fades . . . Try hot water?

WHAT'S THE USE?

HARD cold weather starting may not always be due to an incorrect oil. But you can be certain of this. If you have a heavy summer oil in your crankcase, and temperatures go to freezing—32° F.—or below, that heavy oil is bound to become cold-stiffened. It cannot flow readily. It cannot reach moving parts. Of course starting becomes hard. And you know how that eats the very heart out of your battery. You realize what deadly engine wear it causes.

Why put up with it? Change to Mobiloil Arctic today! Then you'll play safe with your battery and engine. You'll play safe with your temper too.

Mobiloil Arctic is the world's leading cold weather lubricant. It is the most popular oil in the cold sections of the United States, in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Switzerland. In fact in all cold weather countries throughout the world—where oils meet their most severe test—Mobiloil Arctic leads.

Mobiloil Arctic has gone to the top among winter oils because it is unique. It gives *double-range* service. It flows freely at zero and below. This gives easy starting. But unlike many so-called winter oils, at hot running temperatures Mobiloil Arctic retains its rich lubricating quality and gives your engine complete protection.

Stop at your Mobiloil dealer's today, and ask for Mobiloil Arctic by name. While you are there, ask him to put Mobiloil "CW" in your gears. Mobiloil "CW" makes gears easy to shift on coldest days, follows them always and remains soft. It does not separate like ordinary lubricants.

With this two-fold Mobiloil protection, your car is safe from deadly winter wear.

Ask here for Gargoyle Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL CO.

We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, E. S. T., from WEAF and 29 associated stations.

Mobiloil ARCTIC *for your engine*

"CW" *for your gears*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

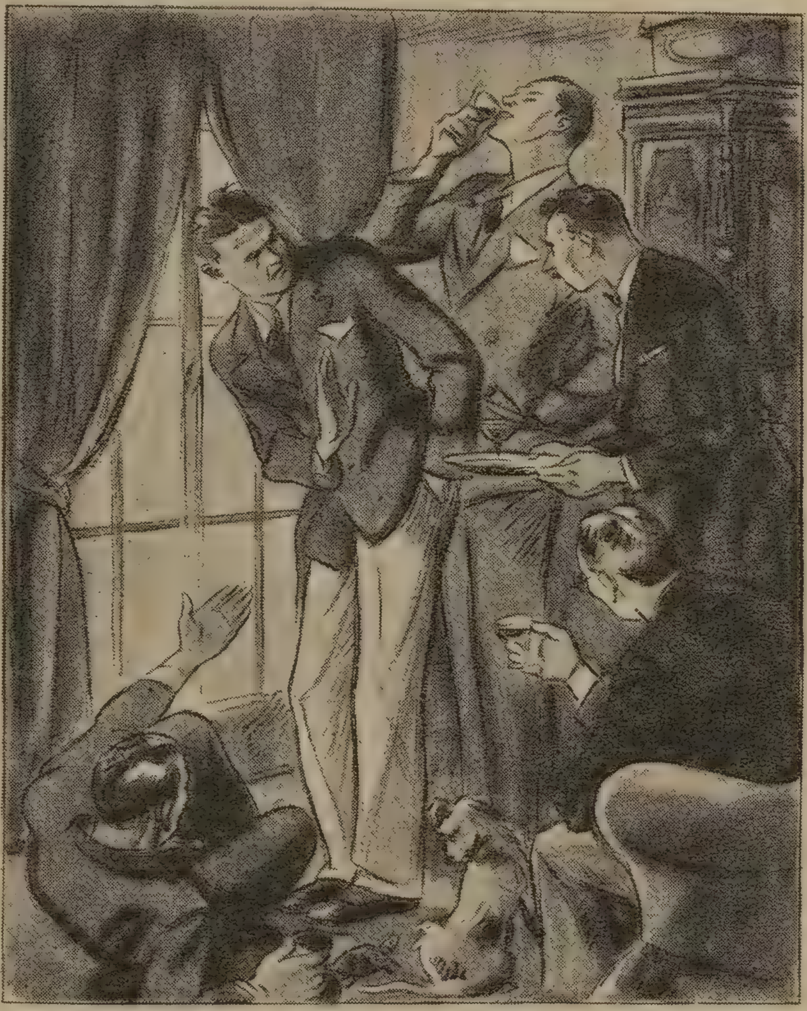
Cary had occupied at the edge of the Luxembourg Gardens before Shep had moved him to the Carlton. Cary took them to his room to read.

The topmost letter was addressed to Cary Lockwood, Esqre, Cardinal College, Oxford, England, and was postmarked London—2 P. M.—March 10. The handwriting on the stiff, square envelope was small, regular, and English. The envelope was embossed in the upper left-hand corner with a blue five-pointed coronet. Cary broke the blue wax seal and read the following message, written on a card:

Tower House

Saturday. Bakerloo Tube. Trains leave Piccadilly Circus at five minutes before the hour and every fifteen minutes thereafter. If you take the six-ten the motor will be at the station to meet you. *Viens.*

"S."



When the cocktails came up, clear and clean and cold, Johnny obstinately refused to drink.

The second letter bore a Lombard Street return address in London, and was written in a small wandering, uncertain hand. ". . . you are coming to London this week-end, aren't you? I will stay in Saturday until you call. . . . Please destroy this letter. . . ."

A third was from 51 Victoria Road, Kensington, W. 1., and was inscribed in an even, readable hand on light blue note paper, yielding a faint scent. (Shep Lambert used to say that it was a pleasure to smell Cary's mail.)

A fourth was sheathed in a large, long, blue envelope. It carried, in addition to the green five-centime stamp, a red fifty-centime express stamp. The legends "Speed-bestelling Express" and "Express Fee Paid 3d" were stamped in black across the face of the envelope. The flap was sealed with red wax and impressed with the initials Y. L. It was scented with Chypre.

THE letter was dated "Anvers le 12 au soir," and began, "*Mon adoré:* I suffer cruelly from your indifference . . . not one tiny word of consolation. My spirit and my imagination are too small to conceive my future life otherwise than with you. Perhaps you suspect me to be like most girls of this age, incapable of a veritable love. . . . I love you with all the plenitude of my soul . . . my love for you is sincere as it is profound and nothing in the world can change in . . . all the days of my life I consecrate to you. I am very *triste* and demoralized . . . all the world asks me if I am not ill. . . . I embrace you with all my strength. *Mille caresses les plus tendres. Vôtre Yvonne pour toujours. Cela qui pense à vous.*"

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

The next letter, from Southampton, was written in a girls' finishing-school script. "Oh, Cary, I couldn't go. . . . My heart failed me before I got to the boat. . . . I'm coming back to London. Will you come to London when you receive this, or shall I come up to Oxford? Will you telegraph me at the Savoy?"

Another letter said: "I washed my hair this morning and prayed for you," and in another was written: "Every tick of the clock brings me nearer to you."

There was a reminder from the secretary of the Gridiron Club that he had not yet paid his dues; an announcement that the Rt. Hon'ble The Viscount Curzon would speak at the Union. . . .

Dolbear & Goodall, Chymists of 180 High Street, respectfully sent notice that there was a matter of £5-6-10 owing.

The Slatter & Rose Booksellers & News Agents, dr.—Acct. Rendered £2-9-6.

H. R. Hedderly, Athletic and Sports Outfitter, Tobacconist and Cigar Importer, submitted a respectful account of four pounds, eight shillings and sixpence.

There was a matter—past due, it was respectfully called to his attention—of £10-5-5 at Castell & Son (Established 1846), Suitings and Homespuns, Academic Robes, Shirt Makers, Hatters and Hosiers, Athletic Outfits, including our well-known Oxford Rowing Shorts.

J. W. Piper of Ship Street, Oxford, Breeches Maker (Hunting—Polo—Cycling—Walking), wished to remind Cary Lockwood, Esqre, that his account of five guineas was of long standing.

To the Junior Common Room for wine, fruit, cakes, cigarettes, writing paper, subscriptions, and fees: twenty-five pounds.

TO college Batells for Platemen and Waiters, College Charges, University Dues, Tuition, College Library, Argent, Poor Rate, Bedmakers, Buttery and Kitchen, Tablecloths and Napkins, Porter's Note, Messenger, Room Rent, Furniture, Electric Light, Coal and Faggots, Laundress, Care of Bicycle, Baths, Telephone, Luggage Porter—£72-6-2.

Buol's Restaurant (Tea Baskets and Picnic Hampers) invited attention respectfully to an amount of £7-10-0.

Cary put down the tradesmen's bills, walked to the window, and surveyed the sunlit inner court of the Carlton Hotel thoughtfully. He turned away from the window, fingering the gold pencil in his hand. He contemplated the bronze figurines on the mantel, curled a loose loop of the telephone connection about his finger, went back to the window. The telephone bell rang.

"Come over here, will you, Cary?" Shep said.

Cary went down the hall.

Johnny was sitting on his bed and Shep was standing by the window when Cary came in.

"Doctor Krausmeyer is troubled in his mind," Shep said. "I thought maybe you could cheer him up."

"You ought to have a drink, Johnny," Cary said.

"No, thanks. I don't want a drink."

Shep and Cary tried to persuade Johnny to come out with them, but he refused to leave his room.

"Don't bother with me," he said. "You two go on."

They didn't want to leave him by himself. "Let's go down to Nikki's room," Shep suggested. "She ought to be ready by now."

Johnny finally agreed to come.

Shep and Cary collected Bill and Francis on their way down to Nikki's room.

The door to Nikki's bedroom was half open when they came in, and they could see her seated at her dressing table. She had on a straight, narrow frock of blue serge with red panels. It was fastened high and close about her throat with red buttons. She was knotting a kerchief of blue silk about her head.

"Hi, Nik!" Shep called. "We brung home Doctor Krausmeyer."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE EPISODE OF THE PAINTED TOES
Continued from page twenty-seven

"Good morning, Johnny," Nikki said.

"Hello, Nikki."

"Johnny's in a state," Shep informed her.

"Well, ring for a drink."

"He won't drink."

"Well, well," Nikki murmured. "What's the cause of this strange manifestation?"

"Says he's tired of lifting glasses even. Says he's just tired is all. Come on out here, Nikki, and engage a fellow in polite conversation."

Nikki appeared in the doorway.

"Did you ever see such a dressy wench?" Shep said enthusiastically. "Look at that thing, Cary. Isn't that marvelous? Isn't that a fine piece of work?"

"Oh, Shepard," Nikki said advancing into the room, "you make my heart melt when you say things like that."

"Let's not move from this place for a while," Shep said. "Let's have some drinks sent up and sit here and look at Nikki."

"Help yourself," Nikki said. "I've got to compose a cable, anyway."

"Hey, somebody," Shep said. "Give the child a pencil and something to scribble on. Anything to keep her amused."

Nikki said she wanted colored crayons.

"Push the bell, somebody," Shep said. "Us chaps has got to get to our drinking."

Nikki pushed the bell. She sat down at the little table at the far end of the room, pulled out a drawer, and selected a cable form. She swung halfway around in her chair and crossed her legs, tapping the penholder reflectively against her teeth. Shep drew in his breath sharply at the sight of Nikki's legs.

"Every time I see Nikki's legs," he said, "I want to go and sock somebody on the jaw. I don't know quite why."

Shep was sitting on the sofa with Cary. Bill was sprawled out in the big chair. The Washout was sitting on the floor and Johnny was wandering about the room like a lost soul.

"Light somewhere won't you, Johnny?" Bill invited. "You're making us all weavy."

Shep was still thinking about Nikki's legs. "Let's not abandon that idear for a moment," he said. "Let me investigate it in my mind. Why do I want to punch somebody on the nose when I see Nikki's legs?"

"They're so stimulating," Bill said.

"How about it, Cary?" Shep demanded. "You've got answers for everything."

"They're excitant agents," Cary said.

Nikki was writing out her cable and paying no attention.

Bill Talbot could not divert his eyes from Nikki's legs.

"Give Bill a pair of skates now," Shep said maliciously, "and I bet he could jump over ten barrels."

"I wisht I had my ocarina," Bill said wistfully.

SOMEBODY rapped on the door. Shep went and opened it and it was the valet. Shep turned and looked mournfully at Nikki.

"Won't you ever learn?" he complained. "*Once* is for the waiter, *twice* for the chambermaid, and *three times* for the *valet de chambre*. Look, it's all written out for you over the bell."

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

"Well," said Nikki defensively, "I only pushed once."

"And it rung sixteen times," Shep said. "Nikki's got the jitters," he told the others. "Don't let her ring any more bells. Here, let an expert push that button." He told the valet it was a mistake and rang for the *sommelier*.

Johnny Swann continued his aimless wandering about the sitting room. Every once in a while he would cock his head to one side in a listening attitude and shout, "*Entrez!*"

Everyone would turn and look expectantly at the door, but nobody came in.

"Didn't you hear someone knocking?" he demanded.

"Poor Johnny," Shep said. "He hears things. Poor Johnny," he repeated. "He's got such a long ways to go yet. All he hears now is people knocking. Pretty soon the telephone will be ringing—"

"It's ringing now," Johnny said.

"It's only your head ringing, Johnny boy," Shep said. "Now listen to your Uncle Shepard, Johnny. You better take a drink when they come up else you'll be hearing sleigh bells. Then pretty soon you'll hear whistles blowing and guns going off, and babies crying and horns tooting and dogs barking and wolves howling."

"And whispers," Bill added.

"Now that *is* somebody," Johnny said and ran over and opened the door. The hall was empty.

"Then after you get done hearing things, you'll begin to *see* things. First," Shep said, stretching his legs and settling down to an elaborate disquisition, "the patterns on the wall will begin to come to life and start creeping around. Did you ever see a big, black, hairy spider with red and yellow—"

"Say, Shep, what's that behind you?" Bill interrupted him maliciously.

Shep sat up, stiffened, but did not turn around.

"Has he got fur all over him?"

"Yep."

"And an orange tokus?"

"That's right; and he looks like he's going to jump."

"WELL, that's my little Red Howler," Shep said. "Where's the waiter? Hey, Francis, you run down to the bar and tell Charles to send up a tray full of Martinis right away!"

The Washout got up obediently and went out.

When the cocktails came up, clear and clean and cold, Johnny obstinately refused to drink.

"You know," he said, "I think the French cavalry is the place for a man."

"Listen to Johnny," Shep said. "He is took violently sober and he's full of ideas. He'll be inquiring about the Foreign Legion next. Listen, Johnny, don't try to run away from yourself."

They drank two trays of cocktails and sent down for another. Nikki had finished her cable and turned around in her chair.

"Nikki," said Shep, "are you rich?"

"Forty-eight thousand dollars," Nikki said.

"Is that all?"

"That's all."

"And then what?"

"And then there's an Argentine with forty-seven emeralds and a faint smell of decadence . . . . and a college professor."

"What do they think about it?"

"Well, it's their idea."

"Good ol' Nikki. Where did they have the idea?"

"Up on the boat deck."

"You know, Nikki," Shep reflected, "I thought you were rich." He picked up one of Nikki's turtles.

"I think I am."

"I think you're just a gamy gal. Bill, one of us has got to save her from that there Argentine with the emeralds."

"You're very kind, gentlemen," Nikki said.

"You know," said Johnny Swann, "I think the ideal life for a man would be in the French cavalry."

"I'm afraid we're going to lose our Doktor Krausmeyer," Shep said with some misgivings. "He thinks the only thing left in the world to tie to is horses."

"He may be right," Nikki said, "and what are the plans for the day?"

"Plans?" Shep queried. "Plans? Plans? Whoever had any plans? You sound like Cary. He's always got a headful of plans. Do we have to have plans?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Nikki said. "You seem to get along without them."

Shep had drunk a dozen Martinis and he was feeling

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY]

Clean inside-well outside!

"They are lovely, aren't they? . . .

"It's a comfort they are so well! They sleep all night without a whimper, and while I'm doing my work they play so happily! It's certainly no trouble to take care of children if they're in perfect health . . .

"You think I'm looking pretty well myself? Thank the children for that. They weren't so well — and although I knew what was the matter I didn't dare give them medicines or pills. When I asked Dr. Jim, he told me all they needed was to be kept clean inside — and that there was a drugless way to do it. He said it would do me good, too . . . . the babies and I went on the Nujol treatment the same day — and we've been a well family ever since!"

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and
they look it!

"GUESS that big ocean isn't going to scare us any, Sister! Mother's watching us! C'mon!"

Health! In babies and grown-ups, the thing that helps us tackle the world with a smile, no matter how big and cold it looks!

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure or inability to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that goes with this failure) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

Just as doctors agree in blaming this condition for most of our sickness, so they agree also on the safe way to relieve it — keeping clean inside by the Nujol type of treatment. Crystal-clear Nujol is not a medicine at all. It contains no drugs. It is not absorbed, and therefore cannot make you fat. It is colorless and tasteless, and children love it.

The tonic effect of Nujol on the whole body is due to the way it helps you without the weakening effect of drugs. As Nujol is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Why? Because it's common sense, that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of keeping in the best of health all the time.

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One. Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two. Be sure you get Nujol. Your druggist has this pure and drugless product in a sealed package, trademarked "Nujol" to protect you. Good for babies, good for you! Don't you think it's worth trying?

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health

Only half there. . .!

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Here is a yeast you'll like—Yeast Foam Tablets. They are pure whole yeast, specially prepared so they do not cause gas. Powerful in their corrective properties and best of all, *easy and pleasant to eat.* Moreover, they are the *only* yeast suitable for children.

The leading universities and the U. S. Government regard this yeast so highly that they use it as the standard for their vitamin studies. What better indorsement of its quality and efficacy?

Eat these tablets for constipation, indigestion, skin disorders, “nerves,” intestinal disturbances, run-down conditions. The 10-day bottle is 50 cents . . . at your drug store.

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ON THE AIR EVERY
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7:00 to 7:30 Central Standard Time
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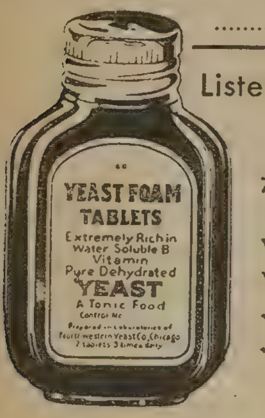


[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

quite content. His tic had subsided, so he took off his dark glasses and relaxed in his chair. It was fine being here with Nikki and the others.

“Loosen your stays and let down your back hair and set awhile,” he told Nikki. “We're having a fine time.”

But Nikki said they ought to go.

“Hey,” Shep said suddenly, holding up the turtle, “her nose is hot.”

“What?” said Nikki.

“Her nose is warm. I think she's got a fever.”

“Better call the house physician,” Nikki said.

Shep thought that was kind of a quaint idea to call the hotel doctor so he went to the telephone.

“*Attendez,*” he said to the operator. “I want the doctor . . . there's a sick turtle up here . . . *oui, une tortue de la terre* . . . send up *the médicin d'hôtel.*”

A muffled voice came floating over the telephone and Shep hung up the receiver.

“I guess it's no good,” he reported sadly. “She said mineral water or ginger ale. I bet if I told her somebody was murdered up here she'd want to know mineral water or ginger ale.”

NEXT WEEK—

A Love Story of TODAY

Beautiful and Dumb

A tale of two girls and a man

by

PHYLLIS DUGANNE

—and—

A Love Story of YESTERDAY

Yellow Saplings by the Lake

A newly discovered, hitherto unpublished manuscript

by

LEO TOLSTOY

Nikki took her turtle and set it under the cold-water tap in the bathroom.

“I wonder,” Shep said, when Nikki came back, “if the grunion are running.”

Nikki looked puzzled.

“Shep's trying to be funny,” Cary explained.

“In what way?” Nikki inquired.

“Grunion,” Cary began, “grunion are kind of little candlefish or something, that come up on the beach by the light of a full moon.”

Nikki continued to look puzzled.

“WELL, Shep, you know, is full of quaint conceits.”

“That's right,” Shep agreed. “I'm full of conceits.”

“And one of them is that anchovies are grunion. Shep likes to eat anchovies with his cocktails, so he pretends to go grunion hunting at the Claridge bar.”

“Would you like to go grunion hunting?” Shep invited Nikki.

“At the Claridge?”

“Or would you druther go on a Weenie Roast? What would you druther if you had your druthers? Would you druther go on a Hay Ride or a Quilting Party or a Strawberry Festival or a Fish Fry or a Husking Bee? You know,” he said with a loud wink, “if you find a red ear at a Husking Bee you can kiss your best girl.”

“I'd druther go for grunions,” Nikki said.

“What do you ketch 'em with?” Bill inquired.

“Oh, anything, dish pans, clothes tubs, wash boilers, *pots de chambre.* . . .”

“I was in a department store once,” Nikki said, “and a lady was standing beside me, and she had a little boy, and somehow he managed to get one over his head.”

“Ho! ho!” said Shep, who was a kind of vulgarian. “That's funny.”

“And he couldn't get it off, and his mother couldn't get it off, and the salesman couldn't get it off.”

“I CAN see the whole thing,” Shep said.

“And I suggested tapping it with a hammer—”

“Capital idea!”

“But the boy's mother got indignant. Said she wouldn't think of it—injure her little Wesley. She took him by the hand and led him off. I was only trying to be helpful.”

“Ho! ho! ho!”

“He did look a little unusual,” she reflected. “It was quite a nice one—porcelain, with a border of maidenhair fern and red geraniums—in a very chaste design. Kind of a Dresden effect.”

They all got ready to leave. All except Johnny, who said he was going back to his room. Nikki slipped on a little jacket that matched her dress and picked up a long-handled umbrella.

BUY NOW!

“You all go on ahead,” Johnny said, “and I'll find you later.”

“Good-by, Johnny boy,” said Nikki.

“Good-by, Nikki. Be a good girl.”

“What's the trouble with Johnny?” Nikki asked when they were in the hallway.

“He's ascared,” Shep said.

“Ascared of what?”

“Ascared that he'll see pluses instead of minuses.”

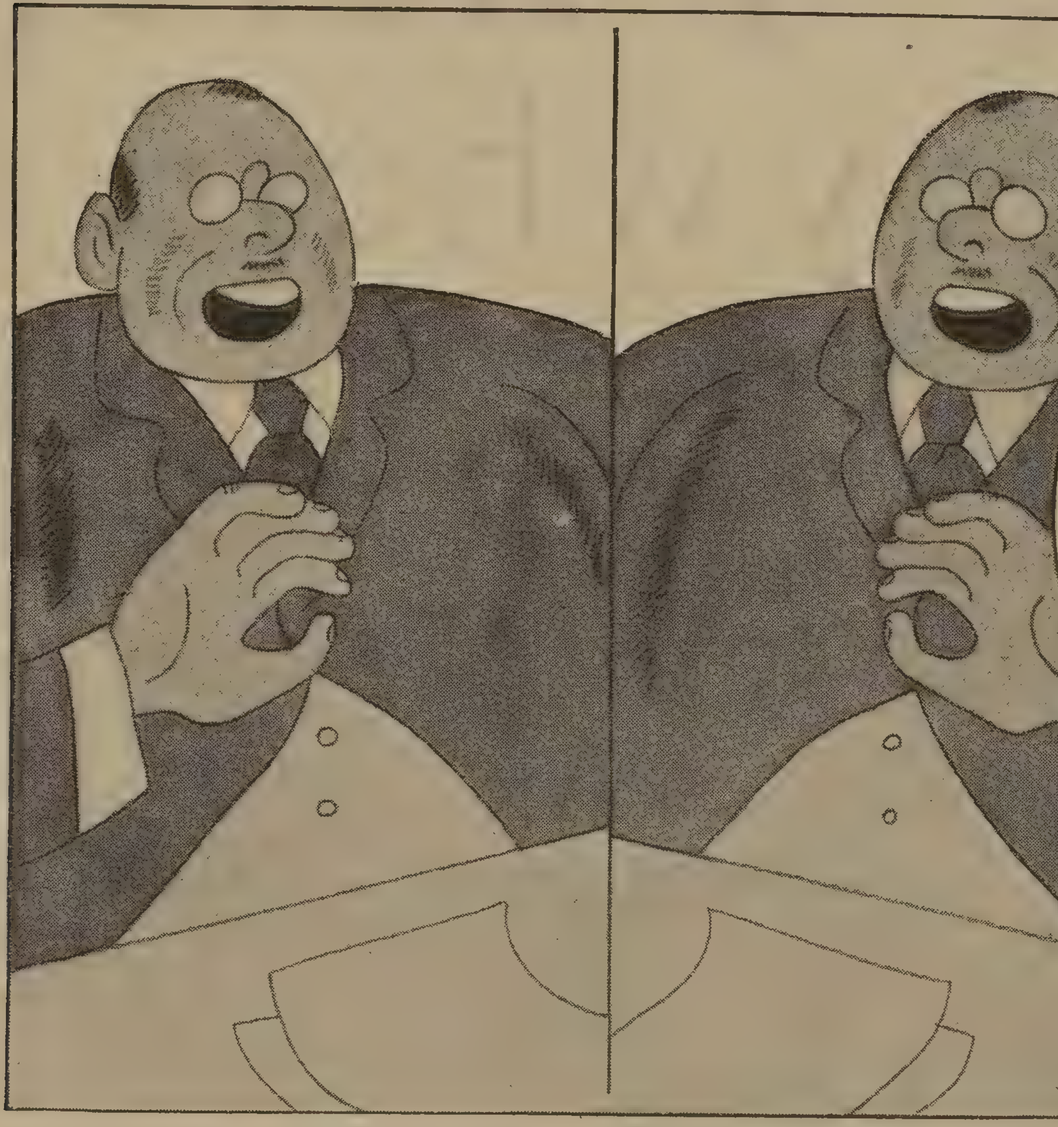
They all got in the cage and the boy took them directly down to the bar.

Another Nikki story next week—The Episode of the Little Stone Hearts.

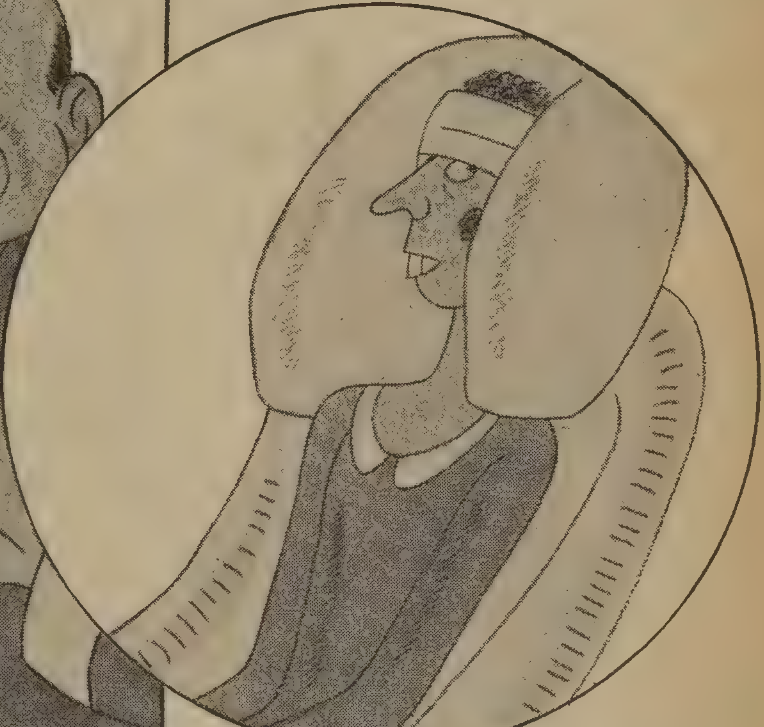
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

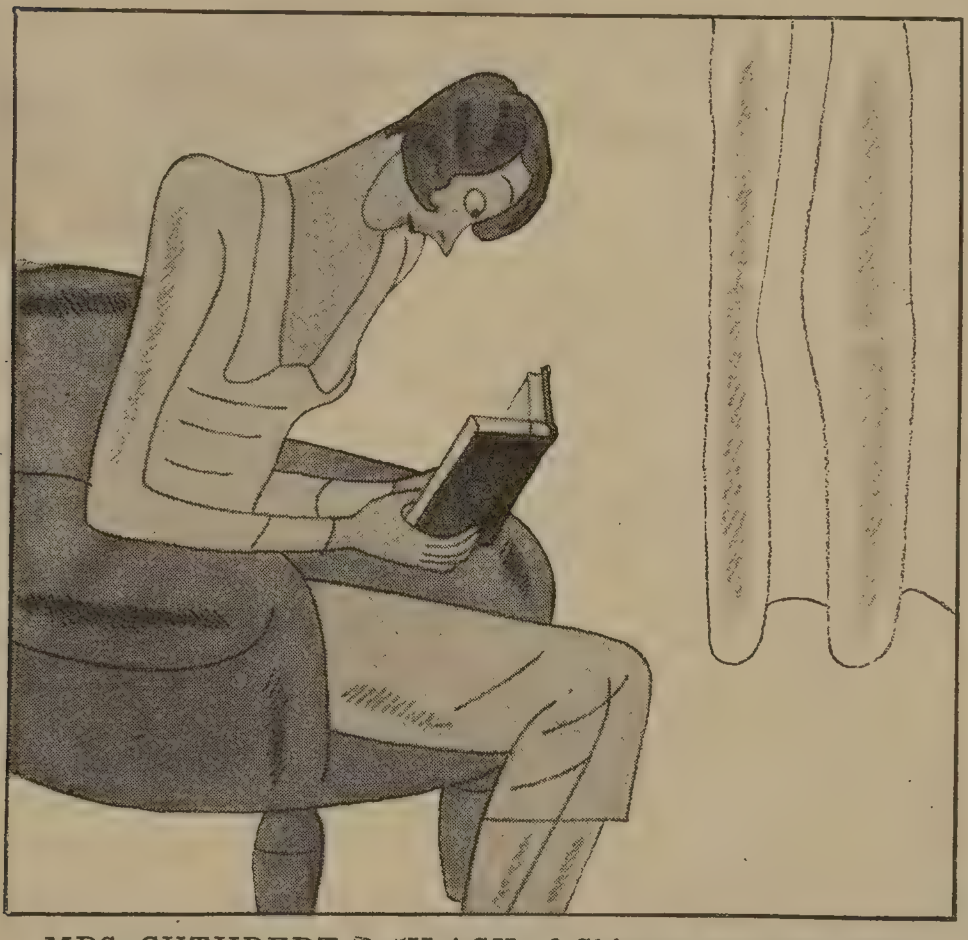
By RALPH BARTON



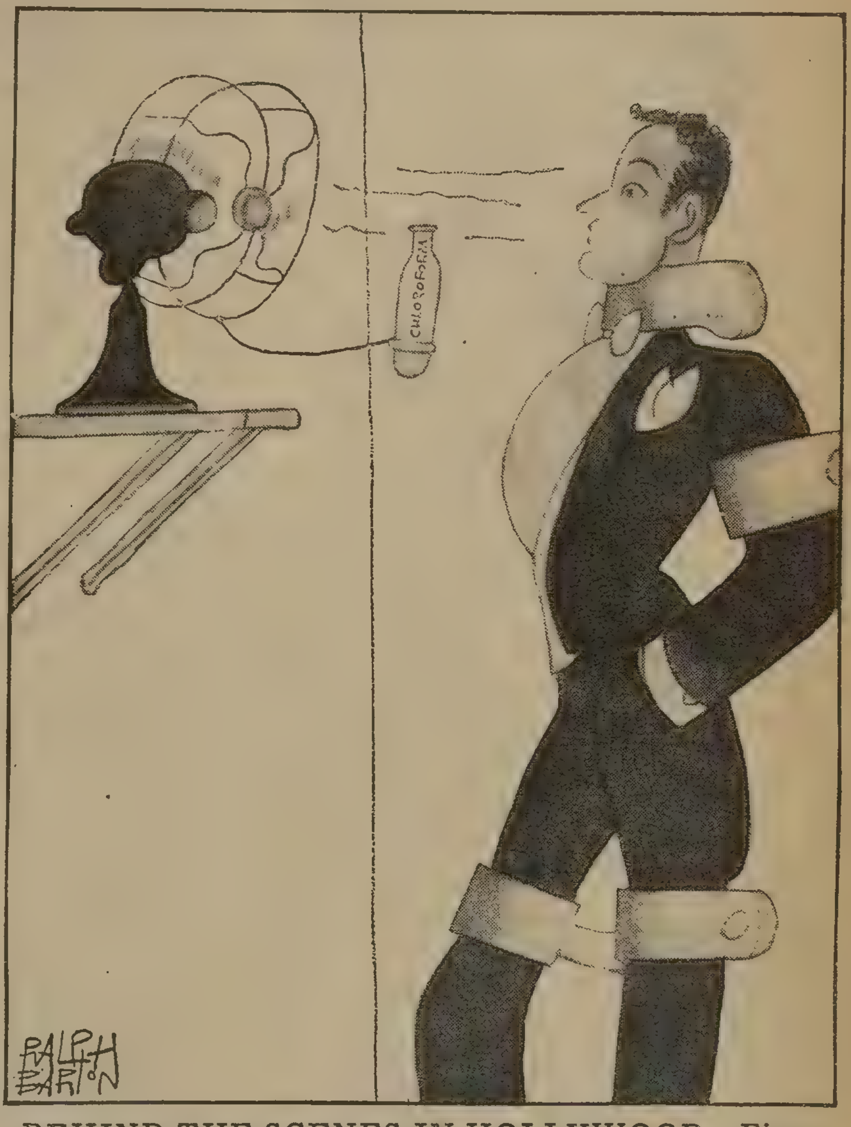
FOLLOWING THE FASHION IN FINANCE. Left: Portrait of a business man whose business gained 2% last year, boasting that he has so much money he doesn't know what to do with it. Right: The same business man whose business decreased 2% this year, boasting that he is so poor he doesn't know where his next meal is coming from.



MRS. MURPHY of Cedar Rapids is reported recovering nicely from the thrill and excitement of reading in the papers about King Boris of Bulgaria's wedding to Princess Giovanna.



MRS. CUTHBERT P. KLACK of Chicago says that there is nothing like reading a good novel as an aid to forgetting to pay one's bridge debts.



BEHIND THE SCENES IN HOLLYWOOD. First steps in training an ordinary actor to give one of those quiet, suppressed performances that the English actors are so good at.

Here, There, and Everywhere

The Talkies Take Us from Oregon to Russia, and Back Again to the Golden West

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

1 star means fairly good. 2 stars, good. 3 stars, excellent. 4 stars, extraordinary.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 30 seconds.)

★ ★ ★ ★ THE BIG TRAIL

CAST

Breck Coleman	John Wayne
Ruth Cameron	Marguerite Churchill
Gussie	El Brendel
Zeke	Tully Marshall
Red Flack	Tyrone Power
Dave Cameron	David Rollins
Bill Thorpe	Ian Keith

Produced by Fox.
Directed by Raoul Walsh.

A trio in Murder: Herbert Marshall, Phyllis Konstam, and Edward Chapman.

Robert Montgomery and June Walker in War Nurse.

The Silver Horde plays up Louis Wolheim, Raymond Hatton, and Evelyn Brent.

THE BIG TRAIL is a living, pulsating record of those hardy pioneers from almost every state east of the Mississippi who gathered together on the eastern shore, prompted by the single desire to settle in the promised land of the far northwest, and who were the first white men to travel to the end of the Oregon trail. The story, which gives an added interest to the movement of the wagon train, is simple and credible and the acting of the players, with one exception, thoroughly convincing.

The exception is Tyrone Power as Red Flack. He is just a bit too theatrical to be believable. In contrast to the reserved, natural performances of John Wayne, Marguerite Churchill, and Ian Keith, Power seems out of tune.

The filming of The Big Trail was done with the special lenses designed for the Grandeur screen. The direction of such a picture as this, in which hundreds of people, and large herds of cattle, and enormous equipment have to be managed, must be a stupendous task, but Director Raoul Walsh has proved himself equal to it. He has made those trail blazers come alive.

This is a picture for the entire family to see. Go yourself and be sure to take or send the children.

BUY NOW!

★ ★ ★ MURDER

CAST

Sir John	Herbert Marshall
Diana Baring	Norah Baring
Doucie Markham	Phyllis Konstam
Ted Markham	Edward Chapman
Handel Fane	Esme Percy

Produced by Elstree.
Directed by Alfred Hitchcock.

Here is another British-made film in which the acting is so good that it triumphs over poor photography. It is a murder mystery adapted from a story by Clemence Dane which was published under the title Enter Sir John.

A pretty young actress is accused of killing the leading lady of the company. She is tried and condemned to death. Sir John is a member of the jury before which she is tried and, while he is persuaded to vote for conviction by the other jurors, he is convinced of the girl's innocence. He decides to do some investigating, unravels the mystery, and finds the real murderer in time to save Diana Baring from the gallows.

★ ★ THE SILVER HORDE

CAST

Cherry Malotte	Evelyn Brent
George Balt	Louis Wolheim
Boyd Emerson	Joel McCrea
Fraser	Raymond Hatton
Mildred Wayland	Jean Arthur
Fred Marsh	Gavin Gordon
Queenie	Blanche Sweet
Wayne Wayland	Purnell B. Pratt
Thomas Hilliard	William Davidson
Swenson	Ivan Linow

Produced by Radio.
Directed by George Archainbaud.

Not long ago Paramount released Rex Beach's novel, The Spoilers, and now Radio has produced The Silver Horde. Cherry Malotte is a character in the two stories and they both

A film of pioneers: The Big Trail presents John Wayne and Marguerite Churchill.

Walter Huston and Kay Francis in The Virtuous Sin.

deal with life in Alaska. Instead of keeping to the period, as Paramount did, Director Archainbaud wisely brought the story up to date. The direction is good and the acting on a par with it.

★ ★ WAR NURSE

CAST

Wally	Robert Montgomery
Robin	Robert Ames
Babs	June Walker
Joy	Anita Page
Cushie	Zasu Pitts
Rosalie	Marie Prevost
Kansas	Helen Jerome Eddy
Matron	Hedda Hopper

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Edgar Selwyn.

This picture was made from an anonymous novel of the same name and is supposed to be the true experience of a group of nurses in France during the late war. It has comedy, horror, melodrama, and romance. If the director had taken only the comedy and the romance he might have built up an entertaining picture. As it is, some of the hospital scenes are hard to bear and the melodrama is ridiculous. The girls in the picture do good work, however.

BUY NOW!

★ ★ THE VIRTUOUS SIN

CAST

Gen. Gregori Platoff	Walter Huston
Marya Ivanovna	Kay Francis
Lt. Victor Sablin	Kenneth MacKenna
Alexander Stroganov	Jobyna Howland

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Louis Gasnier and George Cukor.

A play by the Hungarian, Lajos Zilahy, was adapted to make this screen production. It is the story of a woman who deliberately tries to ensnare a man in order to save her husband's life. She succeeds in her design but falls in love with the man.

★ THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST

CAST

Minnie	Ann Harding
Dick Johnson	James Rennie
Jack Rance	Harry Bannister
Sidney Dick	Arthur Housman

Produced by First National.
Directed by John Francis Dillon.

This is important only because it has Ann Harding in it. The story, which was a popular stage production a generation ago, is so old-fashioned in tone as to be ridiculous at times. But even a bad play can hardly dim this lovely lady's charm.

Do you know that—

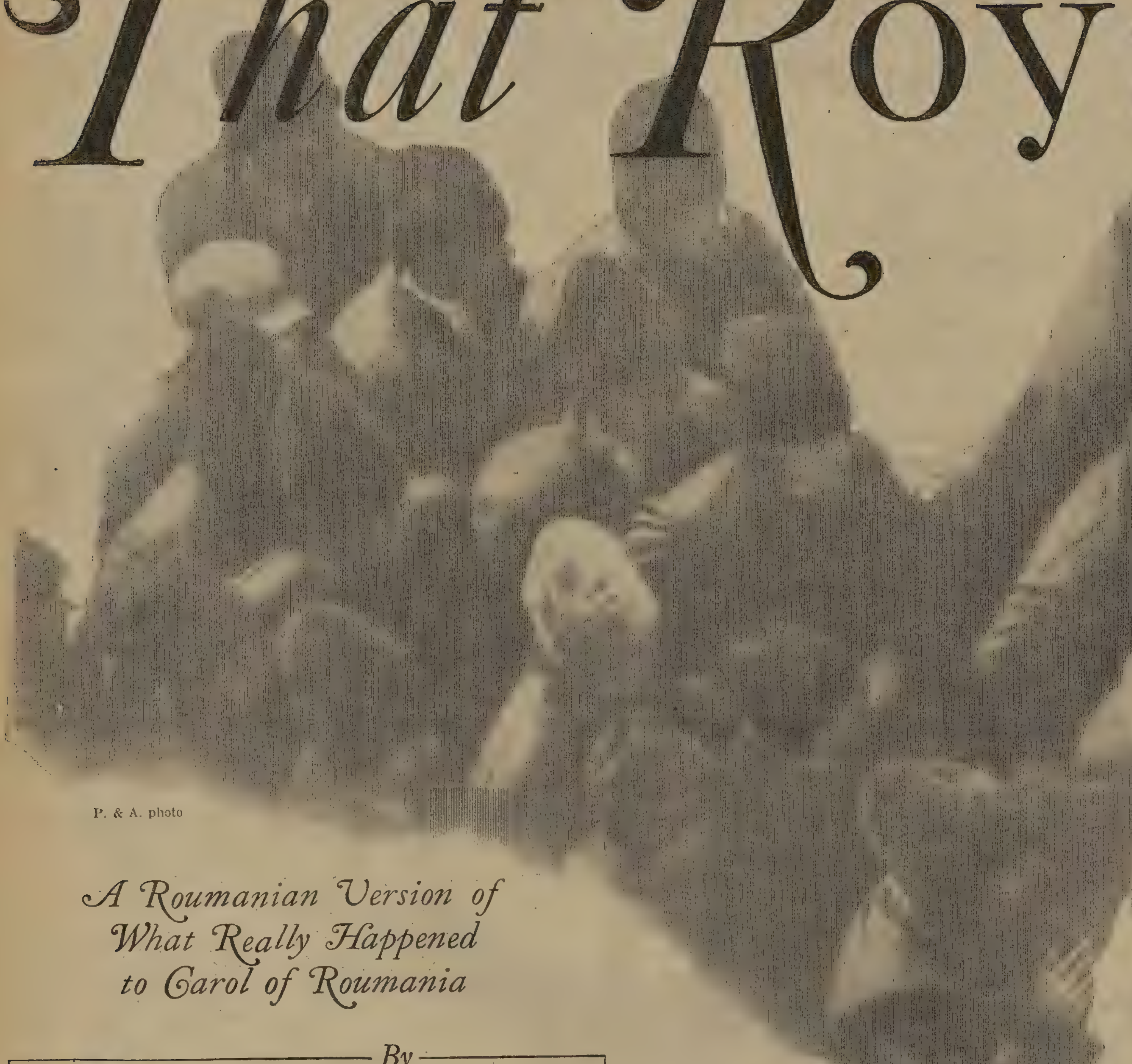
Lawrence Tibbett was a crack shot and marksman during his service in the navy? . . . Constance Bennett is the author of some poems which have been published anonymously?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—The White Hell of Pitz Palu.

★★★—Atlantic, Sinners' Holiday, Young Woodley, Once a Gentleman, The Office Wife, Africa Speaks, Her Wedding Night.

That Royal



P. & A. photo

A Roumanian Version of What Really Happened to Carol of Roumania

By

KONRAD BERCOVICI

who knows his Roumania, inasmuch as he was born there forty-eight years ago and lived there until 1916. Since then he has resided in or near New York, and has become widely known as a writer of stories in English.

When peasants from all parts of Roumania marched on Bucharest to demand a new government.

P. & A. photo

Prince Shtirbe
master politicia
and Marie'
friend.

(Reading time: 17 minutes 42 seconds.)

I AM just back from Roumania and have read with eagerness the articles on King Carol by Dorothy M. Russell in Liberty. They are good reading and her historical data is almost correct; an accomplishment very rare with the best journalist. She writes with authority on what she had been told and what she had read in books and European magazines. But the deeper causes, those below the surface of the phenomena of Carol's return, have eluded her; as they would elude the next best journalist who does not know the country, its language, its people, and the dramatis personæ (or shall I say the comœdia personæ?) involved. She does not see the danger of a world war behind the petticoat intrigue of Europe.

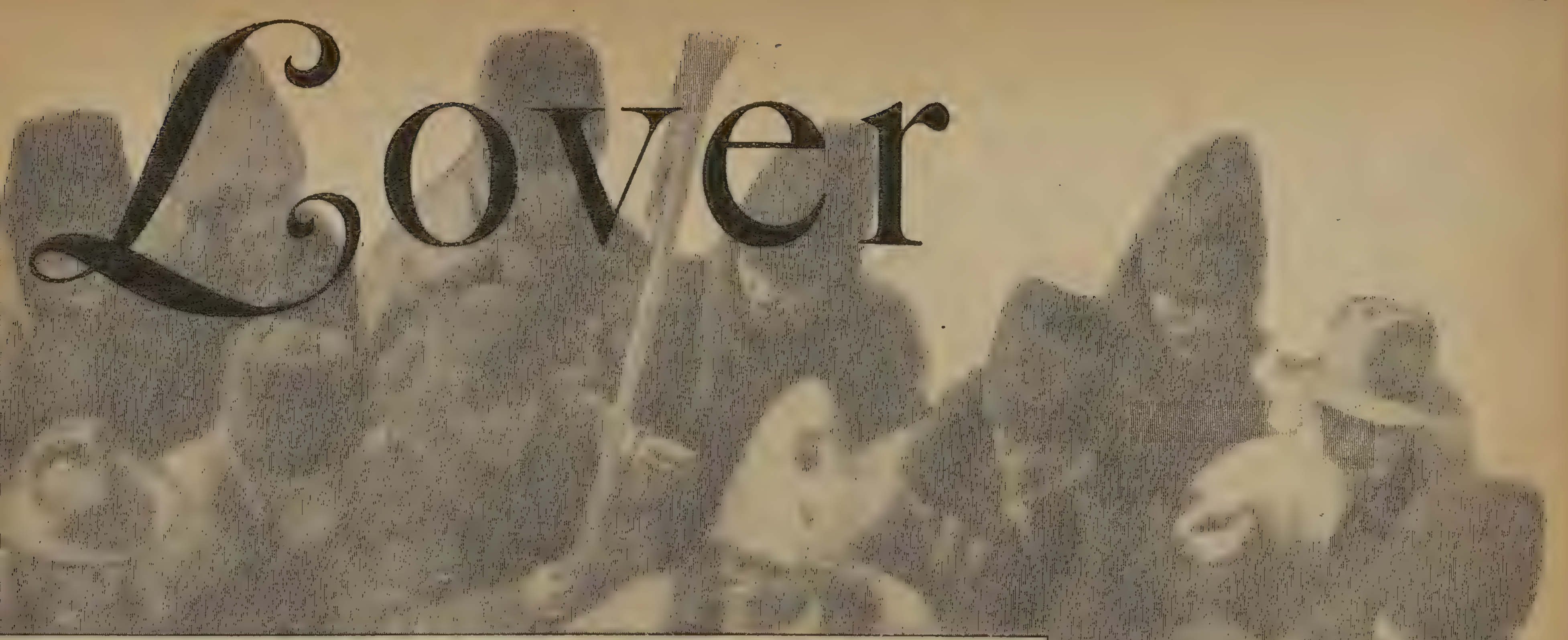
I have just come back from Roumania, my country of birth. While there I listened to princes and peasants, to merchants and workingmen, to diplomatists, military men, and financiers. They spoke of war and revolution with that unmistakable accent born of more than mere premonition. I have seen people starving in the cities while the granaries groan with wheat and corn.

I have looked into the pitiful eyes of the villagers and peasants who dread the coming of winter. The looms are gone. They were destroyed during and after the war. No one knows how to twist the spindle any more, to roll yarn, to make cloth. The factories in towns have replaced the old home industries and the people are half naked. The peasants will herd into their mud-brick homes and huddle together against the cold after they have used the grain for fuel. But what about the people in villages and towns? What about the million unpaid government employees and the hungry army?

BUY NOW and BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

What care these starvelings whether the king has made up with the queen or not! What do the peasants care to know of their king's escapades! All they know is that they have labored as few people ever labored, that they have produced huge crops which lie unsold, unwanted.

Lover

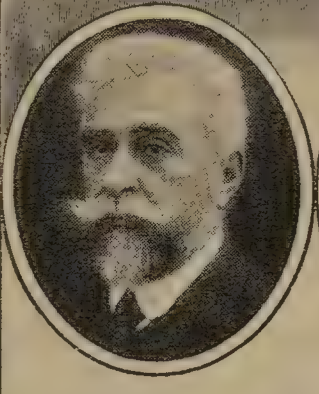


© Keystone

Princess Ileana and Queen Marie in their much-displayed national costumes.

Wide World photo

Cat's-paw or man of destiny? King Carol II in his royal habiliments.



© P. & A.

The strong man, Jonel Bratiano.

P. & A. photo

The weak man, Vintila Bratiano.

They were told two years ago that their lot was bad because the thieving Bratiano government had been too long in power. They were told that things would change for the better under the new government. They believed and agreed to support "The Peasant Party," which had the same right to call itself by that name as had the Bratianos to call themselves "The Liberal Party."

Under the new government the price of wheat went lower and the taxes grew heavier. The land that had been given to the peasants ten years ago was being bought back by the Indian givers, the boyars and politicians. A few months ago these same peasants were told to rejoice over King Carol's return; told that they were in a bitter plight because they had had no king to speak of; that a large country like theirs could not be ruled by a little boy and a regency composed of one young inebriate and two old slow owls. The peasants believed again. It was easier for them, dumb, credulous, slow-moving, to believe than not to believe.

BUY NOW!

NOW the winter has already come down on their land. The pines in the mountains are covered with snow to the topmost branches, and the frost has gripped the valleys. Wolves roam the fields and the outskirts of villages. What else will the politicians tell the peasant now? The Peasant party and the other parties will try to divert the minds of the people from the real problems. The government and its henchmen will encourage, or close an eye to pogroms against the Jews and other minority groups.

A few premature affairs of the kind had happened when I was in Roumania. The Jewish homes of the town of Borsha were robbed and then burned. But the peasants got very little out of that. The Jews of that town were as poor as the peasants, if not poorer. The only result of that outbreak was the homelessness of some two hundred families which the government declared itself unable to shelter, to feed, or to protect.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

There will be other diversions, one more barbarous than the other, and the last one may be a war with real or fancied enemies.

Russia has already served notice of her intended invasion of Bessarabia. France will have to come to Roumania's assistance if such a thing happens. France fears that in whatever turmoil Europe may be involved, the Germans will profit and demand a revision of the Versailles treaty or attempt even more drastic measures. Those at the head of the Roumanian government cannot be expected to try hard to avoid such a war if they can hope to stave off their fall thereby. As long as they hold on to power, in war or in peace, the wealth of these politicians increases miraculously fast, while the people groan, famish, or die.

Acme photo

In gala garb, Roumanian peasants who are paying the piper again for the dance of the millions in official loot.

The Liberal party and the Peasant party have left the coffers of the treasury empty; yet the officials of these parties were not empty-handed when they dropped the reins of government. Roumania has been governed by two alternative sets of thieves.

What then? What will happen to Roumania in the near future?

In this hard-headed industrial civilization the captaincy of a country belongs to the one best fitted.

"There is no greater immorality than to occupy a place you cannot fill," Napoleon wrote to his brother Joseph, King of Spain.

Inheritance of the right to rule is no longer believed to be divine, unless one inherits the qualities necessary to make a ruler. The presidency of a bank is not hereditary, nor is the generalship of an army. What Roumania needs is an administrator, an organizer of the highest order, to save it from ruin and anarchy. That poor country needs a man intelligent enough to keep under the ashes the spark that might set the world on fire again. Is King Carol such a man?

Those slow-moving, slow-witted peasants of my Roumania! When they gather like sheep around a flute player on the village green their deep blue eyes look out into the world like children. But I have seen them become wolves. In 1907 the government attempted the time-tried diversion of setting the hungry pack on the Jews. But the people did not stop there. After burning a few Jewish homes they lighted their torches in the cinders and began burning and destroying the palaces, granaries, fields, and stables of the boyars. Armed with scythes, sickles, knives, and hay forks, they marched from village to village crying, "Food! Land! Seed! Your granaries are full. Our bins are empty."

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

The women, barefooted, with the breast children slung from their brown necks, marched beside the men and bore the lit torches.

"Food! Seed!"

OLD King Carol von Hohenzollern was on the throne. The cry of the peasants struck home. He had come to Roumania a poor, penniless beggar and had amassed by shrewd land speculation a fortune ranking with those of the wealthiest men of Europe.

He was a strong man, Carol. He had just bought several cannon the Krupps had made. The opposition party had dared cast doubt on their efficiency. The politicians had favored and clamored for French cannon. Carol was financially interested in the German killing-machine factory. The peasant rebellion was an opportunity to try out the firing pieces. Within a few hours the bodies of 17,000 people were blown in the air and the villages of the rebels were dust and bits of iron and wood.

Carol proved the quality of the Krupps' output, quelled the rebellion, saved *his* granary, the granaries of the boyars, and established himself forever in the hearts of his people. From then on he was known as "Carol cel Mare," Carol the Great. He had saved the country. He hated the Roumanians, except those who had studied in Germany and could speak his language. To his dying day he never uttered a word of Roumanian outside the unintelligible message from the throne he read yearly in Parliament.

Things have changed somewhat since. The official language of the court is now English, and sometimes French. But the same disregard for the natives still rules. King Carol, the second, though born in Roumania, speaks its language haltingly, like a foreigner.

WHEN I was in Roumania recently, there gathered about me one day the flower of Roumanian aristocracy and statesmanship. Only one of them, Prince Bibesco, could speak his native tongue. The others spoke French and English. I insisted on talking Roumanian to them. They answered in French.

"Good God!" I cried out. "Suppose you suddenly had to talk from your balconies to the people below. What language would you talk to them?"

Back of the unrest and financial ruin of the country lies the fact that Roumania has been ruled by princes and kings who looked upon the people as sheep to be shorn. They hated the language of the people as the shearers hate the bleating of the sheep between their knees.

How much longer can this go on? Hungary awaits *Der Tag* to take back its lost provinces. Russia raises her paw menacingly over Bessarabia. And though one of dowager Queen Marie's daughters is Queen of Jugoslavia, her husband's subjects are also on the lookout for a chance to broaden their territories.

And while all this goes on, the press of the world is fed stories of Carol's "sentimental wanderings" and nursed with photographs of Queen Marie in national costume and of little Michael in his first long trousers.

But it has been overdone, as overdone as the long-drawn-out sentimental clinches in the movies. Readers snicker at the sight of these photographs. And when the European thrones shall crumble and fall into desuetude Queen Marie of Roumania shall be entitled to the glory of having hastened the process.

People like myself owe Her Majesty a debt of gratitude. By her general behavior, by her articles in the American press when she visited these shores, by her blatant cheapness, by her indorsement of toilet articles, and by greengrocer mercantilism, she has divested the tottering throne of the last vestiges of dignity. Unwittingly she was, and is, the best republican propagandist. Her ridiculous play-acting will laugh thrones out of existence. Revolutions cannot do what she has done so well.

Madness and exhibitionism cannot account for her actions. There was still another motive.

Some ten years ago the queen and her clique, minions, and press agents, broadcast to a scandalmongering world stories about Carol's latest amours. Queen Marie should

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

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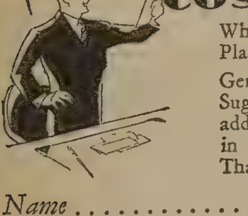

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THAT ROYAL LOVER
Continued from page thirty-six

have been the last person on earth to throw the first stone at the sinner. Her indiscretions have for years been the talk of Vienna, Paris, New York, and her own Bucharest. Why, then, did she, of all people, raise the curtain on her son's extra-marital affairs? To drive him out of the country, to cheat him of the throne, because he did not fall in with the looting schemes of Prince Shtirbey, her friend and business adviser.

Keystone photo

King Carol I, who saved his rich country—for himself.

© P. & A.

King Ferdinand, nephew of Carol I and his successor.

To Queen Marie and her clique Roumania was not a country but a gold mine. For over twenty years the Shtirbeys, the Bratianos, and the queen have filled their coffers.

Carol was on the other side of the fence. He hated his mother's clique, especially the man he held responsible for the evil reputation of his mother and the ridiculous figure of his father. Every little peasant child knew of the court scandal.

I want to believe that Carol was also indignant over the manner in which the people were exploited by the favorites of Queen Marie. But then—he could be honest. He had inherited the major part of his uncle's fortune. Marie was poor. Prince Shtirbey had many daughters who needed dowries. In Roumania I was told that if Prince Shtirbey was unfaithful to his wife it was because he loved her and his children to distraction and wanted to enrich them.

King Ferdinand, Marie, Shtirbey, and his brother-in-law, Bratiano, had fingers in, and their hands on, every industrial and agricultural enterprise of the country.

WHEN Carol, who does not count caution and discretion among his virtues, threatened to oust the "bunch" when he became king, the sinister powers put their heads together. Shtirbey ruled that conference. The wealth of Marie, Ferdinand, and Bratiano was in his hands. Before long they had the heir to the throne enmeshed in an aviation scandal. He was framed for forgery, bribe-taking, and perjury. He was not guilty of all that. At worst, Carol was guilty of negligence and of faith in the honesty of his brother-in-law, the former King of Greece.

"Trapped, faced with exposure," Colonel G—, a court attaché, told me, "Carol agreed to renounce his right to the throne if they would squash the scandal. Then Queen Marie showed her hand. She had one more condition. He must take Magda Lupescu with him in exile. It is an open secret that the young lady was then in Queen Marie's pay. True Mme. Lupescu had been Prince Carol's extra-marital friend. But Carol did not have to run away with her. He could have continued as before and visited her whenever he pleased. The queen insisted. He had to leave the country, and leave with the young lady in question, or be exposed as a forger and bribe-taker in Parliament by the prime minister, Jonel Bratiano. Carol wanted to go with his wife. Marie forced him to run away with his red-headed Jewish paramour."

BUY NOW!

Bewildered, harassed, threatened, when even court officers refused to acknowledge his salute and his father refused to see him, Prince Carol agreed to his mother's condition; not, however, before he had thrashed the Rasputin of Roumania, and (I repeat this oft repeated rumor with reserve) slapped his mother's face after calling her the vilest name ever hurled at any woman.

Be it as it may be.

Queen Marie had won the battle.

PRESS agencies clicked the news that Prince Carol of Roumania had abandoned his wife, and had run away with a red-headed Jewish woman, the daughter of a junk peddler. That she was Jewish and the daughter of a junk dealer was not omitted once from the news.

Whatever friends Prince Carol still had were alienated by that one stroke. The prince who had run away with a Jewish woman, the daughter of a junk peddler, was unworthy of the crown, of friendship, of consideration, and of his name. What the Bratianos did after Carol left is another story. Queen Marie told the world in sorrowful words that Carol had abandoned Princess Helen of Greece, his wife, despite her entreaties. She said she had begged him on her knees to stay. He was a wayward son.

For Queen Marie, Shtirbey, Bratiano *et* company the few years that followed Carol's exile were merry years. They squeezed the country dry. The people of the country rich in natural resources were ground down until only the eyes were left them to weep with. They grabbed everything, the Bratianos. Their banks, the only ones that had any money, took forty, fifty, and sixty per cent from merchants, industrialists, houseowners, and landowners. Within a few years all the rolling cash had concentrated in a few hands. Lest anybody else stick a finger into the pie, the Bratianos passed a law in Parliament forbidding the investment of foreign capital. They called that law the "*Prin noi insine,*" the "through ourselves" law. The law worked well for the "ourselves."

I have seen with my own eyes peasants in chains compelled to drive their low oxcarts with grain to the market place when the price was at its lowest. The "ourselves" bought the grain.

The "ourselves" bought the grapes of the vineyards and sold the wine with their labels on the bottles.

The "ourselves" bought and sold the wood from the forests.

The "ourselves" got the contracts for every public work that was never done.

Those who criticized too loudly disappeared mysteriously, or were thrown in dungeons as enemies of the country, spies in the pay of Russia, communists and speculators.

Queen Marie romped over the world, the new one and the old one, in search of new sensations, syndicate contracts, and checks for indorsements. I left New York when she arrived. Other Roumanians did likewise. The Roumanian ambassador to Washington, who had repeatedly advised his government against the queen's visit to the United States, was glad to go home when she came.

I was in Roumania when King Ferdinand, Carol's father, died. I shall never forget the make-believe sorrow of the palace officers at that funeral. I shall have occasion to write of this more at length some other day. But the people, the plain people, were incensed against the Bratiano order (based on a letter to which the signature of the dying king had been secured by Marie) which forbade Carol to come to his father's funeral. Robbers and murderers are often released from jail to follow their dead to the last resting place. A prince was not permitted the privilege of coming from his exile. To meet any surprise the streets bristled with machine guns.

BUY NOW and BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

Carol was banished from his country by the mercenary clique behind his mother. When Jonel Bratiano died there was little more left to loot. His brother, Vintila, was a bungler. The Shtirbey-Bratiano clique had grown too fat and too self-confident. They were too rich to bother gathering the little that was left and were anxious, a bit overanxious, to secure their loot. The wealth of these gentlemen *et* company is in the vaults of international banks. The Liberals slipped.

The Peasant party came into power. Poor as church mice, these "friends of the people" began to stuff their pockets in a hurry. It was only when they were afraid of a revolution that they brought Carol back.

A new law was passed permitting foreign capital to exploit the resources of the country. The "peasants" in frock coats and patent-leather shoes proceeded to sell the match monopoly to a German firm, and other monopolies to other firms.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to get

Restful Sleep

at Night—*and Energetic Days*

A New Discovery That Induces Sleep Without Drugs

The Kind of Sleep That Brings All-Day Energy Next Day.

If you have a hard time getting to sleep at night, we urge you to try this discovery of a noted European scientist. Doing so has made a great difference in the lives of thousands of nervous, sleep-starved people. Not only in the sleep they get, but in their energy and appearance all next day.

On doctors' advice, millions are employing this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. So the sleep it brings is sound, natural sleep. And it does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First, it induces sleep. You get normal refreshing sleep a few minutes after you go to bed.

Then, *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties resupply your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains, in easily digested form, practically EVERY building element necessary to energy. And thus provides the *kind of sleep that rebuilds and rejuvenates.*

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but actually *build up* your health! So you teem with energy every day.

Do you wonder, then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used over 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Try It Tonight

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous underweight children. Thousands take it during the day to relieve fatigue. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it.* Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just 'phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine. *765R*

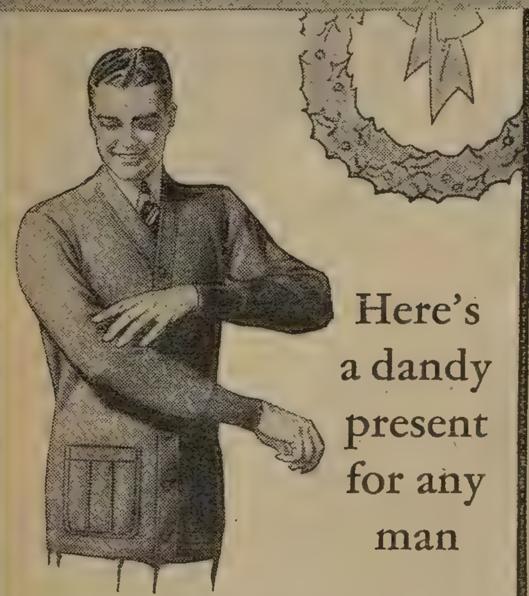
OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in U S A. according to original Swiss formula

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Many people have asked us, "Does Ovaltine contain any drugs?" It is such a wonderful "night-cap" they feel it "simply must" contain something in the nature of a drug. In short, it works so well they sometimes "wonder" about it. So we wish to go on record here in public print, that Ovaltine has never at any time contained any sleep-producing drug of any kind whatsoever. It is made entirely from food and nothing but food. The government would not permit us to make such a statement in public print unless it could be proved beyond a doubt.



The Jacket with the REINFORCED SLEEVES

Here's a dandy present for any man

Sleeves give added wear because they are reinforced with extra threads knitted in.

NOCKABOUT KNIT JACKETS

SAVE yourself a lot of time in shopping by asking for a Nockabout Knit Jacket. When you see one, you'll admit that Nockabout is just about the most stylish looking knit jacket in the popular priced range.

Men like Nockabout because it is cut to size, has shaped shoulders, reinforced pockets, stronger buttonholes and it's the only jacket with the patented reinforced sleeves.

Ask your retailer to show you the new Nockabout Knit Jackets in the season's smartest colors. Always look for the Nockabout label.

If your retailer cannot supply you, write us at once, and we will see that you are supplied.

The Companion Knit Jacket, at a lower price, also has reinforced sleeves

GRUSHLAW & SICHEL
Dept. L
Collom and Lena Streets
Germantown Philadelphia, Pa.

[THAT ROYAL LOVER
Continued from page thirty-nine]

The Peasant government cried that the Bratianos had left the coffers empty. The former secretary of state, Octavian Goga, had even emptied the drawers of the petty cash before he left. He bought himself a castle and an estate in Transylvania.

Yet while they cried "Thief! Thief!" the friends of the people stole and robbed, manipulated, swindled, and bought in the estates of the expatriate Hungarian noblemen who had been forced out of their homes beyond the Carpathians.

Three days after Carol was made king he signed the decree selling the government-owned telephone company to an American company and giving it an absolute monopoly of operation for a paltry few million dollars. To obtain a loan of another few million dollars, an English company was given a contract of some twenty million dollars of public work. Now the Liberal party cried "Thief!" The peasants had discovered a new wrinkle in the looting game. Some of the foreign capital, if not most of it, stuck to the Peasant party fingers.

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

IN a railroad compartment occupied by a congressman, mayor of Bucharest, a retired general who had once been the King's attaché, and myself, my hosts accused loudly and admiringly two secretaries of state of having gotten $300,000 each for obtaining the new king's signature to those contracts. They even said that the Maniu government had brought Carol back only because they could not have gotten the deal over otherwise. The American company insisted on the king's signature. People close to the king told me that when he discovered how he had been duped by his new friends he wept like a child.

"Now people suspect even the king of unclean hands," a newspaper man told me. "For the scoundrels who have brought him back say that they had to have cash to pay Carol's debts before they could get him out of France."

"But why did he sign that monopoly decree in such a hurry—three days after he had come back to the palace?" I asked. "He should have waited and studied the question."

My friend laughed.

"They were in a hurry, the Peasants. The Bratianos could well afford to take their loot leisurely. These people are still poor. Give them time to become more leisurely. They also will steal like gentlemen. Then, as you know, Carol is very faithful to his friends. He has secured a highly paid office for Gregory Filipesco in one of the companies. Gregory was a ruined man."

AND then I remembered that for twelve years this same Filipesco, editor and owner of a newspaper, had been fighting Queen Marie and denouncing her and her clique. In one of his last articles, a masterpiece of invective, he had labeled her "Saturn who ate up her children." The queen had threatened him with jail. The child that had not been eaten by his mother compensated his friend's gallant action richly—from other people's pockets.

And now what will he do, King Carol? Will he continue to be the tool of his friends and foes, or will he shake himself together and rid the country of the wolves? If he plays further into the hands of the new or the old clique, he saddles upon himself the responsibility for the inevitable dismemberment of Roumania. Revolution. War.

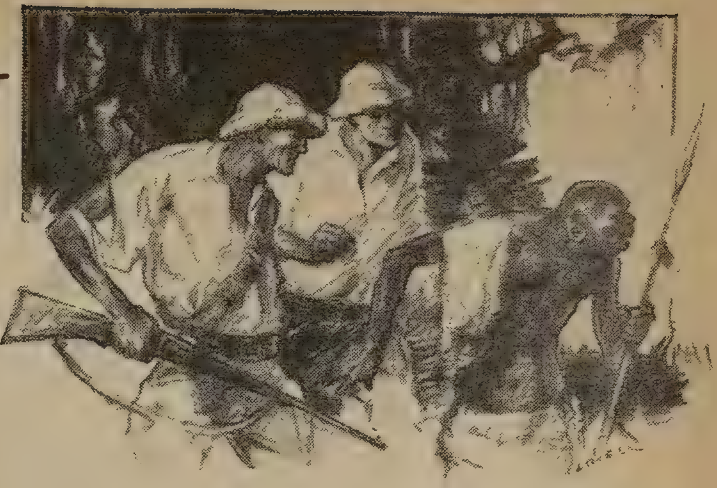
BUY NOW!

He has the choice of being either the last Hohenzollern king or the first President of the Roumanian Republic.

Queen Marie and Prince Shtirbey watch his every move. The peasants are still hungry and cold. I know them well.

A strange and sensational story of how Carol really returned from exile to take his throne will be told by Mr. Bercovici in an early issue of Liberty.

The IVORY Hunters



They were on the trail of two elephants—two bulls—both large.

A Short Short Story

By

MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

who has won fame as an explorer and hunter of big game in the Belgian Congo, Sumatra, and Indo-China. She was born in Chicago and, when not adventuring, lives there.

Picture by TOM LOVELL

(*Reading time: 4 minutes 35 seconds.*)

THERE were two white men on the elephant trail, following hard. Ahead of them scouted two blacks in goatskins, their keen eyes searching the dense greenery for the spoor. After the whites trailed two black gun boys in ragged khaki with ammunition and extra guns.

These jungles of the Ituri, dominated by giant trees, choked with struggling undergrowth, netted with creepers and liana, were nearly impenetrable save where a native had hacked an infrequent path, or a great elephant or buffalo had crashed his way. They were on the trail of two elephants—two bulls—both large. The first shot that day was the turn of the older man, a lean brown chap, Wrenn by name, seasoned by many years in Africa.

Clancey was younger, a blue-eyed, ingenuous youngster, to whom this was his first big-game experience. Both were planters in Uganda, and they had come over the boundary into the Congo forest with Belgian licenses for a chance at the unhunted elephants reported there.

Wrenn had a smiling sympathy for the youngster's enthusiasm. He, himself, was preoccupied with other thoughts. Always of Enid, with her shy, grave, trusting eyes, her pale gold hair smoothly banding her young face. Enid—so nearly won.

As soon as this hunt was over he was going to her. By then she had promised to let him know. Surely his offer to send that lame little brother of hers home to England for medical care had clinched it! An operation might save the youngster just now.

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

Pressure—yes, but he felt in his heart that it was for her good. He could take care of her; he would be tender to her as no younger man could be. He loved her so dearly! There was nothing, he said in his heart, that he would not do to make her happy.

That was his covenant with the gods. He would do everything to make her happy.

A CRACKLE in the forest made the men freeze in their tracks. It came from the right—they strained their eyes into the shadowy green, guns at shoulders.

A sound from the left. . . . The elephants must have strayed apart in feeding. . . . The trackers melted into the forest, the gun boys crept nearer with the cartridges and extra gun.

"I'll take the right side," Wrenn whispered, and Clancey nodded.

Suddenly came a crash. One of the elephants must have got their wind. Out from the right, headed directly in front of them, Wrenn caught a tree-shrouded glimpse of a giant forehead, of outspread ears, and a trunk lifted like a periscope, testing the air. Swiftly he fired for the brain, and almost on the instant Clancey's gun roared beside him, and another great bulk crashed from the left into view and was lost with the other in the jungle ahead of them.

But the sounds told the men the elephants were down, and as they recharged their smoking guns and stole cautiously forward they found them both dead, almost together.

"My God, what ivory!" said Clancey softly. They were staring down at the first bull whose earth-stained tusks were of startling length. "Wrenn, those must be well over two hundred—and at a pound a pound, which the Hindus pay, they'll stand me easily two hundred guineas. . . . Two hundred guineas," he repeated joyously.

WRENN hated to check that young enthusiasm, but, "Sorry," he said. "But that chap's mine."

"I say—he can't be. He's on the left."

"They crossed," said Wrenn. "But buck up—your points may better these."

But the second bull had only one tusk, not more than seventy-five pounds in weight.

They stared at it in uncomfortable silence. Then the younger man burst out, "I say—I hate to seem so keen—but are you sure, Wrenn? I had the impression—"

"We can cut out the bullets," said Wrenn coldly. "Since the rifles are different that will tell the tale."

He set to work, cutting through the heavy skin, while Clancey watched him, a look of distress in his eyes.

"Wrenn, I wouldn't be so keen for myself—but this means a lot. I need the stuff frightfully. . . . It's for a girl," he came out with, blushing shyly under his tan.

"Ah! Congratulations."

"I'm not sure I'll have any." Clancey smiled, half wryly, half anxiously. "You see, I—I just met her these last weeks and she was planning to say yes to another chap. I don't know who he is, but he sounds awfully decent. He was going to send her lame brother home for care and all that; and he's just the apple of her eye—the little brother I mean—and I can't ask her to give up that hope, can I? And she thought she cared for this other chap till I came along—in a quiet way, of course. But if I could get the money, so I could send the brother . . ."

"Does she care for you?" Wrenn, under his helmet's edge, caught the look that illuminated the boy's face. Its young happiness. And then its shadowing foreboding.

"It's no good our caring," he said with difficulty after a moment, "if I can't ask her to marry me, is it? I'd better let her take this other chap—"

Wrenn's hand, that had been exploring the excavation he had made, withdrew sharply. He looked down a moment at something in his bloodied fingers, then tossed it into the jungle. His face was expressionless.

"Ask her," he said briefly. "The elephant's yours."

THE END

ONE WILL ALWA

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACC

What it takes to "get there"!

IT'S a far cry from the conquest of the air to the making of a good cigarette, but a certain "singleness of purpose" distinguishes both.

Chesterfield takes the sure, straight course to mildness and better taste.

MILDNESS — the wholly natural mildness of tobaccos that are without harshness or bitterness.

BETTER TASTE — such as only a cigarette of wholesome purity and better tobaccos can have.

for **MILDER**.. *and*

Chesterfield Cigarettes are manufactured by LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

YS STAND OUT

rfield
o.
BETTER TASTE
They Satisfy
—that's Why!

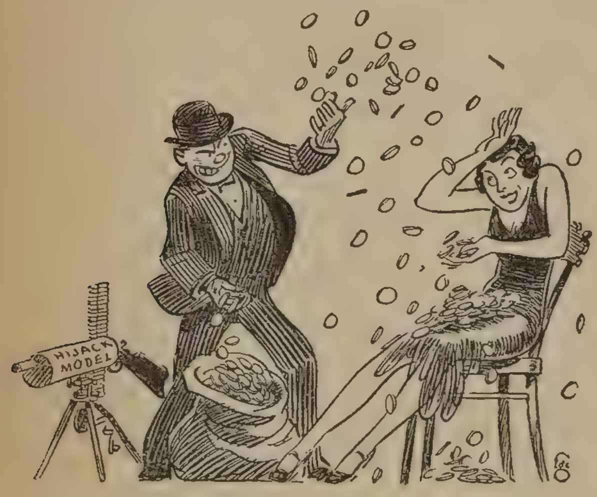
Vox

And the Moral?

CHICAGO, ILL.—Here's a Problem of Conduct, not for your contest, but for Vox Pop.

A young man loves a girl. He is poor and honest.

Well, sir, he reads Liberty. He has read "Still Another Juliet," by Thyra Samter Winslow, and seen how a poor and honorable man may have to wait for many years before he can get married. He is also reading "Corsair," by Walton Green, in which the upright football star deserts his principles, turns hijacker, and gets rich.



The problem is, which hero shall our young man take as his model?

If he turns to the liquor-stealing racket he can dazzle his girl with a shower of gold. But it will be gold gained in one of the vilest games in the world.—*Problem-Lover.*

It Was Gwendolyn's Idea, Not Ours. You Should Read Your "Love o' Lil"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Dear Vox Pop, please tell Leslie Thrasher the sign on the November 8 Liberty cover should read "Fried rats and tin cans are good enuf for Republicans."

I am only nine years old, but I have admired Al Smith for two years.—*Anne-Marie Case.*

MIDWAY, KY.—Here's an idea for your Problem editor:

"What would I do with the Tin Cans and Fried Rats that Leslie Thrasher and the editor dirtied the front page with on November 8?"

Answer: "I'd take all the Tin Cans and tie them to the tails of the flock of defeated Republicans, and shoo them into a bug house. And I'd feed the Fried Rats to the common trash and blockheads who were fool enough to vote for the sick party of thieves and robbers."—*Warren Wheeler.*

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.—In response to your cover picture of November 8, why not publish this:

"Street Sweepings and Garbage Cans Are Good Enough for Republicans."

Now show your nerve and publish something like this.—*J. Robert Simpson, M. D.*

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—You will naturally expect a few comments on your cover—which glorifies the issue dated November 8—with its slogan:

"Tin Cans and Fried Rats
Are Good Enuf for the Demmekrats."

What a beautiful phrase for a child to quote! Are your readers to believe that children of Republican parents are coached in these lines at that age when they should be learning the fundamentals of the English language—that which is to be so important to them later on? Some of Thrasher's covers are amusing, some are tolerated, but the one mentioned above is pure trash.—*M. McC. & E. O. G.*

BUY NOW and BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I consider your campaign slogan cover an insult to the Democrats of this country.

Your magazine will never enter my house again.—*Richard Brian.*

Must Have Been an Oversight

ST. GEORGE, N. Y.—I cannot begin to express my utter astonishment on reading the short short story, "Old Stuff," by that finished artist and student, Christopher Hawthorne.

But how in the name of God—and I say it reverently—did this masterpiece of social analogy get itself printed in Liberty?

Here is the most stupid and vicious organ of jingoism, militarism, pornography, antisocial political economy and religious bigotry and superstition published in America, deliberately giving its readers a wonderful and truthful picture of the Carpenter of Nazareth "put on the spot" by the organized political and religious grafters and exploiters of His time, precisely as His fellow Communists are being crowned, jailed, and legally murdered in this day and time.

How, oh how, did this deadly exposé of capitalism ever get into Liberty?—*Robert Lee Bell, C. E.*

So Glad There's Something

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Regardless of stories I do not like, contests I have not won, and cross word puzzles I cannot work, I still like Liberty Magazine for the one reason that stories are continued on following pages, and we are not told on page three that the story is continued on page sixty-nine.—*Cecil F. Holman.*

Dey Do, Mam

SELMA, ALA.—Please sah, ax Benchley, don't pad his stuff so much, de kernel plumb gits loss wussern a needle in a hay stack—less'n you set down on hit unbeknownst.

And ef'n you bleege to have crook stories, on account yo' Chicago readers, let hit be every so often, stidier constant!

I meets up wid so many crooks laying round loose, I done loss intrus' in dat breed of dogs, story-style.

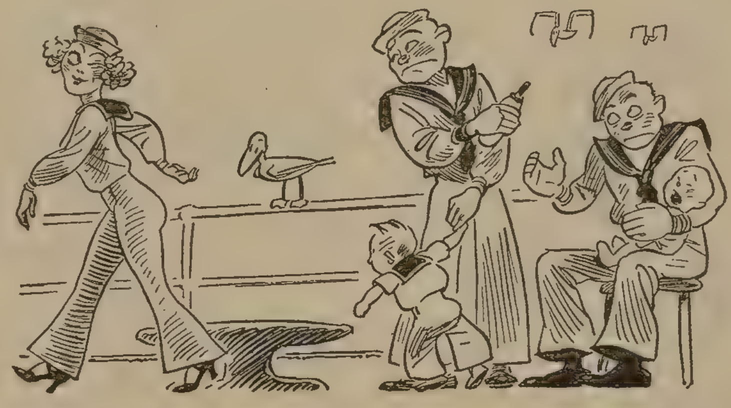
Nickle heap a money dese days, lemme tell yer!

Tell all de folks howdy.

I'm jes po'ly, thank Gawd, and hopes dese few lines finds you de same.—*Mam' Cindy.*

The Trouble with the Women of Today

BALTIMORE, MD.—The U. S. Gobette who wrote to Vox Pop and said she was in favor of a navy for girls should think for a while of a sailor's life. He spends it in cleaning double bottoms and bilges, turbining boilers, punching tubes, overhauling engines, etc. I could imagine this so-called gobette taking her bath from a bucket, washing her clothes, taking them to the fireroom to dry.



The trouble with the women of today is they think a sailor's life is wearing a uniform and spending money, but, boy, they're wrong.

They are always trying to take a man's place, and causing more unemployment by taking different men's jobs.

The naval vessels are equipped all right now, but if they have to add a nursery on the same deck with the sick bay—well, that is about time to quit.—*George Benscholdt, watertender 1st class, on leave from the U. S. S. Milwaukee.*

Oh Yeah?

MOBILE, ALA.—Your current offering, "Problems of Conduct," is the most interesting of all Liberty Weekly's surprising schemes to make its readers think they're going to win some money. —*Justa Reader.*

Pop

He'll Be with Us Again Next Week

South Miami, Fla.—Just finished reading "The Nape of Her Neck," by Bogart Rogers. When better stories are written, B. Rogers will write them. Why don't you have more of his stories?

I had begun to think that Liberty was getting pretty punk, but have changed my mind after reading that story. Come on Rogers.—*Neil McDonald.*

My son, fourteen years old, wrote the above, so please publish it for he sure loves to read Liberty.—*McD. Senior.*

Telegram

PASS CHRISTIAN MISS
HAS THE THOUGHT OCCURRED TO YOU THAT ONE MILLION MEN COULD FIND EMPLOYMENT TODAY IF BREWERIES WERE LICENSED STOP SUGGEST EDITORIAL ON THIS TOPIC
D G RAFFERTY MD

Critique

Chicago, Ill.—I read "It Happened in Monterey," by Floyd Gibbons, and don't aim to keep you in suspense as to how I felt about it. I could hardly call it good. No. Just fair. Just so-so.

That first one of Floyd's, about the sinking of the Laconia, was swell. But the ones laid in Mexico haven't been so hot. No, sir. Interesting, at times, but nothing to set Lake Michigan on fire. Perhaps Floyd ought to have given us fewer but meatier installments.—*H. B.*

A Perfectly Swell Idea

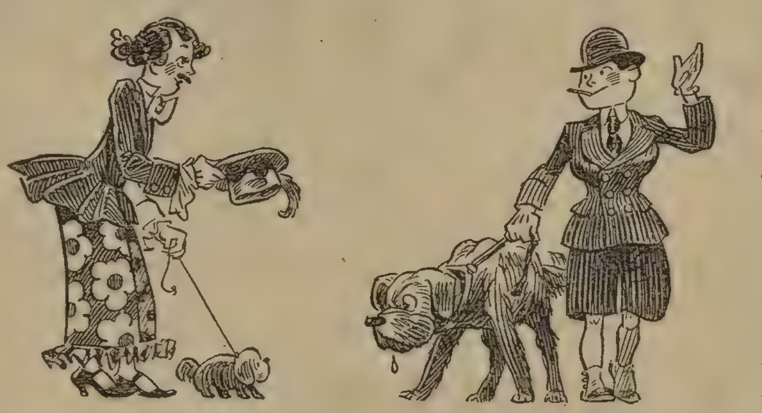
New York, N. Y.—I have heard people talking about the big prices Liberty pays its authors, and I am worried about this situation.

They say poets, novelists, and short-story writers are spoiled by too much wealth and good living. Therefore, I suggest that Liberty tell its authors that it is very bad for their work to pay them so much, and advise them to plunge into the slums, and go to dangerous, distant lands, and spend days in the jungle, treed by wild beasts, and do wonderful work, and be content with small checks.—*A Well Wisher.*

Speaking, for One, as a Connoisseur

Boston, Mass.—My dear Liberty, you are so unoriginal. So full of Babbittry. The Art of Living consists in tracing new paths, not in following old ones.

Consider your editorial, "He-Men and She-Women," in which you say: "What we should like to propound is that, in magazines, books, pictures, plays, etc., the public wants he-men and she-women."



That may be true of the public, but it is emphatically not true of the connoisseur. I, for one, am bored and fed up with an endless succession of stories in which the hero is a he-man and the heroine a she-woman. I, for one, long for a few she-men and he-women in our fiction. They're found in life, you know, so why not portray them?—*M. H.*

Cleaning Up a Thing or Two About Which You May Have Been in Doubt

Anniston, Ala.—That article, "Women Wets," in Liberty, November 1, would be persuasive against prohibition but for the fact that actual saloon conditions are so recent as to make it ridiculous in its absurdities.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

Those good women appear to think that drinking liquor is a strictly modern custom that arose after prohibition went into effect, and seem to forget that a certain type of degraded women drank lots of booze in the "good old saloon days."

Please whisper to that group of misguided women from whom Miss Robinson quotes so freely, this brutal fact: decent women did not drink booze under the saloon régime; nor do *decent* women drink booze under prohibition! And this: there is not a single argument advanced against the "personal liberty" inhibitions of the Eighteenth Amendment that may not with equal propriety be used against the Ten Commandments!—*M. R. Brown.*

Hollywood, Calif.—"Women Wets" says you, in a big display head across two pages. Of course there are women wets, as Grace Robinson, the author of the article, discovered. But what of it? I have known them for about sixty years, my age being sixty-four. Regular old soaks, over in Britain, learning on "good" home-brewed beer, and graduating to whisky and brandy and gin as their deteriorated insides demanded more of the drug strength, like any other dope.

And I have met them in Canada and in California, before prohibition and after, but far less after than before: hardly a smell of them, male or female, is to be met in Hollywood in a half hour's definite search, outside the reported hideouts.

By what sort of reasoning do we assume that women are a purer type naturally than men? And surely they are not to be considered more intelligent in such matters of profound social import as this. Convention made them behave better than men, it is true; but intimacy revealed the hypocrite female in many cases.

Now let us hear from the men drys: one of them speaking—a veteran of fifty years' service.—*Arthur George.*

Duet for Mr. Doherty

Kansas City, Mo.—I didn't think I was going to like Edward Doherty's article "The House of Guggenheim" when I saw it listed in your index. But after I'd turned to it and read it, I had to admit that Mr. Doherty did a good job.

What this country needs right now is more of the stern stuff, the dauntless will, found in Simon and Meyer Guggenheim, and their descendants. People are softer these days, more apt to collapse when misfortunes come. But the Guggenheims have proved themselves adepts at pulling victory out of defeat.—*A Doherty Fan.*

Montreal, Can.—"The House of Guggenheim," by Edward Doherty, was nice.

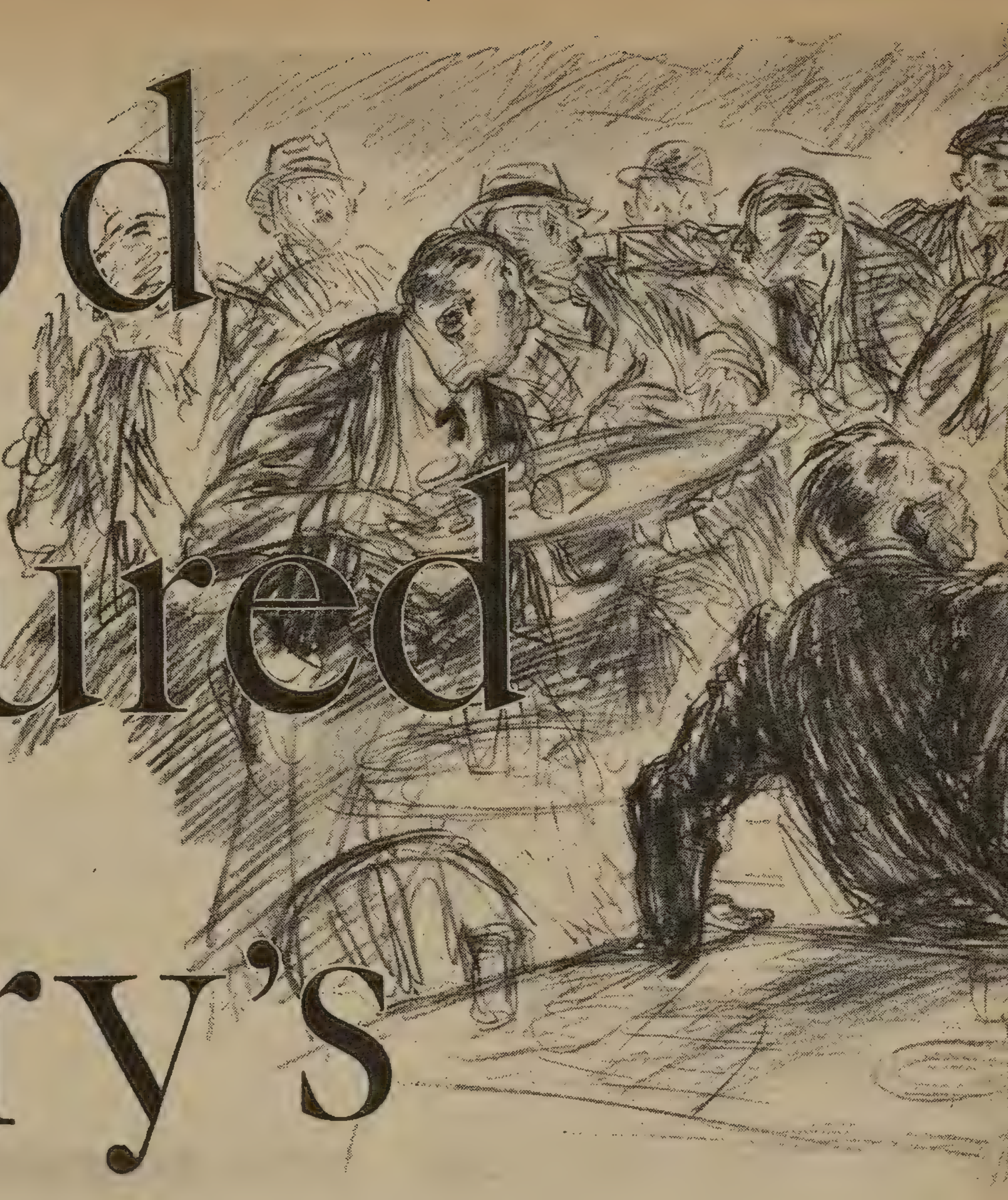
I really must toast the Jewish people as a clever race. In my Irish heart I always had a sneaking admiration for them, and I hope that I may meet and marry a Jewess.

The Jewish and Irish are closely linked in suffering and persecution. It breaks my heart to see these two peoples at odds over a little thing such as our differences.—*Irish Paddy Cohen.*

Happy Ending

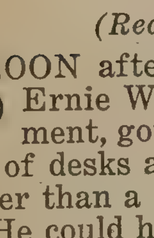
Baltimore, Md.—Liberty demonstrates the truth of the old saying that good things come in small packages.—*Anne.*

Good Natured Harry's



The Story of a Successful Accident

By



FRANK LEON SMITH

whose "Hangover Hall" stories have been amusing and popular items in some recent issues of Liberty. He has done editorial work on several magazines, has devised many scenarios for the moving pictures, and now lives and writes in Brooklyn, New York.

Pictures by G. A. VOIGHT

(Reading time: 32 minutes 25 seconds.)

SOON after the Clarinet moved to its new building, Ernie Weaver, who was looking for the art department, got off at the sixth floor by mistake. He saw a lot of desks and people, but the place had no more character than a subway station.

He could have asked any one of several, but he picked out the prettiest girl he had ever seen. She came along to the elevators just then, and she was as crisp and smart as though she had walked out of Vogue, and she should have been carrying a string of pearls, or a pet monkey, or a ticket to the polo games, but she was loaded down with aluminum pots and pans.

BUY NOW!

He gave her his disarming smile that showed where a side tooth was missing and completed the look that went with his freckles, his chestnut-bur haircomb, and his Rockaway Beach complexion.

"Where am I?"

"Clarinet Home Institute." Her smile was as merry as his—but her voice! Deep lochs, heather, kilts, and tongue-locks of Sco'land. Charming. As she fumbled for the push buttons, risking the equilibrium of her load, he asked, "Up or down?" and at her answer he pushed the "up" button. He said, "Home Institute—what's that?"

She tried to be very severe: "And we have the best household pages in the city."

"Never heard of it," he said cheerfully. "I work in the art department. I'm Ernie Weaver—you know, I draw the Red and Rollo series."

"Never heard of it," she answered promptly. "I don't see why they call them 'funnies.' I think they're just stupid."

Ernie's freckles got lost in his blush. "Is that so?" he said hotly. "Well, let me tell you something—you try to dig out an idea every day—" The elevator came, and he got in with her to finish his thought. "An idea every day is no cinch, and as for that, I never saw a girl yet with a sense of humor."

"Especially a Scottish girl? Would you mind—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon." He caught a toppling stewpot, and then relieved her of the rest of the utensils.

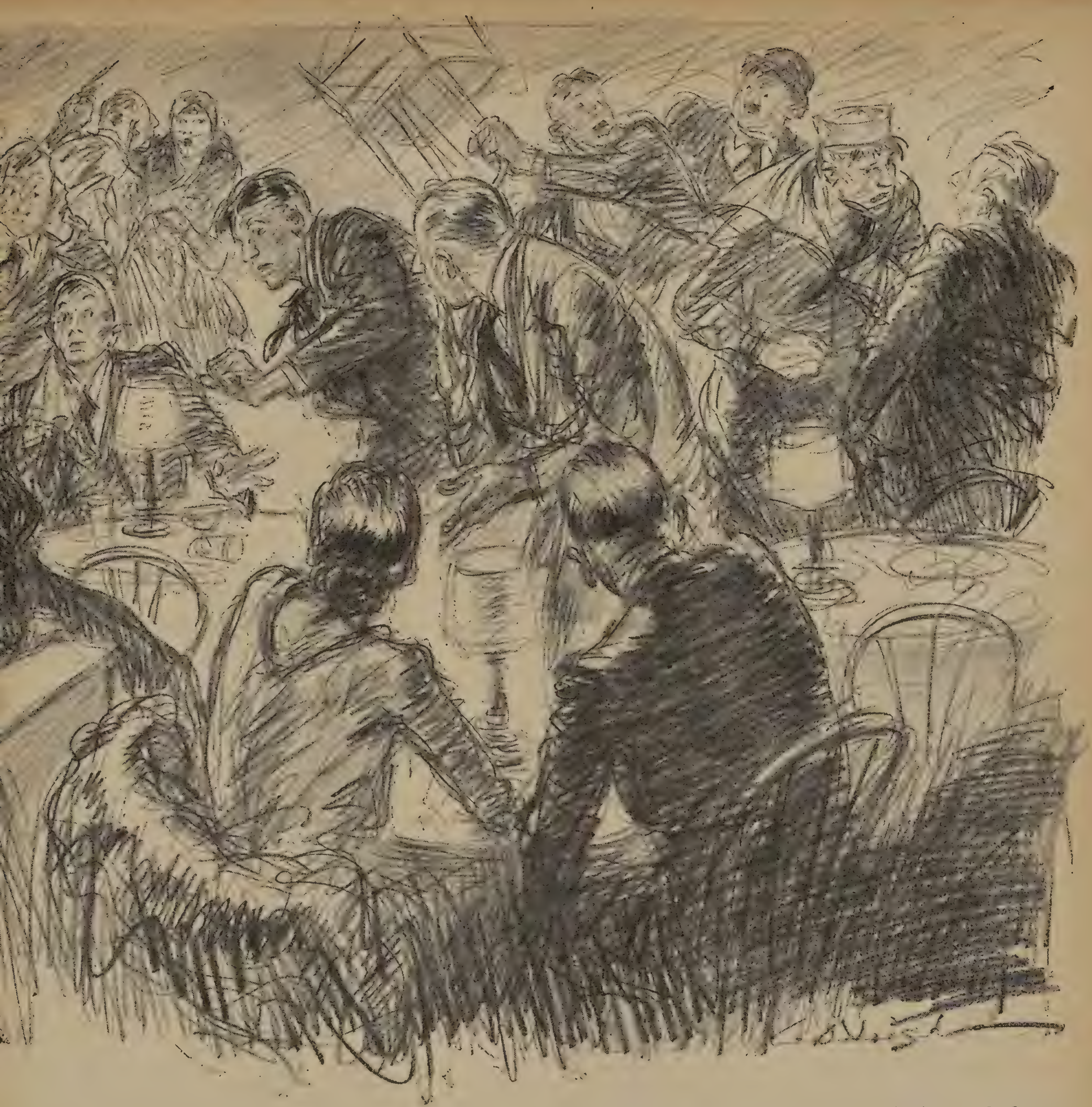
"Seventeenth," she said, and the car stopped. They got out. "Now where are we?" he asked.

"You are now in the Clarinet art department," she said. "I shall recommend a Lost and Found column for the despised Home Institute pages."

He went with her to the room where a photographer was going to take a picture of her new pots and pans, and before he left he had her name and a luncheon promise.

They sat long with their coffee.

That afternoon Miss Isabel Dickson looked through the files for three months back to see what kind of work he did. Beyond that period there weren't any of his comics



By the time other police came, the air was full of fists that had missed their marks and the floor was strewn with marks that hadn't been missed.

in the Clarinet. He told her about it two or three nights later when they had dinner in her little apartment, where she lived alone with Rory. Rory was a dignified old Airedale with whiskers. The janitor kept him during the day, and Ernie thought he needed only a plaid on his shoulder and a Glengarry bonnet over his ear to complete the picture.

The Clarinet had signed him for three months, with an option of renewal. The time was up, but nothing had been said about it.

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

"They must have liked your stuff or they would have told you," she said. "They are just waiting to see if you know how good your work is. You are going to speak to them tomorrow and ask for a fifty-dollar raise."

"Gee, I'd like to, but I haven't the nerve. They might fire me."

"If they don't want you, you don't want them."

He considered this, and then wanted to know why she was so interested.

Then it wasn't long before he had his arms around her, and she had to explain to Rory, who shot to his feet with a home-guard growl in his throat.

Ernie got his new contract and a fifty-dollar raise, and tore down to the sixth floor to report. Isabel didn't seem surprised. She said: "Now you're going to the Art Students' League, nights. Your drawing will stand improvement, dear, and furthermore, I think you should work here in the building every day instead of at home. You'll get more done—and if the paper moves again, you'll know where your department is."

"If I had known, I'd never have met you, my Bonnie Brier Bush and Wee Bit Heather."

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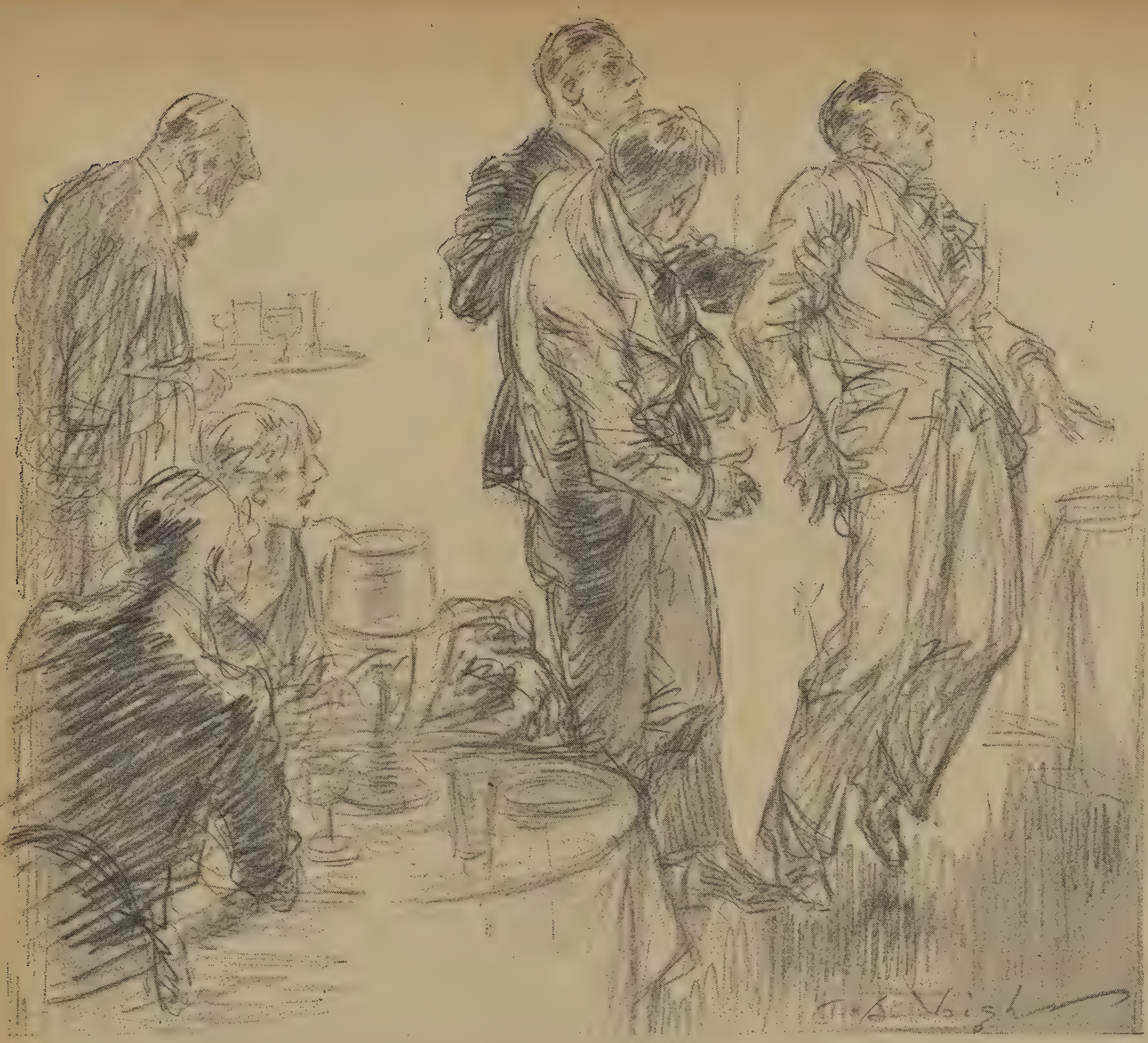

"I've seen you take two two-hundred-pounders out of here with just a hand in the armpit of each."

GOOD-NATURED HARRY'S
Continued from page forty-seven

She blushed. "And I had always hoped I'd fall in love with a romantic man."

"You have. I'm just full of bonhomie when I'm wi' you."

He joined a night class at the league. He kept regular hours in the department, and then came another innovation. No more crap games, poker parties, baseball pools, and half-a-point plays on stocks he knew only by name, and hardly that.

"Did you ever win anything?" she asked him.

"Well, no, but in the long run—"

"—it's much better to put it in the bank."

Ernie was a little exasperated. "All right, Andy Carnegie. I'll make you a proposition. I'll turn everything over to you, and you keep the books, and let me have just enough—"

BUY NOW!

Her eyes sparkled. "About three dollars a day. No newspaper man should be allowed out with more than that."

He withheld enough from the money he turned over to her to pay for the ring. He anchored the ring into place in the romantic manner right at the counter. Afterward they went out upon the avenue with Mr. Weaver lavishing as much attention on her elbow as though she were a spaghetti-legged old uncle instead of a healthy, second-lookable young lady of twenty.

Almost everything salable is of interest to the engaged, and as they backed away from shop windows they kept bumping into people because they had forgotten anyone else existed.

"Dearest," she said presently, "are you sure you're not hungry?"

He laughed and said, "Meaning that you are? Oh, these womyen! Well, come on and we'll feed the great big girl from the heelands. Have you any special spot, Light and Whistling Buoy of My Life?"

She left it to him. "Only make it somewhere handy by."

He turned her into Forty-ninth Street. "It's just a few scissor movements from here, and we wouldn't be in a taxicab long enough to see the difference between the wop driver and the mick's picture on the license."

He piloted her up some steps and they stood before a grilled door, and he reached high and pressed a button twice.

"What's this place, Ernie? Where are we going?"

"It's a speakie, a store, a jernt, a dive, a dump known as The Rain On the Roof, but they have the best food north of Little America."

SHE looked at him, her wide-set eyes grave, searching. "If this means getting you started on a career of crime, I'm not hungry, dearest. Let's just go to some little Coffee Pot."

"Ain't goin' ter be no career of crime, Sweetmeats. This is just a dump that used to catch many of my ducats before I was saved. Want to show some of my former slaves one of their best hooch customers gone ginger-ale."

The door was opened by a pale nondescript with the usual high-water pants of the speakie waiter, who thought

Ernie was somebody else and would have admitted them anyway.

In the back room was the name part of the establishment, a bar with a roof of tin formed and painted to represent tiles. The roof had eave gutters and by pulling a lever the bartender could cause convincing rain to fall upon the tin.

"Making the customers think, 'Oh, hell, it's raining. I won't go home until this shower is over,'" Ernie explained. "Also it's a good gag and draws trade."

Isabel looked at it from the doorway.

She picked out a table with a bench against the wall, but no sooner had they sat down, side by side, than Ernie, for no apparent reason, unless it was to fix the table, got up again. By so doing, he masked a little scene from her.

From the rear room came a finely built young man, stepping surely, lightly, swiftly. In the crook of his left arm, as a football player carries the ball, he had a human head. Attached to the head was the rest of the stout young undergraduate who trailed on his toetips. No noise, no confusion, no errors. If any of the other diners saw that quick passage, they gave it no second thought. With his right arm the carrier swept open the door to the vestibule, and it closed quickly behind them. A shiver went halfway up Ernie's spine. There were twelve steps down to the sidewalk and all of them stone.

BUY NOW and BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

ERNIE sat down. A moment later the finely built young man returned and walked swiftly through the room, as calm-faced as before. The only thing lacking, Ernie thought, was that he should have been dusting his hands, as they used to in the Chaplin comedies. He and Ernie glanced at each other. He raised his eyebrows and pursed his lips. Ernie did the same. Ah, well, these things will happen.

"Are you angry because I brought you here, my Pheasant Feather?" asked Ernie, finding her hand under the table, and giving himself a mumbled echo of, "Pheasant Feather. That's a good one. Try to say it with a tooth gone."

"Of course not."

"Well, get set to lose what I've left you of your heart. The Oarsman is going to wait on us, and he's the sort of handsome brigand that makes maidens leap from their cloisters with piercing screams of unbridled passion!"

"Ernie Weaver!"

"Wait and see. His name is Harry, but I used to call him the Oarsman, because he has a peach of a build. Harry is quiet about it, but he knows he's good. He told me once that with two other men like himself he'd play

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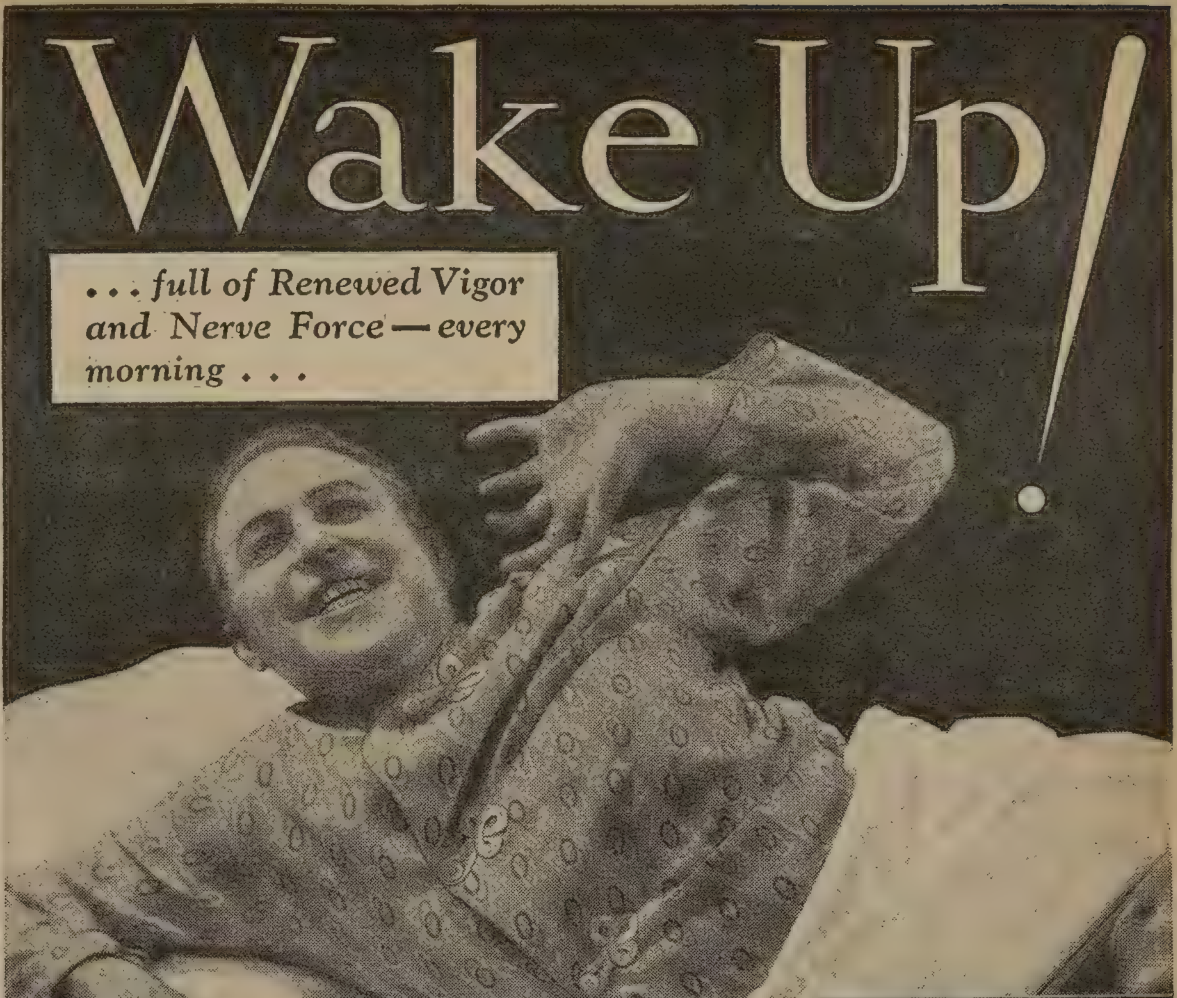

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GOOD-NATURED HARRY'S
Continued from page forty-nine

the Yale varsity team, but of course there aren't any other two men. Just a guy with tiger glands. Runs the kitchen here and does all the buying. He's head waiter, and in addition to that when I was here the last time he was head usher for this place and two other stores."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean, Gentle Dove from the Old Priory Loft, that piled on to his other duties Harry bounced the unruly hence, and also henced them out of two other places adjacent hereto when summoned by phone or panting messenger. For this outside work I believe his fee was five dollars per bounce."

"I couldn't like such a man," she decided, "and I'm hung—"

A hand was dealing the table service silently and deftly. She looked up at the finely built young man, who was wearing dinner clothes rather than a waiter's uniform. A broad-shouldered, thick-necked chap with a West Pointer's back and a welterweight's front. His close-clipped hair was dark, his eyes and brows were dark, his face would have been dark, but it was broken by a smile that was not quite symmetrical because of two small scars. "Good evening, Mr. Weaver," he said. His voice was heavy but not unpleasant.

Mr. Weaver greeted him enthusiastically and introduced Isabel as an editor from the same paper. She smiled back at him and decided he couldn't be vicious and that her Ernie Weaver had just been extravaganting as usual.

Both his first and second glances at her were easy and respectful. His thought went like this: "Weaver's picked himself a swell broad this time. Pretty as hell, but you never can tell what these dark-eyed ones are thinking. One minute they'll kick the glass out of a taxi and the next they're soft as soup. It wears a guy down throwing them around and when he thinks he can ease up he gets a sugar bowl on the ear from across the room."

They went into a conspiracy which resulted in filet mignon, with appropriate introduction, background, and epilogue. Obviously Harry wanted to talk to Ernie, so at coffee time they asked him to sit with them.

"You don't like college men, Harry?" said Ernie.

"College men and cops," said Harry promptly. "I really got nothing against a college man in his place, but around here they're always celebrating something they ain't done yet and making more noise than a guy does when he rates it. Now you take a cop—"

BUY NOW!

"Do you have to pay for protection here?" asked Isabel. It was her first speakeasy.

HARRY looked surprised, and Ernie hastened to say to her: "There, there, now, Honeysuckle, you must talk louder. That man over there with two noses didn't hear you. I think you dropped your glove. Wait till I light you a cigarette."

"Of course I got no use for a cop," Harry went on. "You'd oughter see my back a couple of months ago."

"What happened?"

"Well, I took a trip and was in a little jam, and they start asking me questions, and I'm wearing a sleeveless shirt, and they work on me and pound that shirt to pieces right into my back with rubber hoses."

"Did you make the mistake of hitting a cop?" asked Ernie.

Harry nodded, astonished at the obviousness of the question, and glanced quickly at Miss Dickson, and then went on: "But here's what I wanted to speak to you about, Mr. Weaver. I'm getting tired of this racket. I been working in stores like this for five-six years, and of course I made a lot of friends because I'm so good-natured and easy-going, only I ain't getting anywheres but the waiting list for the nut hatch. It's worse'n when I was in the movies."

"Oh, were you in the movies?" asked Isabel.

"Sure, but who knows it? For three years I'm doing glass jumps through windows, and canspins off motor bikes, and flops off bridges, and shoving the ice ahead of me in the Hudson and Harlem when it's winter, and all that stuff, doubling for smart guys, and what's in it for me but a few bucks and a lot of sore bones? Nothing. I never got my name anywheres but on the books of the emergency ward. Excuse me."

Harry had to go to the kitchen. Ernie asked anxiously, "Do you mind him, Angel Wing? I could get rid of him, or we could see a show."

"I THINK he's fascinating," she said. "Only he shouldn't try to smile. It doesn't go with his face."

When Harry came back he resumed, but not where he left off: "I'm always trying to improve myself—"

"You're pretty good right now, Harry," said Ernie admiringly. "I've seen you take two two-hundred-pounders out of here with just a hand in the armpit of each—and their feet were hardly touching the floor."

"Oh, that's nothing. I know a lot of tricks. But what I mean is that I'm always listening to people talk, and I work hard and I read a lot. You know, there's always some page in his paper that a guy will throw away without looking at it. A bum'll throw out the Wall Street and the next guy ain't interested in radios and maybe some beasel is sour on cars so he won't read the automobile page. But I'm a hound for punishment. I even read the society news and the household pages—"

"Hooray!" said Ernie, and gave Isabel a nudge. "Meet your public, darling! Harry, this is the young lady who writes it!"

"In the Clarinet? Yeah? Well, I read your stuff every day, Miss Dickson."

It was a delicate confidence and to protect his vanity he looked belligerently at Isabel, but she was interested and said so, and asked him to continue.

Harry said under his breath, "Arrh, nerts!" to a lady in a fawn-colored suit who had called, "Oh, Har-ree!" from a nearby table, and went on: "I always figure maybe I can pick up a hint or a recipe from the household pages, but most of that stuff is written by janes that ain't got a home, or couldn't keep a husband, or just got out of college and think they're too strong for a man."

"Oh, my Lord!" thought Ernie. "Why did I bring Isabel in here?" He offered Harry a cigarette. Harry refused, then took one, lighted it, but let it go out. Turning abruptly to Isabel, he said, "Maybe you could help me out, Miss Dickson. I wouldn't ask everyone, but there's a couple of gags on the society page I don't get. Now, what's this subdie? What do they mean—Miss So-and-So, the subdie? She's a sub for what?"

Isabel gathered he meant subdeb and attempted an explanation. Ernie contributed and ultimately Harry understood.

"Hasn't come out yet? Gees, that's a laugh! Try and get 'em to go home when they land in here! And while I'm at it, there's one thing more. I keep reading a lot about this Junior League, but there's no box scores or anything to show what they play or who's ahead. What's that gag?"

Some more interpretations by Weaver and Dickson, a brief silence on Harry's part, and then he spoke decisively: "Well, I don't know anything about these junior broads except that I don't want them in my place when I open up!"

Ernie tried to signal the retreat, but Isabel was looking at Harry. She said, "Oh, are you opening a place of your own, Harry?"

"I sure am, and that's what I've been getting at," said Harry, addressing Ernie. "I'm fixing up a spot over on Eighth Avenue, and, boy, it's going to be a sweetheart! I'm going out for myself in a racket where the cops can't possibly bother me." He turned to Isabel. "Now you ought to know something about these things, you running that cookbook page and all. See what you think of my idea. My place is right handy to Madison Square Garden and several newspapers. I like newspaper men. They're a funny bunch. You know. A million laughs, but broke most of the time."

Ernie knew. Harry resumed:

"I wouldn't be crazy enough to put 'em on the cuff, because it's cash business I'm after, but I'll feed 'em free if they're really up against it. And then I know a lot of sailors and they know me. I was welter champ of the Atlantic fleet once, and when these gobs find out the famous Harry's got a place of his own they'll wear my hinges off. And gobs are good spenders. You know. They like two of everything, no matter what it is. You've see 'em on the street with a jane on each arm."

"What kind of a place is it going to be, Harry?" asked Ernie hastily.

"A stool-and-counter job, mostly, but there'll be tables for the long sitters, and a back room for the newspaper men with a special phone where they can lie to their wives and editors—"

"What?" Isabel gasped.

"OH, sure, you know. But the counter thing is the new racket—comfortable stools with arms on 'em and two or three wise-cracking countermen to keep things going. I've got three sweethearts lined up. One was chef on Montgomery Fiske's yacht and got blew through the cabin roof when the gas tank let go, and he's been all over. Cooked on tugs, and you know how good tugboat men have got to eat.

"Another guy folleys the weather from Key West to Canada and back. He's done everything from houseboats to lumber camps. And another old-timer has railroaded a lot. He's been all over. He was in a couple of those revolutions in South America. Now, you take those three guys alone, grand cooks, and they'll deal out stuff you never heard in vaudeville while they're keeping up with the customers. All I got to do is watch the cash register a little sharper, but, you know, you got to do that with hired help anywheres."

"What are you going to call your place, Harry? 'Men Without Women'?"

Harry stopped spinning a burned match between his fingers and looked at Isabel, and he saw her for perhaps the first time. She blushed, and Harry smiled until it was stopped by the two scars. His thought went: "No, Ernie Weaver's too nice a feller and I got trouble enough keeping Blanche and Flossie apart and I'll be too busy with the new store."

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

He turned to Ernie and gestured in Isabel's direction and said, "I can see who's got the brains of your partnership. Here she gets the idea and you ain't even thought of it."

Ernie was pleased. He said, "Go on, Harry, croon into the megaphone some more. We like it. Well, have you picked out the name?"

"Try this on your drum," said Harry. "I'm going to call it 'Good-Natured Harry's,'" and he leaned back sideways in his chair with his elbows bent and looked from one to the other for applause. They rendered it. Harry resumed:

"You see, everybody knows how good-natured I am. But of course I ain't taking any rough stuff. No liquor will be served, and they'll have to tote their own if they want any. And if I spot some ambitious guy coming in just to be noisy, I'll crack him on the hips with a frying pan and he can sit on broken glass if he wants to."

He addressed Isabel: "Going back to your question, you got the right idea. The men are the spenders. I don't want no more women than I have to have, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT
PIPE TOBACCO
Merry Christmas from aunt martha

One pound of Good Cheer!

AND as fine a tobacco as ever sweetened a bowl! A sixty-year-old secret, Wellman's Method, gives Granger its "fruity" fragrance; *seals in* the mellow "pipey" flavor that smokers love to draw deep. And Granger smokes *cool!* Big shaggy flakes — Rough Cut — that burn slower, smoke cooler, leave a pipe cleaner. For a Merry Christmas give him a pound of Granger Rough Cut.

GRANGER
GRANGER

"Pipe tobacco that IS pipe tobacco!"

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

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Dumb-
Blind
Yet "He"
Stops
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GOOD-NATURED HARRY'S
Continued from page fifty-one

I don't want the ritzy ones at all. You talk about these junior broads—why, they're a pest. I'd rather clean up after a bunch of immigrants.

"Four or five of 'em will come in here and they don't know what they want and that runs into time, and then one'll buy an ice cream and they'll all pick at it, or a salad or something. Then they'll want a round of drinks and then they'll ask for coffee, and they'll sit around all talking at once and smoking cigarettes and putting their stubs in the cups and saucers. And when they get out and you look at the table covered with ashes and burned matches, you'd think there'd been a Siberian picnic. And one or two of 'em always manages to tip over a cup or a glass and goes out wondering if them spots will come out of my dress. Gees! How about my tablecloths? Give me a broad who's done her own dishes, but none of them junior ones!"

Harry was serious—almost savagely so—and Ernie Weaver roared. He was wondering, though, how Isabel was taking it. Not for anything would he have her feelings hurt, and he knew how sensitive she was to tones of voice, and Harry had been speaking strongly and with conviction and an assurance that is not always so hilariously popular with ladies when the subject is their sex. Isabel, however, didn't seem to mind. Outwardly she was smiling. Inwardly maybe she was laughing, because that was her way. Now she looked at her watch. He knew she wanted to get back and take Rory out.

BUY NOW!

"If you'll get us the check, Harry," he began.

"Sit down and put your money away. This dinner is on the house. I forgot to tell you, I ain't ever going to close my place. Open day and night, and I'm going to bid for the early morning scrambled-eggs-and-Irish-bacon trade, like they used to at Jack's, after banquets and parties."

ERNIE experienced the lightning of an idea. He grasped Harry's wrists with disregard for the immaculate cuff. "Harry! A idea! If you're going to be open twenty-four hours a day, why not open with a bang and have a ceremony? You know how they give out the keys of the city, and all that stuff. Well, why don't you make a big point of throwing away the key to your joint to show it never will be closed?"

Harry was delighted. He developed the theme with Ernie and, wishing to get rid of Isabel for a moment, he shoved her bag nearer to her and told her, "Oh, the ladies' room is right over behind that screen, if you want to powder the nose, Miss Dickson." But Isabel wouldn't take the hint.

Harry went ahead in spite of her: "Now, I'm all fixed for the lease, and I've got swell seconds for all my equipment. You know, there's so many of these joints that flop right off because there ain't any personality or good food behind them, that you can always pick up nice fixtures cheap. I'll figure I'm getting gypped if I don't take better than a hundred per cent profit on everything I sell. I don't want no partner in on this, but I could use five hundred or a thousand bucks, and I'll cut you in on a full third interest if you can help me out." With that he leaned forward suddenly to see Ernie's reactions on his face before they could become unsimple in his mind.

AT that moment a couple of things happened. Ernie got a sharp little kick under the table, and he saw the ruddy, thick-skinned face of Walter Hosley, ship-news man on the Morning Oboe, at the front door. Ernie, anxious for any good investment that would help him to be more lavish with his beloved, was weakening until he got that kick. He had to think rapidly because he wanted to reach the newcomer before Walter saw them. And in his real disappointment because of Isabel's disapproval of the venture he must be careful not to be resentful and hurt her. Also he must let Harry down gently.

He explained to Harry how he was fixed. At this time it wasn't exactly convenient, and so on, much as he knew Harry's idea was a good one. Harry took it nicely enough, and then Ernie excused himself to join Walter, who was steaming through the room with quite a cargo of recent beer aboard, looking to right and left for some friend to help him stow the deck load. Walter was a good egg, but when relaxed was a bit too fancy with his talk for one's fiancée. They maneuvered into the back room together.

Ernie quickly involved Wallie in discourse with two nurses—off duty—then returned to his table. He was grateful for the interlude. It had given him a chance to realize the narrowness of his escape. Harry was a colorful chap and all that, but altogether too brisk with his fists, especially in the direction of cops and collegians. Furthermore, he knew too many men of a class he hadn't mentioned—the graduating class at Elmira, Dannemora, Sing Sing, and Auburn.

Ernie said as much to Isabel as he took her home, and she thought he was right, although she hoped Harry would make a success, and his theories about the neatness of girls just out of finishing school were interesting. Just now she was more concerned about telling Ernie two ideas for his Red and Rollo series.

Ten days later Good-Natured Harry's had its formal opening. A newspaper man friend had persuaded him, just for a stunt, to hire an old-time German band. The place was decorated with signal flags, ensigns, and jacks, in honor of the navy, and the three tough countermen were on the job with white caps cocked rakishly over their seasoned brows, and, as the saying goes, a goodly crowd was there, representative of each and all of Harry's circles and ellipses of friends. Mindful of Ernie's suggestion, Harry had planned the ceremonial of the throwing away of the key.

The little grooved and notched key that fitted the front door was too trivial a thing, to Harry's large-lensed focus, so he had provided himself with a monster of gilded iron, a foot long and weighing a little less than two pounds. At midnight he quelled the oompahs, silenced the customers and countermen, and made speech, and dramatized the key, which was very gay with ribbons.

At the climax of his speech he stepped to the open door and with a wide backhand sweep flung away the key, while everybody cheered and the German band rendered a terrific "Ta-da-a-a-a!"

An instant later there was a crash as the key sailed through the glass canopy over the entrance to a motion-picture house, exploding three large incandescent bulbs on its way. Eighth Avenue is not Main Street, Ruralville, at any hour, and particularly not at midnight. A taxi driver, thinking in terms of sub-machine guns and the men who use them, stepped on his throttle. The liveried chauffeur of the big town car just ahead, thinking in the same terms, shoved down on his brakes. The taxi climbed his rear bumper and spare tire, the tire detonated magnificently, the cops at Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, and Fiftieth streets blew their whistles, more cops came, and all sorts of things happened.

THE first cop into Harry's place was a rookie who had plastered all over his memory the front and side views of gentlemen who had been more wanted by the police than by their kinsfolk. He was startled to recognize so many of them in Good-Natured Harry's, and adding two and two to enormous sums, he drew his revolver.

In order to capture the whole mob single-handed, he fired into the ceiling. Harry didn't like that and started for the cop. A sailor pal, realizing the gravity of the situation, halted Good-Natured Harry, and then Harry halted the sailor with a clip on the jaw, and by the time other police came, the air was full of fists that had missed their marks and the floor was strewn with marks that hadn't been missed.

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

Ernie read about it the next morning, and rushed around to Isabel's, where she was finishing breakfast with Rory. For once, the press had responded. Harry got front page on all the standard-sized sheets and pictures and inside stories in the tabs. Two of the stories were especially well written, reminding one of those of O'Malley in the old Sun. The writers of the stories used actual names as long as they lasted and then invented colorful ones for the ex-convict characters. And, of course, they played the German band for all it was worth.

Isabel was genuinely sorry for Harry, and so upset by what had happened after the simple ceremonial of the key-throwing that she broke the handle from the cup she was getting out for Ernie.

"Gollies, I didn't know he was going to use a yacht anchor for a key, or I wouldn't have suggested it," said Ernie. He had assorted reactions. As a newspaper man he gloated over the free space and pictures Harry had rated. One of the little spokesmen for his timidity department told him how lucky he was that Walter Hosley had come in when he did, but this speaker was drowned out by the louder voice from his bureau of courage, adventure, and chance-takery:

"You big stiff, if you'd gone in with Harry and taken an interest, this might have been all for the best and you could have had a Mediterranean honeymoon this winter, with money coming in from two places."

The morning papers had left all those under arrest

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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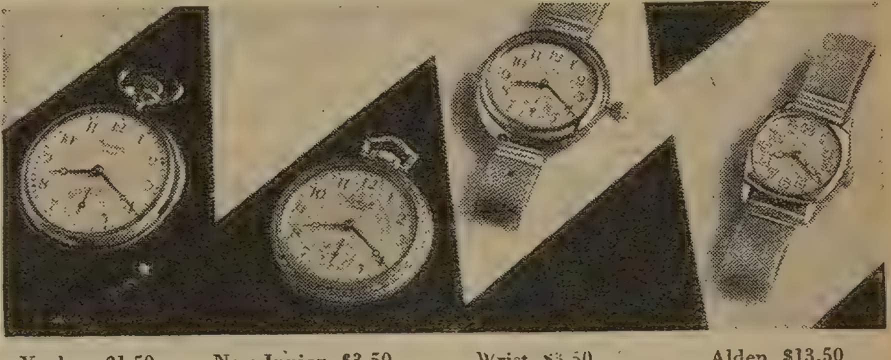

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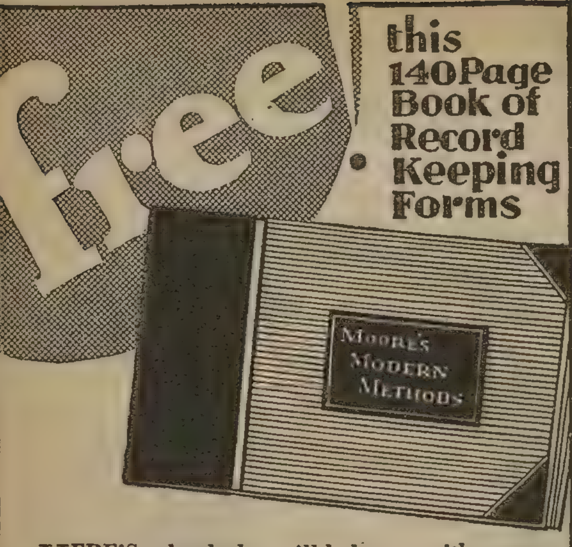

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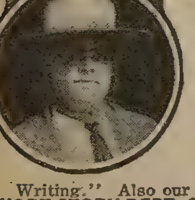

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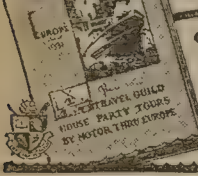

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GOOD-NATURED HARRY'S
Continued from page fifty-three

awaiting arraignment. The afternoon papers turned them loose, and Ernie had gone down to the sixth floor to see if Isabel had read the story. A telephone call, relayed by the operator who now knew where to find Ernie if he wasn't with his gang on the seventeenth, brought Harry's voice. A jubilant, exultant Harry who probably was smiling his dreadful but honest smile. His first thought was that Harry was looking for a bondsman. But no.

"Too bad you missed it, Ernie! It was great. Sure. A million laughs. What? Sure they let us out. Why wouldn't they? We hadn't done anything. The cop lost his head, but I squared him with his captain. Yeah, that's a yell—me doing a cop a favor—but I figured it was him that put us on the map. Him and your key gag.

"The first thing when I came back, I got up on a ladder and painted a big ring around each bullet hole. The boys show 'em to all the customers. All it costs me is a new sheet of glass and a few bulbs for the theater guy. Sure! He thought it was a laugh, too, and some bum run off with the key. But that's all right. Didn't I t'row it away? Say, didn't my newspaper friends give me the break? I'm on the map now like the Penn Station!"

BUY NOW and BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

Isabel was watching Ernie, relieved to know all was so well with Harry. To Ernie's next question Harry responded:

"BUSINESS? Say, I got a bigger line-up than the theater guy, and he's got a new Chaplin picture. And here's a yell for Miss Dickson. Tell her the place is full of these junior broads. Sure, they can hear me talk. But they don't care. They're jamming in to get a look at me and my gorilla friends they read about, and I make 'em eat and pay while they look. The gorillas? Oh, they've all done time, but there's nothing on them now and they're good boys. Well, I just called up to check in, and thanks again for the key gag. Come on up, when you can, and look me over. Don't forget to tell Miss Dickson. So long."

Thoughtfully, Ernie hung up and looked at his beloved, who stood by, twisting her ring nervously. "If only you hadn't kicked me, my Guiding Star and Aurora Borealis," he said.

"Kicked you?" She was puzzled. "When? How, dearest?"

"Under the table, at The Rain On the Roof, just when I was falling with a crash for Harry's proposition."

THEN her eyes twinkled. "It must have been Harry's foot that hit you," she said, "although I could have kicked you for saying no to him, because I had a feeling his place would prosper."

Ernie stared, and swallowed, and started to speak. Isabel then had to look over some proofs a boy had brought from the engraving department. Her smile for the boy vanished with him. She turned to Ernie and straightened the tab of his shirt collar and fixed his tie, and then she looked at him frankly but troubled.

"Darling," she said, "we don't want any secrets from each other, ever, do we? Well, it must have been because I'd never met a man like Harry before, and he seemed so enthusiastic—just like you are some of the time. But when you and your friend went out to hear it rain on the roof, I gave Harry my check for a thousand dollars. We're both in on it, only I wouldn't have told you if it had been a failure, and you wouldn't have lost anything—"

Ernie grabbed her by the elbows and said, "Papa's little Pierpont P. Princess! So you did fall for the blandishments of the magnificent Harry! A third interest! Gee, that's great!"

"A third? I should say not! I told him a half or nothing!"

"Rob Roy McGregor! Come here!"

"Ernie! Not right here where everybody can s—"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—Which extends farther north, Florida or Mexico?

2—What does the prefix pseudo mean?

3—What is a rectangle?

4—Albert I. is the king of what country?

5—What are aborigines?

6—What is the largest city west of the Rocky Mountains?

7—What planet is nearest the sun?

8—In what year was the Battle of Bunker Hill fought?

9—What does puissant mean?

10—Who was the founder of Methodism?

11—A quadrant is what part of a circle?

12—What is rococo?

13—What is an antediluvian animal?

14—What are the possible gaits of horses?

15—In what industry is the Bessemer process used?

16—What is a merchant ship which has no fixed route called?

17—What two South American countries have no seacoast?

18—Who was King of England during the American Revolution?

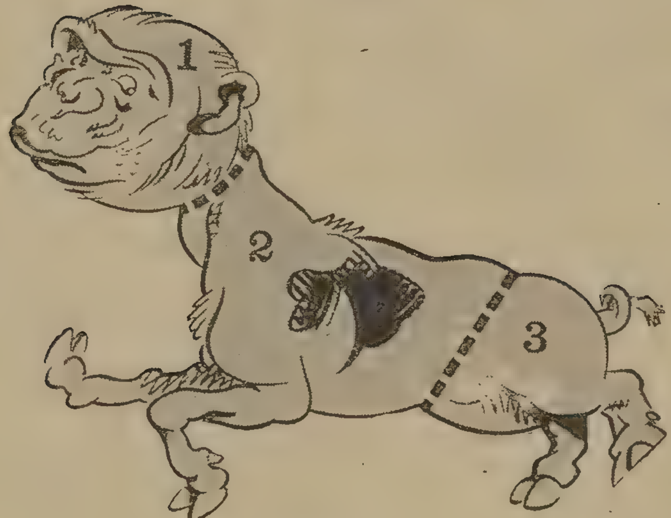
19—What does post mortem mean?

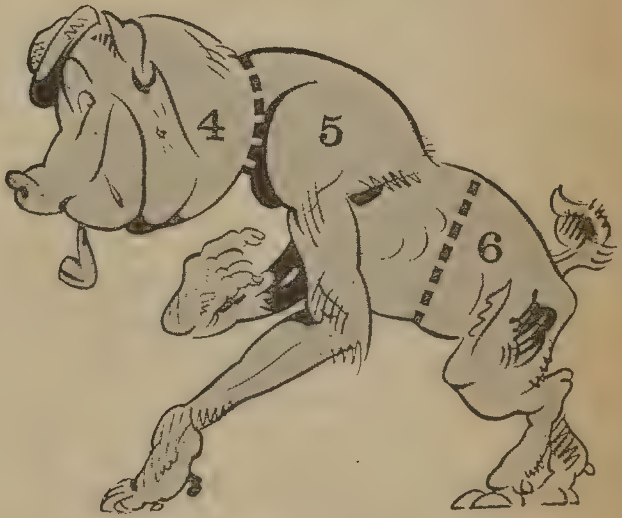
20—What kind of creature is a laughing jackass?

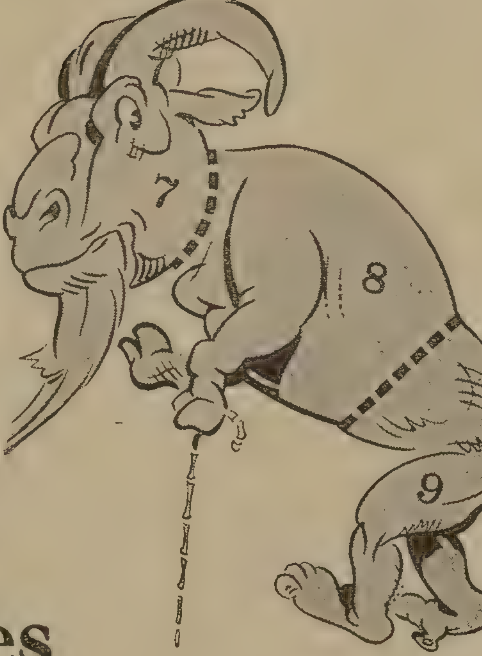
(Answers will be found on page sixty-six)

Boys and Girls and Kids in General—Here's Another Chance at the Game of

The Great What-is-it?







YOU must have read about this in Liberty last week. If not, never mind. Start the game now. See if you can cut these scrambled animals apart on the dotted lines and put them together again correctly.

A set of these animals is now appearing in each issue of Liberty. And each week Liberty is offering

$500 in Prizes

to those who do three things best—FIRST, cut out the animals and put them together as they should be; SECOND, name them; and, THIRD, write a rhyme of either two or four lines about any one of the animals that appear when the pieces are properly matched.

For instance, if you find a pig among the pieces on this page, you might write:

PIG
I like the funny little porker.
The corkscrew in his tail's a corker.

Of course you can't use this verse—this is ours, and it isn't a very good one, anyway—but it gives you the idea. The rhyme doesn't need to be serious; the funnier and more clever it is the better your chance for a prize will be.

Now read the rules on this page, get out the old scissors (or, if you prefer, make a tracing of the pictures), and see what you can do.

Entries for this week's prizes must reach us before midnight, December 13. The first announcement of prize winners will be made in Liberty for January 3.

The Prizes

will be divided as follows

First Prize	$100
Second Prize	$50
Third Prize	$25
Twenty prizes of $10 each, making	$200
Twenty-five prizes of $5 each, making	$125
Total each week	$500

The Rules

Every week until further notice Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures under the title, THE GREAT WHAT-IS-IT? The pieces of each set, when cut apart and put together correctly, will make a number of animals.

To play the game of THE GREAT WHAT-IS-IT? you must do three things—

First, cut the pictures apart on the dotted lines, put the pieces together so that they will make properly formed animals, and paste the animals on a sheet of paper.

Second, write the name of each animal under its picture.

Third, write a rhyme of two or four lines about any one of the animals you have made. The rhyme may be on the same sheet of paper with the pictures, or on a separate sheet.

When you have finished, send your pictures and rhyme, with your name and full address, to WHAT-IS-IT, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the pictures which are most neatly and accurately put together and named, and accompanied by the cleverest rhymes, Liberty will pay $500 in cash prizes each week, the prizes to be divided as indicated elsewhere on this page. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

This game is open to everyone, everywhere, except employees of Liberty and their families. The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and their decision will be final. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

YOUR FATE

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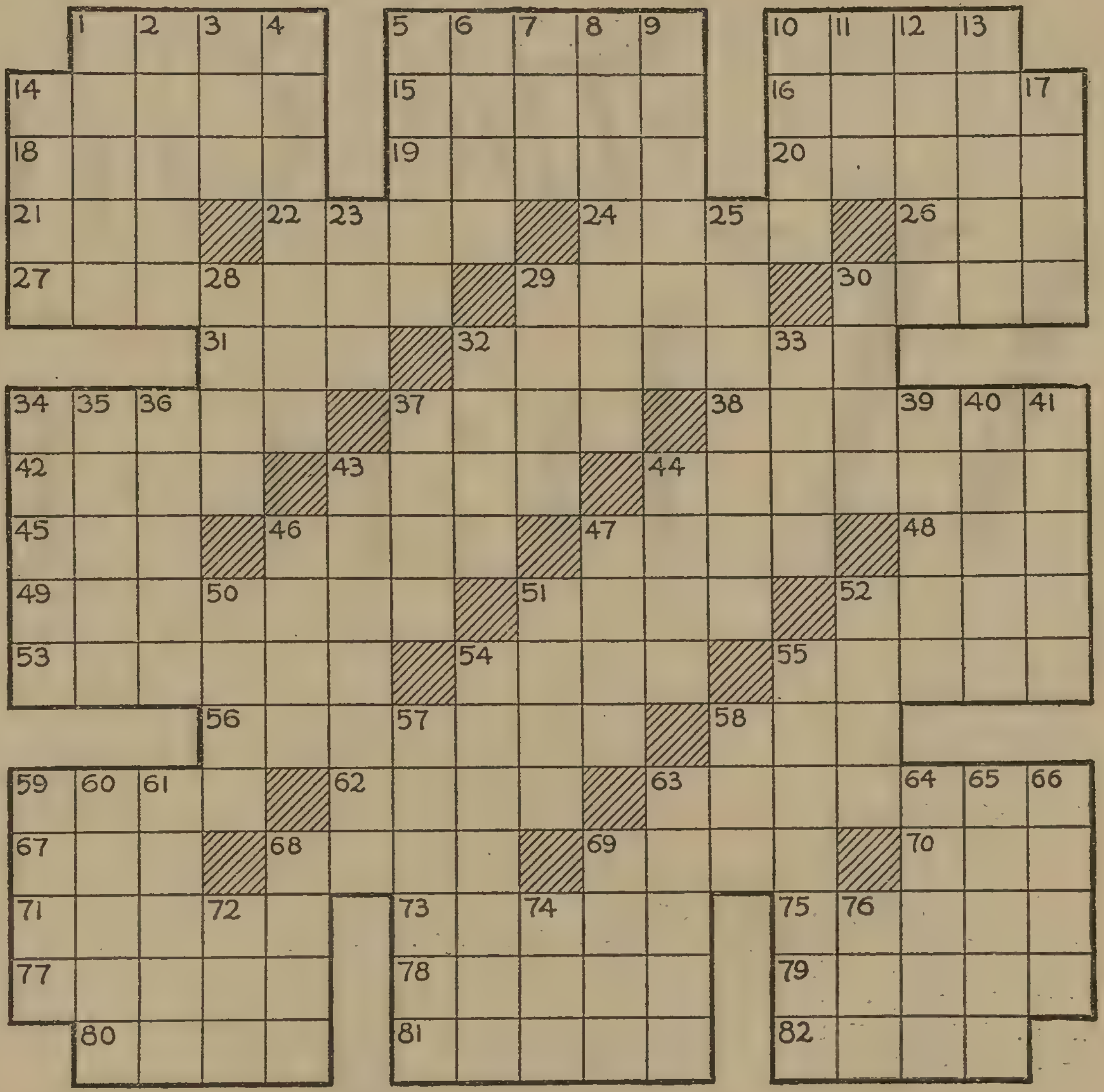
TRY IT TODAY!

Two New Puzzles



HORIZONTAL

1 Grant the use of
5 Strikes with the open hand
10 One hundred thousand rupees (plural)
14 City in Delaware
15 A guide
16 Declaim
18 Egg-shaped
19 Woman's name
20 Panels
21 Conducted
22 Assists
24 A book of the Old Testament
26 Cardinal number
27 A foot lever
29 Allowance for waste
30 Greater than
31 Deity in Babylonian mythology
32 A river in South America
34 Horse
37 Measures of area
38 A golf club
42 Demonstrative word
43 To plunder
44 Illegitimate child
45 Tune
46 The rainbow
47 Of the like kind
48 Go about idly
49 Indisposition to motion or action
51 Man's name
52 Facts or principles granted
53 Recover, as pledged property
54 Amend and revise
55 Responsibilities
56 Less extensive
58 Head covering
59 An army
62 Mounds
63 Feels contrition or regret
67 American author
68 A ray
69 Such and no more
70 Sooner than
71 Lassoer
73 Device for inducing discharge (surgery)
75 Species of tree
77 Prattle
78 Growing out
79 Upstanding
80 Dish of cold cabbage
81 Scatter
82 Defy

VERTICAL

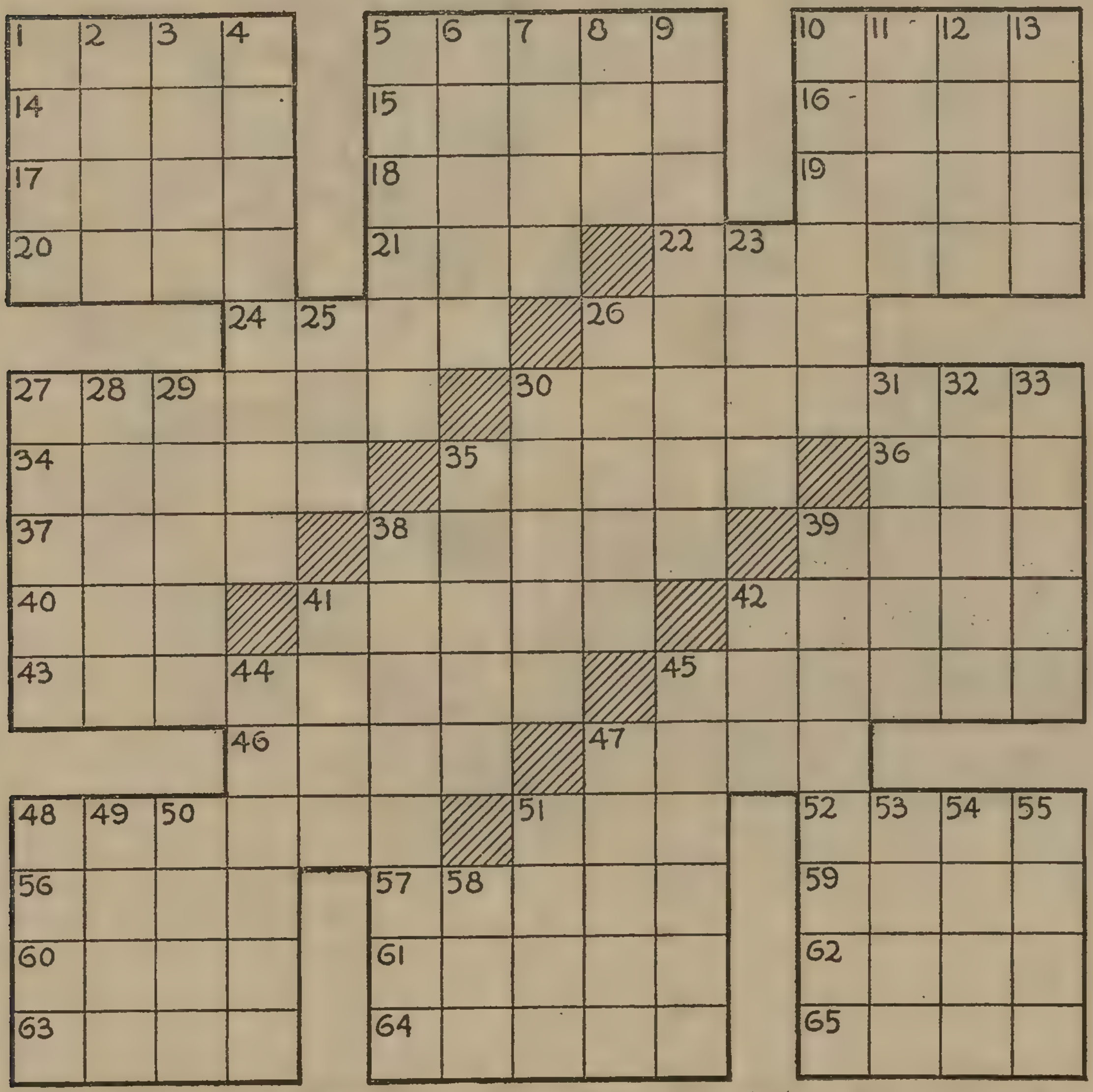
1 Sweetheart
2 Avoid by dexterity
3 Mesh fabric
4 Anticipated with apprehension of evil
5 Garden implement
6 Covers
7 Malt liquor

BUY NOW!

8 The North Star
9 Part of a plant
10 Cuts off
11 A constellation
12 Division of a poem
13 Guide
14 Numskull; dunce
17 Anglo-Saxon slave
23 Evil; misfortune
25 An Indian of central Venezuela
28 Incite
29 A playing card
30 Greatest in quantity or number
32 Crude metal (plural)
33 To exchange for money, as a check
34 One of a flight of steps
35 Yours
36 Furnished with ear-like appendages
37 A song
39 Abraham's concubine
40 Angry
41 Collection of ancient Norse songs (plural)
43 Church dignitary
44 Handle end of a tool
46 Newspaper paragraph
47 Agitate
50 Repose
51 Poems
52 A fruit
54 One of the component parts of anything
55 Skipped; pranced
57 Rents
58 Pronoun
59 Stringed instrument
60 Scents
61 One of the divisions of the calyx
63 Restore to freshness
64 Fresher
65 Part of a harness
66 Dispatched
68 Concoct
69 A speck
72 Greek letter
74 Sailor
76 Anglo-Saxon money of account

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page eighty-two

for Agile Minds



HORIZONTAL
1 For fear that
5 Gaseous product of burning materials
10 A term used by printers and proof readers
14 Property of a substance that affects the sense of smell
15 Son of Priam, King of Troy
16 Woman's name
17 To cast amorous glances
18 Goddess of peace (classical mythology)
19 To rub, as with a rough file
20 Mounds
21 Japanese measure of length
22 Women of affected modesty
24 At that time
26 Short blunt part of anything after the larger part has been broken off
27 Genus of lizards
30 Works of the highest class and acknowledged excellence
34 Roamed
35 Bleats
36 Regret
37 Day of the ancient Roman month
38 Language not cast in rhythm
39 Polish cake
40 Over (prefix)
41 Leading string for an animal
42 Lowest point
43 Alienate
45 Vocal compositions on sacred texts
46 Letter of the Greek alphabet (plural)
47 Kind of boat
48 Cowardly
51 Encore!
52 Wish eagerly
56 Fixed routine
57 Proof reader's mark indicating insertion

BUY NOW!

59 Mohammedan noble
60 A Biblical name (Ezra ii. 42)
61 Puff up
62 Russian hemp
63 Diminish
64 A sylvan deity
65 Boil

VERTICAL
1 Plunder; booty
2 To move by little and little
3 Part of the foot
4 Supports for scaffolding
5 Steeply tapering roof (plural)
6 Seaport town in Spain
7 Son of Jerahmeel (1 Chron. ii.)
8 Kinsfolk
9 Having no septa (biology)
10 Rubs hard in washing
11 An amphibian of the genus Bufo
12 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
13 Spigots
23 The language of Russia
25 Secreted
26 Cut hastily and carelessly
27 Ascend
28 Knot, complication, or difficulty
29 Apparent; manifest
30 To stop, or fill up, as an opening
31 Sultan's decree
32 Ancient Roman measure of length
33 Burns to hardness
35 Boasts
38 Actions performed to show penitence
39 Those who fight, as soldiers
41 Recent
42 Prefix: not
44 To honor in estimation; venerate
45 To assemble, as troops, for roll call
47 Godliness; holiness
48 Crop of a bird
49 Ecclesiastical court (Roman Catholic)
50 The solar disk in Egyptian mythology
51 Contemptuous name for a child
53 Fail to include
54 A team of baseball players
55 Increased or developed in any way
58 A wing

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page eighty-two

Acidity
Slams More Doors than Temper!

"Touchy" and grouchy husbands are often only sick men! It's *acid* in their systems speaking when they bark and growl.

Excess acid formed in the stomach causes acid indigestion with gas, sourness and burning. It sets up putrefaction and fermentation in the intestines which spread poisons through the system and make us weak, tired, nervous and irritable.

A remarkable new corrective of acidity has been developed by a famous 100-year-old pharmaceutical house in Germany. This new acid corrective comes in the form of a small, white tablet, called Magnesia Oxoids. Magnesia Oxoids upon contact with the acid in the stomach, generate nascent, or active, oxygen. Now, as any doctor will tell you, active oxygen when created within the digestive tract does just the things required for acidity. It stimulates the secretion of the alkaline mucus. It checks putrefaction and fermentation in the intestines. It stimulates the activities of the intestinal walls and aids the natural movement of the bowels. All three effects are necessary to a real correction of acidity.

Make this Acidity Test

To ascertain just how "acid" you are, make this test. Get a package of Magnesia Oxoids from any good druggist. Take two after each meal and see how much better you feel—how much more soundly you sleep and how much more energy you have. If, after taking the contents of one bottle, you don't get more than amazing results, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund the purchase price promptly and in full. If your druggist is out of Oxoids, he can get them from his wholesaler or you can send 89¢ for full size bottle to Eton Products, Inc., Dept. B, 605 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

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A five-day test is sufficient to prove to you very conclusively the system's need for Stuart's Calcium wafers, and the decided benefit from the use of these little sugar-coated wafers.

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(Reading time: 26 min. 9 sec.)

—*By Major*—

GRANVILLE FORTESCUE

who served fifteen years with the United States cavalry. He resigned to take up newspaper work abroad and was war correspondent with several allied armies. When the United States declared war he joined the 314th Field Artillery and he took part in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. He helped organize the New York department of the American Legion.

A GREAT river of American humanity flowed this fall across the continent from west to east.

This human river had its sources in countless springs throughout these United States. Towns and villages as remote as Wenatchee, Washington; Grand Pass, Oregon; Valley City, North Dakota; Sleepy Eye, Minnesota, sent forth a trickle of men and women drifting toward the main stream. Greasy Creek, Kentucky; Clay Center, Nebraska; Lagrange, Georgia; Okmulgee, Oklahoma, were tiny springs that ultimately fed the great river.

The first sources deepened as they ran through Texarkana, Texas; Hannibal, Missouri; Kankakee, Illinois; widened as they met other streams swirling in and out of Kansas City, Detroit, Chicago; rushed past Pittsburgh, gaining in power and force, until the stream swept on across New York to find its way to the brink of the broad Atlantic in Boston. This human river was mightier than the Mississippi. It was fed from all the forty-eight states and every stream that fed it carried a burden of American hopes, ambitions, ideals.

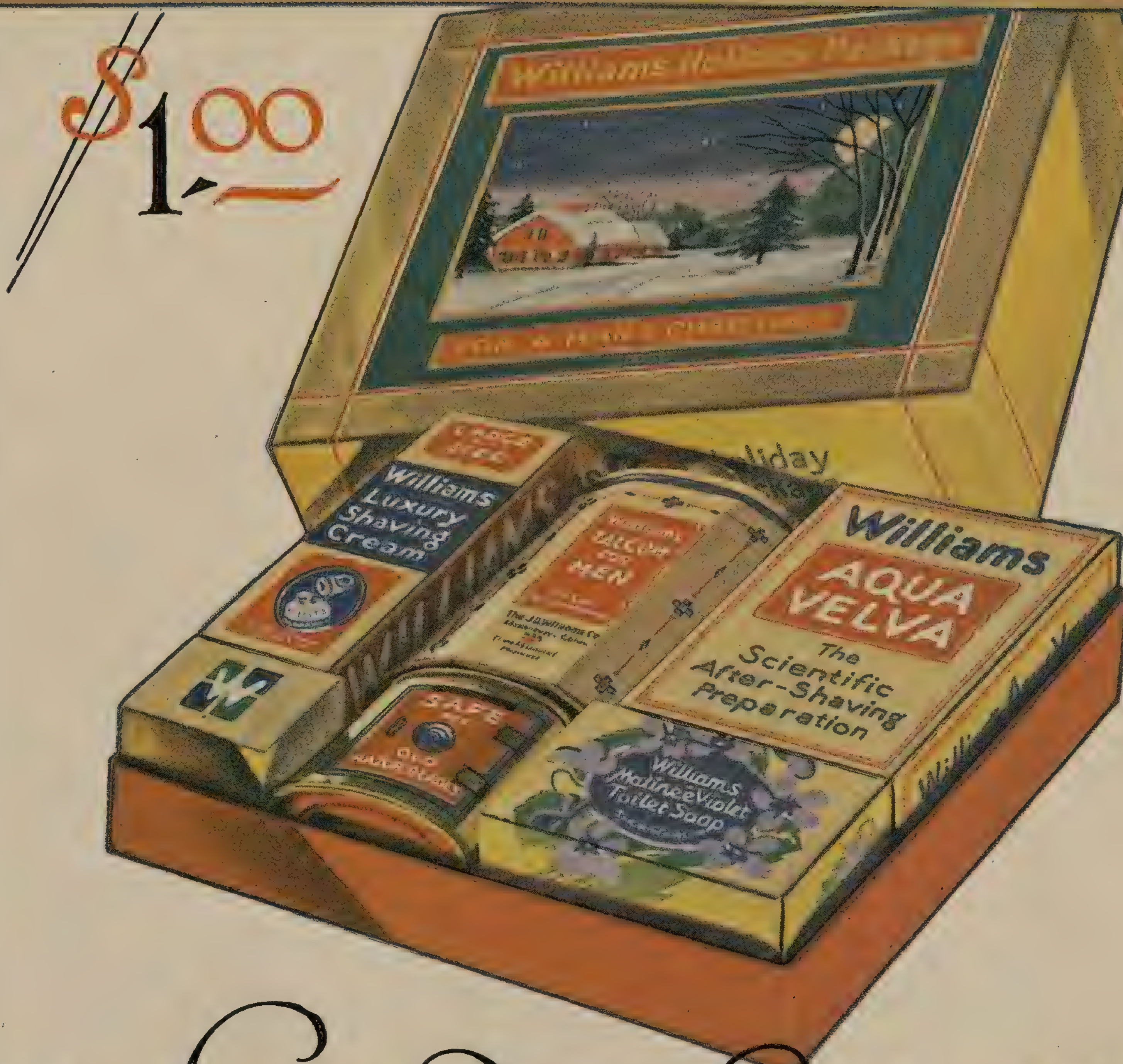
BUY NOW!

It swept 300,000 men, women, and children through the narrow, crooked channels of Boston streets, each human unit but a drop in the flood, but those drops all strongly united in one mighty purpose, "the good of the American Legion."

What has war done to the men who gathered there? Are they glad now or sorry that they went to war? Has the war helped or hurt them? Would they go again? Did they find high adventure, romance in war, or only muck, mud, death, and destruction?

I put these questions to Hollis Roy Miller, a nail opertive whose home is in DeKalb, Illinois. Miller enlisted in Company A, 129th Infantry, 33d Division, A. E. F.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-ONE]


$1.00
Williams Holiday Package
Williams Luxury Shaving Cream
Talcum for Men
Williams Aqua Velva The Scientific After-Shaving Preparation
Safe for Old Razor Blades
Williams Matinee Violet Toilet Soap

The Great Dollar Gift For Men

A gift that all men welcome—the Williams Holiday Package. Make sure that they all have it, those men you like the best.

Beautiful. Practical. Sensible,—in purpose and in price. A dollar can't buy more!

A big tube of Williams Shaving Cream—made by experts of ninety years experience. A bottle of Aqua Velva—the perfect after-shaving preparation,—counted a daily necessity by millions. A can of Men's Talc—none smoother or more welcome. A cake of toilet soap of rare quality. And a Safe for old Razor Blades that, for a year at least, will solve the vexing problem of what to do, safely, with used blades. All contained in the golden box that breathes the spirit of Christmas.

Here's a package to solve one—or a dozen—of your Christmas shopping problems. Don't miss it! Ask for it by name, wherever toilet goods are sold—the Williams Holiday Package—One Dollar!

The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn.,—Montreal, Canada

Williams
HOLIDAY PACKAGE

Ripley CREATOR OF **BELIEVE IT or NOT– PROVES IT**

OLD GOLD VOTED BEST

by World's keenest

TASTE TESTERS

By ROBERT RIPLEY, Himself

"Believe it or not . . . these men together earn over a quarter of a million dollars yearly . . . on their sense of taste alone!

"They are expert coffee tasters . . . the world's Supreme Court on taste matters . . . and they have just put OLD GOLD through the toughest test any cigarette has ever faced!

"At my request, they sampled each of the four leading cigarettes with names concealed.

"I was impressed when OLD GOLD won. I was *stunned* when I looked at the final score.

"Believe it or not, the keenest judges of taste the whole world knows picked OLD GOLD *two to one over its nearest rival!"*

BELIEVE IT OR NOT . . . *Here's proof!*

The score, checked by a Certified Public Accountant.

OLD GOLD	chosen by	10 smokers
Brand "X"	" "	5 "
Brand "Y"	" "	4 "
Brand "Z"	" "	2 "
	Total	21

J. S. M. GOODLOE, *Certified Public Accountant*

Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL

Not a COUGH in a CARLOAD

© P. Lorillard Co.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

Hollis Roy Miller

He fought all through the St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne offensives. He is that thin, sharp-featured, alert American type of workingman.

"What has the war done for me? Say, brother, that old war made a man out of me. Yeah, it made me serious—sounds funny, but I mean it. Why, before the war life was all kidding to me. I'd work when I wantta, loaf when I wantta, do any stunt came into my head. After I got back and took off that ole O. D. shirt and pants for the last time, I threw the lousy things away and turned respectable. Yeah—an' I got married."

Miller contrived to parry any attempt to pry into the implied romance in that last sentence.

"Would I go again? Say, if Uncle Sam was in trouble every guy would go—at the drop of the hat. Lotta guys say like they mean it, 'Never no more war for me, buddy,' but they'd be the first to bust in when the bugle sounded."

Theodore B. Petty

Theodore B. Petty of 215 Tenth Avenue, McKeesport, Pennsylvania, Post 66, is the solid business-man citizen.

"It made me think—that's what the war did for me—made me think deep. My experiences, rubbing up against other people, seeing new foreign countries, gave me a broader view, opened my eyes to the world." Petty smiled as he added, "The war made me broader, all right. I gained forty-five pounds, all around the middle.

"In case of another war? Sure I'd go, if they'd have me. Why, I believe in uniting all Legion posts into one great reserve, ready for service in protecting the American home. Our bands use the I. D. R. drill book now; it would be no job at all to turn all posts into reserve groups."

W. S. Musick

W. S. MUSICK of Third Street, Derry, Pennsylvania, works in the accounting department of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. He served abroad with Company M, 110th Infantry, 28th Division. He now belongs to Pennsylvania Post 515, at Latrobe.

"Naturally, being in the war helped in some ways, gave a fella a broader outlook," said Musick, "but I have a crippled hand that's left me with a handicap. But no use crying about it. If something is done about letting us cash in on our adjusted compensation, I won't kick. It would mean about fourteen hundred dollars to me, and, boy! that's important money these times. Would the crowd go again? Sure. Why, nothing could keep them back."

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

Musick paused to amend this sweeping statement. "That is, if the U. S. was in trouble."

Then there was Sergeant Frank Kaelend, an electrician from Roslyn Heights, Long Island, New York. Frank joined the Second Field Signal Corps.

Martin Hamilton

"I'll say the war did me a lot of good. Being in the Signal Corps, I learned a lot of new electrical stunts. The biggest job I helped on was putting in an American telephone system at the Hotel Crillon when President Wilson and Clemenceau and Lloyd George wanted to talk about the Versailles treaty. Some job, yankin' out all that French truck and puttin' in good A. T. and T. material. Worked eighteen hours a day. But that one job was an education. Of course, I'd go back—in the Signal Corps."

George Murphy, Kaelend's companion, also from Roslyn Heights, chimed in—"And I'd go, too—but only in the navy!"

Paul Jouannet

Martin Hamilton, 665 Hammond Street, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, a steamfitter, echoed these sentiments. "The navy won the war!" Hamilton shook his thickset barrel body and raised his broad shoulders. "If it hadn't been for us gobs, those doughboys would never even have smelled France. Don't that prove the navy won the war? Would I go back? Well, I'm forty-two now; guess I'd rate an admiral."

His pal, Paul Jouannet, hailed from 19 Colliston Road, Boston. He served with Headquarters company, 55th C. A. C., and lost an arm at Montfaucon.

"The war made me see more in life. Traveling around France and meeting all those other nations helped me get the other fellow's point of view. That's been worth a lot to me.

Carl R. Sandell

"Course I lost my job. And I was making good money when I went overseas. Sort of tough when I got back—man with one hand is up against it. But I went to vocational school, learned a printer's job. Now I print two papers here in Massachusetts, the Webster Times and the Uxbridge Times. I'm not doing so bad. About going back. I'm afraid they wouldn't have me. And I guess the Missus wouldn't let me go. She waited for me all the time I was abroad. Then there's the kid. She looks just like the Missus. No, you'll have to count me out."

Henry Taliman

IT was as easy for me to spot Carl Sandell, 2301 South Acoma Street, Denver, as it would have been to recognize the Bunker Hill Monument. Carl is a traffic cop, seven feet four inches tall without his ten-gallon hat. Just to keep down the average, Carl's wife is four feet seven. He left no doubt about rejoining.

Earl H. Shackelford

"No, sir, I reckon I wouldn't go back for no war. Why, that last one ruined me. If I hadn't 'a' gone to that damn' war, I would've been eight feet tall now. Stunted me. Eatin' goldfish and such truck. Yes, sir. I calculate I'd have growed eight inches more if I'd stayed home in Denver."

Henry Taliman, a Navaho chief from Gallup, New Mexico, looked at the matter differently. He volunteered for the Sixth Field Artillery and served through all the battles with the First Division. He is a stockman, and runs 20,000 sheep. "Sure, war done me good. Sure, I go again—any time," he added with a grunt.

Perhaps one of the most enlightening viewpoints on the matter was that offered by E. H. Shackelford, from Hannibal, Missouri.

Frank Schoble, Jr.

"I was a photographer. And going to war sure wrecked my business. The war hurt me a heap, yet I reckon it helped me some. I'm getting on my feet. Don't know if I'd go again or not. Looks like I'm getting too old anyway. Still, I wouldn't take ten thousand dollars for what I went through over there, and"—here Shackelford paused to add emphasis to his words—"and I wouldn't take ten thousand dollars to go through the same thing again."

As the crowd swirled out of the Statler Hotel on its way toward the Arena for the opening of the convention,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE LEGION LOOKS AT WAR
Continued from page sixty-one

the human mass opened a path through its center for two figures—one tall, broad-shouldered Legionnaire leading another. The second tapped the pavement with his cane. The left side of his face had been crushed by a bit of shrapnel. The right eye was closed.

The blind man was Frank Schoble, Jr., who runs a flourishing insurance business from his office in the Commercial Trust Building in Philadelphia. Frank fought with the 318th Infantry, 80th Division, and got his wound in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. He is a member of the 163d, Coates Jenkins Post, Pennsylvania. His Legion comrades have honored him with the position of Vice Commander.

"Hello, I'm glad to see you."

That was Frank's greeting to all his comrades as they came forward, announced themselves, and shook his hand. Somehow that "see you" contracted your heart as you looked into the unseeing eyes. But he always smiled and his grip was firm.

P. & A. photo

A sample of Legion fun-making. Illinois members of the Forty and Eight traveling in the style to which they have become accustomed.

Has the war hurt or helped Schoble? The answer is self-evident. Yet as you talk with him, hear his cheery tones, follow the quick turnings of his alert mind—Frank won his Phi Beta Kappa key at the University of Pennsylvania—and note the evidences of prosperity in his tailored suit and overcoat, it would seem that life has done something to compensate him. The American Legion holds the warmest place in his heart.

"Great factor for shaping public opinion, the Legion. No politics, mind you. We must keep out of politics as a body, but we certainly can register our stand on the great problems facing the American people."

Frank's pale face was serious as he continued:

"THE Legion is a mighty factor for peace, the right kind of peace, I mean, not the pacifist brand. Look at the good the Fidacs are doing, and the Lord knows they are no pacifists. We men of the Legion can talk with ten allies and, though it sounds like a paradox, we speak the same language. Anybody who's been through the World War speaks the same language no matter what flag he fought under. We'll have plenty to say before a new war is started. And remember the Legion is growing. Over ninety-three thousand new buddies joined last year. That brings us well up to the million-member mark. And a million men with the same idea will make some noise in our good old United States."

Schoble's figures do not include the Legion auxiliaries, the women who mean so much today in Legion affairs. Their influence grows each year.

Already, as we speak, the mass of Legionnaires and their wives and guests crowds all the streets leading to the Boston Arena. The Presidential salute of twenty-one guns fired on Boston Common has announced the arrival of President Hoover. A rumor runs from group to group that he is heavily guarded. The First Corps Cadets, Massachusetts' prideful militia, reënforce the 500 policemen under Superintendent of Police Crowley and 100 secret service operatives protecting the nation's head. Will the Reds dare stage a demonstration? The hope rises in many a Legionnaire's heart that they will.

Inside the convention hall National Commander O. L. Bodenhamer has tapped with his gavel, calling the delegates to order. Your first thought as you gaze out under the bunting-festooned arches of the great hall is that this is just another convention. It might be one of those meetings of the Republican or Democratic party.

HERE are the massed ranks of seated delegates and alternates with tall stakes carrying signs: "Vermont," "Oklahoma," or "California." Here we have the same packed galleries of cheering visitors, the blaring bands, the raised speakers' platform. At the platform's front edge stands the chairman's desk, a fence of microphones before it, and hung up under the rafters are huge amplifiers. All the equipment of a regular political convention.

But if you study the picture you immediately see the color note that distinguishes this gathering of Legionnaires. All the delegates wear the Legion uniform of blue with brass buttons and orange trimming or some brilliant variation of this uniform. All the delegates wear the overseas cap with post number and state marked on it. All seem to be of the same generation, their years ranging from thirty to forty or perhaps forty-five. You find no gray-haired Solons here. No heavy politicians burdened under their years and the responsibilities of steering the ship of state safely to port. The average age of the Legionnaire is thirty-four. The delegates here assembled are approaching the best years of their lives. From every face and frame radiates the vigor of youth. Carefully studying individuals, you are struck by their breadth. At least eighty per cent of these former soldiers have put on from ten to fifty pounds since the days they stood in the chow lines in France.

There is a sudden stir at the rear of the platform as the band strikes up Hail to the Chief. From the background of distinguished guests President Hoover appears. Mrs. Hoover, wearing a striking corsage bouquet of orchids, follows. She hurries across the platform to join Mrs. Coolidge, who is already seated. The two first ladies start talking animatedly. The throng applauds as Chairman Bodenhamer escorts the President to the desk behind the microphones and presents him under the slightly inaccurate title, "Comrades, your Commander in Chief."

The words are a signal for a "demonstration." The Iowa delegation, yelling, waving their overseas caps, shouting "Hoover! Hoover! Hoover!" spur their comrades to stronger enthusiasm. The tumult grows as the California delegates stand on their chairs, tossing their orange caps in the air. Past National Commander John R. Quinn, from Delano, California, a tall, broad, deep-

BUY NOW!

chested, he-man of the West, urges his comrades to mightier noise, giving them a fine example with his bass voice. One, two, three minutes pass before the demonstration gives signs of working under forced draft. It begins to lose its essential flavor of spontaneity. Two more minutes it continues, then gradually dies. During it all the President has stood unsmiling, the notes of his speech on the desk before him. Chairman Bodenhamer calls for order. The great hall becomes suddenly silent as President Hoover begins, " My Fellow Countrymen." The Legionnaires follow each sentence attentively.

Mr. Hoover wears a dark business suit. He stoops somewhat as he speaks in a low monotone. His face is a mask. That mask may hide his thoughts, but it cannot hide the lines time and worry have already stamped there since he took office as President. I remember that rainy, sleety Inauguration Day almost two years ago, when I sat in the stand directly opposite the glass house from which Mr. Hoover reviewed the parade. Then I studied him through my field glasses. His face never showed the grins that often crossed President Wilson's thoughtful features or the exuberant animation typical of President Roosevelt, but still he smiled. General Summerall, who had led the parade, he greeted cordially. He chatted amiably with Mrs. Gann and Vice President Curtis.

When Speaker of the House Nicholas Longworth offered his congratulations the new President met him smile for smile. He could well afford to smile. Had he not achieved his highest ambition?

But now I watched in vain for even the shadow of a smile while that low voice spoke to the Legionnaires. Even when certain phrases stirred the crowd to friendly laughter they brought no answering friendliness from the speaker.

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

Somehow I felt a lack of understanding between President Hoover, the Quaker, the prophet of pacifism, the man who has hamstrung the navy, and these men who had stood the test of shell, shot, and machine gun at Château-Thierry and St. Mihiel. A burst of real applause greeted the phrase, " The maintenance of respect requires that we sustain a preparedness for defense that is impregnable," but it was quickly extinguished when the speaker added, " yet that contains no threat of aggression."

IN its preamble the speech flattered the Legionnaires. There were references to the " glories of war—the spirit, the sacrifices, the devotion of those who go cheerfully and courageously into the trenches—the supreme adventure with death." These rhetorical praises finished, President Hoover's talk took on the tinge of admonition. The buddies were reminded of their peacetime duties, obligations, and responsibilities. The low, monotonous voice lauded the " obligations of the ballot, the spirit of service in the community," finally emphasizing the Legionnaires' duty in " the enforcement of the law."

When he finished the applause again broke forth. Yet as I checked up the high lights on my release copy and read the speech in the sharp, cold lettering of the mimeograph I failed to find that soul of all great talks, sincerity.

As President Hoover concluded I had a feeling of anticlimax. This was no doubt due to the recollection of the mighty reception tendered former President Coolidge at the opening of the session. I have attended many political conventions, both Republican and Democratic, dating back to the McKinley administration, yet nothing I have heard or seen—and I do not except the wild exuberance shown at the Bull Moose convention—equaled the outburst that greeted the sage of Northampton when he was introduced to the Legionnaires. Sincerity was the very essence of this greeting.

When Chairman Bodenhamer brought Mr. Coolidge forward from his seat between Mrs. Coolidge and Mrs. Hoover 12,000 throats shouted an uproarious welcome. The shouting was reënforced by the beating of canes, the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CAUGHT COLD?

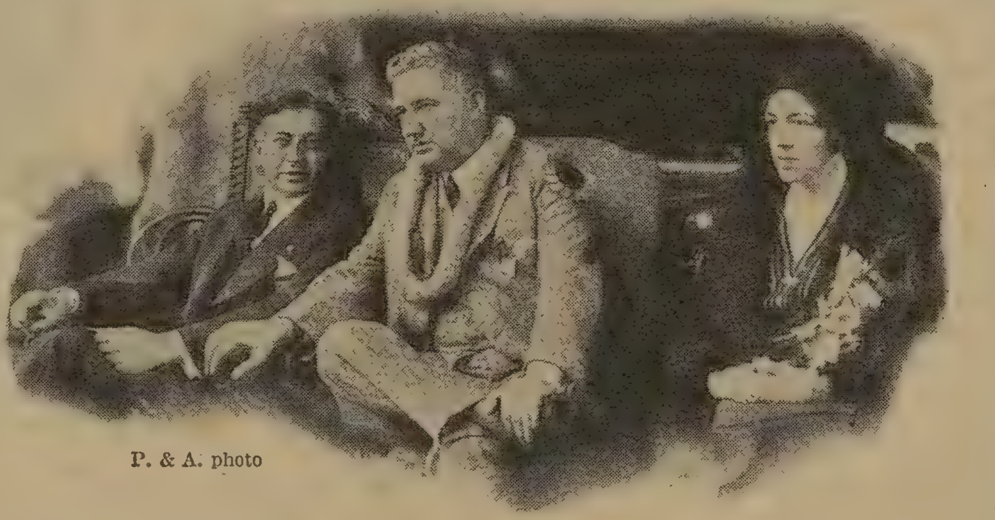
IT'S easy to throw off a cold when you know what to do—and do it. Two or three tablets of Bayer Aspirin will break up a cold in a jiffy! Take them promptly. Bayer Aspirin will check your cold at any stage, but why wait until you are miserable? These tablets are perfectly harmless because they don't depress the heart. If your throat feels sore, crush three more tablets in half a glassful of water and gargle. This will ease your throat instantly and reduce any infection. A cold needn't worry you when you take these simple precautions. But the simplest cold is serious when you don't. Remember that, and remember to get the genuine tablets stamped Bayer. Read the proven directions for headaches, neuralgia, neuritis, sciatica; and for the prompt, positive relief of periodic pain. Until you are familiar with the many valuable uses of Bayer Aspirin you can't realize how much suffering is really needless.

BAYER

BAYER ASPIRIN

THE LEGION LOOKS AT WAR
Continued from page sixty-three

raucous squawks of miniature automobile horns, and hundreds of other sound devices in the hands of the Legionnaires. As minute after minute passed the volume grew until it became a veritable Niagara of noise roaring under the rafters. Wave after wave of shouting beat up against the arched glass roof until it seemed as if the vibrations must bring it shattering down upon the heads of the shouters. Soon this clamor turned into an insistent demand. "Speech! Speech! Speech!" came the call from every seat in the arena. "Speech! Speech! Speech!" echoed the galleries. A number of distinguished guests on the platform took up the call. Chairman Bodenhamer rapped with his gavel and cried out, "Order! Order!" Mr. Coolidge shook his head in a vigorous "No." But still the crowd shouted, "Speech! Speech! Speech!"

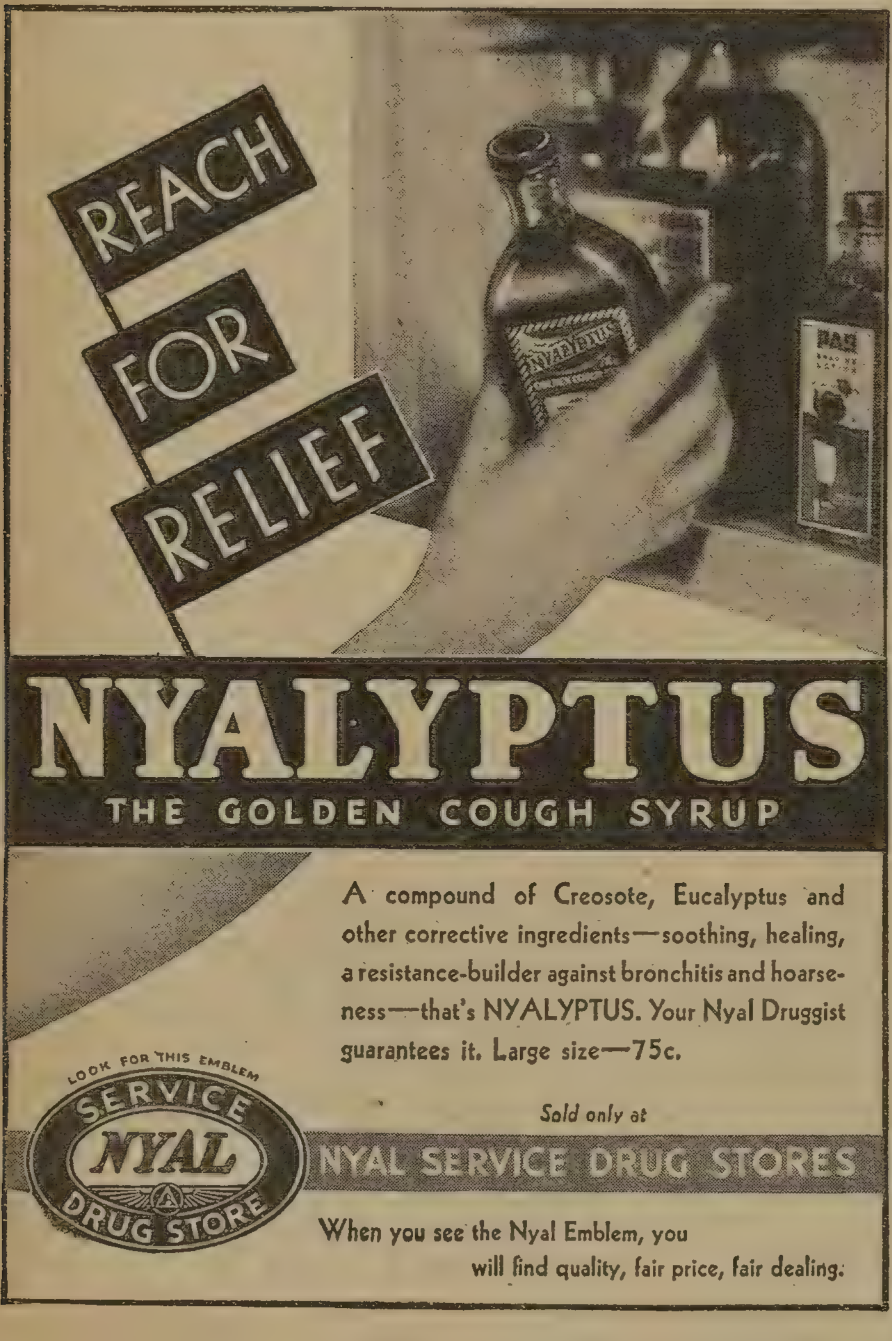

P. & A. photo

Past and present commanders of the Legion. O. L. Bodenhamer with Ralph T. O'Neil, elected at Boston, and Mrs. O'Neil

At last the former President raised his hand. Instantly the shouting was turned off as if someone had pushed an electric switch button. Mr. Coolidge stepped forward. His thin Yankee face registered one of his rare quizzical smiles. In a calm, clear voice he spoke.

"You have paid your debt to Lafayette"—a pause, then—"but you still owe a debt to yourselves and to your country."

Just nineteen words, about one for each minute of the demonstration.



NYALYPTUS
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A compound of Creosote, Eucalyptus and other corrective ingredients—soothing, healing, a resistance-builder against bronchitis and hoarseness—that's NYALYPTUS. Your Nyal Druggist guarantees it. Large size—75c.

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When you see the Nyal Emblem, you will find quality, fair price, fair dealing.

It was a remarkable outburst. The high spot of the convention. It was shot with sincerity, spontaneity, affection. While it continued it was blatantly evident that these Legionnaires forgot the present incumbent of the White House completely. A curious feature of the cheering was the fact that it was not the New England States that took the lead—not Massachusetts, as might have been expected—but rather the western states—Colorado, California, Oklahoma. And, strange to relate, Iowa proved to be the most vociferous of all.

The actual business that comes before these Legion meetings consists of listening to reports on the activities of various committees concerned with veteran betterment. Rehabilitation, child welfare, and national defense are some of these. And in this connection many resolutions are read and voted upon.

National politics may be barred from Legion discussions, but the convention figuratively seethed with organization politics. A cartoon in a great Chicago newspaper pictured the serried ranks of Legionnaires in session with only one man of substance under the state banner on the aisle. The rest of the delegates were limned in as shadows. There is real basis for the artist's idea.

The lawyers, district attorneys, certain big business men, run the inside politics of the Legion. Such outstanding citizens as John R. Quinn of Delano, California, a past Legion Commander, an attorney with his office in the Hall of Records, Los Angeles. Quinn is the big, jovial, good-natured type, ready to tell a joke on himself and yet ever alert to push any matter that interests him before the Legion. He worked day and night to head in his comrades' votes to give his home town the 1931 convention.

John Ewing of Louisiana, Ben Fisher of Oregon, Colonel W. E. Easterwood, Jr., of Dallas, Texas, rank as other Legion politicians. Easterwood was largely responsible for the Paris-Dallas flight of Coste and Bellonte. He gave the twenty-five thousand dollars that tempted the French flyers.

THE two outstanding prizes in the gift of the Legion are the choosing of the city to hold a coming convention and the coveted post of Legion Commander. So carefully had the votes been counted "in the bag" this time that the results of both contests were certain the night preceding the elective session. Colonel Quinn told me before he ever put forth Los Angeles' claim that California was licked. And Wilbur M. Brucker, Post 22, Saginaw, Michigan, an able attorney general from Lansing, with Mayor Frank Murphy of Detroit to second him, were equally sure they were headed for victory. Mayor Murphy is an attractive type of Irishman, about forty, with dark red wavy hair and a ready smile. He gave me a cordial invitation to cover the convention in Detroit.

BUY NOW!

Before the tally checkers actually reported their results, Quinn was on his feet asking that the choice of Detroit be made unanimous. The convention accepted his graceful gesture.

The responsible, weighty members of the Legion, assisted by the buddy-smart boys who chisel in among the yokels, shape the destinies of their comrades. This is as it should be. What adds a flavor and fillip to the proceedings is a close contest between two of the "politicians."

The result of the contest for Legion Commander was another foregone conclusion. Ralph T. O'Neil, an attorney from Topeka, Kansas, knew long before the ballots were counted that he was in. But the preliminary battles behind closed doors, when the Kansas delegates dickered with state after state, were hotly contested. While the rank and file were on carnival bent the solid men were busy.

To call their pranks carnival conveys little of the real picture. The festive side of the convention was a riot, with the fun program in the hands of that inner circle of the Legion called the Forty and Eight in memory of the French box cars marked to carry *quarante hommes ou huit chevaux.*

In order to perpetuate that joke the Forty and Eight buddies performed as cowboys, Indians, convicts, clowns. They had a parade all of their own which started with a "wreck"—an initiation of new members. This year the unfortunate aspirants appeared garbed as convicts chained and marching under command of other lodge members. The parade was but the mild beginning of an orgy of frolic that continued until dawn.

Picture a football celebration, Philadelphia's carnival march, and a miniature riot rolled into one and you can visualize the streets of Boston any Legion night. I had thought that twelve years after demobilization the blithesome buddy would have become somewhat sobered. In this I was greatly mistaken. Indians ranged through Boston Common uttering wild war whoops. Cowboys followed, matching whoop with whoop. Clowns and convicts joined in a chase that sometimes ended in a fight, more often in a frolic, and eventually ended with a Legionnaire mob in all types of fancy costumes singing the highly ribald verses of Hinky Dink and *Parlez Vous.* As long as the buddies confined themselves to such pranks and made their fun among their own members no one could complain. All were frankly out on a junket. Exploding cannon crackers in crowded hotel lobbies, throwing furniture out the windows, running Austin automobiles through the storm doors were something else again. These were but a few of the pastimes.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

I WAS chatting with a comrade in the lobby of my hotel when we heard a commotion outside the storm door. Suddenly it burst its fastenings and five uniformed Legionnaires rushed through it pushing and hauling a donkey. The poor beast squealed and kicked to no avail while they ran him into one of the elevators, shoved the boy aside and ran up to the sixteenth floor. The mild and gentlemanly Swiss who manages the hotel stood petrified. Finally they called the doormen and porters into action, brought the poor jack down in the freight elevator and out again into the street. The buddies from Cohoes who staged the feat will recount it again and again at Legion meetings during the long winter.

To the majority of Legionnaires the convention time is a holiday. Often they save for the trip putting dollar on dollar against railroad fare and hotel bill. The rank and file are mechanics, clerks, small tradesmen, garage owners, farmers, miners, and members of the great American employee class. With them the war associations are the sharpest recollections of their lives. As the recollections of battle from bloody trench to bloody trench or night patrol across the shell pits, of getting tangled in barb wire, of falling athwart corpses in no man's land, and of the panic fear that caught one in a gas attack when shell after shell sent forth its stinking fumes while one peered through the goggles of one's gas mask—as these recollections fade, those men who braved war's hellish tests must find newer themes for post-night story. Therefore the convention carnival.

A certain Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, self-appointed keeper of Boston's morals, complained to Superintendent of Police Crowley that the carnival spirit was fed on something stronger than drink supplied from the city water system. She declared that the Eighteenth Amendment was being openly violated by the Legionnaires from the Charles River basin to the Bunker Hill Monument.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHAVE
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Now the New Vibro-Shave Electric Razor Brings Shaving Ease and Positive Safety TO EVERY MAN.

$5

Complete with all attachments. De Luxe Model, Gold Plated in Pouch $7.50.

Just as easy as it is to turn on your lights or toast your bread, it's just that easy to have your morning shave with the New Vibro-Shave Electric Razor.

No longer need you dread the daily shaving ordeal. Now electricity and the Vibro-Shave are your master barbers. The New Vibro-Shave Electric Razor skilfully cuts the whiskers at the base. While you shave you get an exhilarating vibratory massage that peps up tired facial muscles and nerves.

No pressure, no scraping, you merely guide it over your face, and the toughest beard, roughest cheek or most sensitive skin emerges with a silk-like surface. No sore patches or painful after-burn, and the long life mirror-polished blades mean real economy.

If your dealer can't supply you let us send one direct. Our guarantee goes with each razor. Use the coupon below.

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The Vibro-Shave Electric Razor solves your Christmas Gift Problem. Every man will be more than thankful.

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Desirable Territories open for Sectional Distributors.

New **VIBRO-SHAVE** ELECTRIC RAZOR

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40-09 21st Street, Long Island City, N. Y.
I enclose $.......... for which you will mail me postpaid a New Vibro-Shave Electric Razor, with blades, cord and plug and your absolute guarantee. For 110 Volts, A. C.
Name ....
Address ....
City.......... *State*..........

THE LEGION LOOKS AT WAR
Continued from page sixty-five

This hardly seemed possible in view of the Legion's opposition to a dry repeal resolution. Would Mrs. Peabody claim the Legion was voting dry and drinking wet?

The presence of scores of auxiliary posts' members at the convention surely tended to hold the lid on the proceedings. All the buddies waxed enthusiastic in telling of the support given by the women. Edward H. Hoak of 641 Versailles Avenue, McKeesport, Pennsylvania, summed up their service.

"Believe me, the auxiliaries are wonderful in the work they do in the hospitals and in helping along the child welfare movement. The women's posts have boosted Legion self-respect a hundred per cent. And whenever we need money for anything it's the women who go get it. And, buddy, wait till you see the auxiliary girls in the big parade!"

Waikiki Beach . . ukeleles . . leis . . the Hawaiian moon rising over Diamond Head . . the glamor of this Pacific paradise is the background for bustling Yankee activity revealed in crops of pineapples and tourists! Read this amusing article on modern Hawaii. . .

O, ALOHA

by Irene Kuhn

in Liberty

NEXT WEEK!

Skin Blemishes

NATURE'S warning—help Nature clear your complexion and paint red roses in your pale, sallow cheeks. Truly wonderful results follow thorough colon cleansing. Take **NR—NATURE'S REMEDY**—to regulate and strengthen your eliminative organs. Then watch the transformation. Try **NR.**

FREE Write for sample of **NR** and beautiful 1931 calendar.

Mild, safe, purely vegetable —at druggists—only 25c.

A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO.
Dept. 68K, St. Louis, Mo.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Absorb all blemishes and discoloration by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin fleck off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly reduce wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce Powdered Saxolite and 1 half pint witch-hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

How Viscose Method appears on legs. Invisible—thin as a kid glove—flesh colored.

VISCOSE METHOD

Corrects Leg Troubles

VISCOSE METHOD, a plastic external application gives you the new principle endorsed by the medical profession the world over. Restores circulation while you walk and work, relieves swelling, itching, aching, painful varicose vein suffering. Enables broken skin and leg rash to heal. Send for FREE BOOK "VISCOSE," a scientific treatment for varicose vein and leg suffering. Explain your ailment to—

DR. L. W. CLASON VISCOSE COMPANY
140 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago

There came the morning of the day of the "big parade." Shortly after dawn I was awakened by the "Boom! boom! boom! boom!" of bass drums. That vibrating sound followed me far into the night. Three hundred and fifty Legion bands kept their drums beating without pause until one thought all the wild tribes of Africa were tapping their tom-toms. The morning clouds gave way to brilliant sunshine that crowned old Boston town with a halo of gold. Two and a half million men, women, and children were early on their way to the pine stands flanking the route of march. The visitor crowds seethed through the city, finally forming a solid human wall banking high against the buildings on Beacon, Federal, and Tremont streets. Before the starting hour I engulfed myself in this crowd, visiting the different state contingents at their points of assembly. What a joyous throng they were! Impromptu reunions were held on almost every street corner. It was "Hey, buddy! Why, you old son of a brick!" all up and down the lines. Groups gathered and sang, Over There! Hinky Dink, and songs composed by local posts. The Twenty-sixth Massachusetts, Bunker Hill Post, entertained with this lyric:

You poured the light,
That now shines bright,
Of service and good will.
This glorious Legion owes its life
To dear old Bunker Hill.

BUY NOW!

OFFICIALLY the parade could not start until Bill Kidd, of 2726 South Seventh Street, Louisville, Kentucky, with his clown make-up, cleared all the traffic along Boylston Street, until Tom and Maggie Hennion, driving a buck-jumping flivver, got into action, and Mrs. Charlie Dunbar of Martha's Vineyard had kissed "Dun" right in the middle of Boston Common. That was the command for forward march.

A blare of bugles, clash of cymbals, and that never ending boom! boom! boom! boom! sent the 80,000 Legionnaires marching. The line of men would measure twenty-eight miles. It would take ten long hours for the column to pass the reviewing stand. And some of these men had been sleeping in Pullmans switched on sidings, or ships anchored in the harbor, for three days and nights. My grandstand seat was near those allotted to the Gold Star mothers. The crowd was cheering, shouting, laughing, but here the little group of gray-haired, somberly dressed women stared in silence at the marching buddies. What thoughts are theirs, you wondered.

THE grand marshals and staffs mounted on head-tossing chargers led the column. There was General Clarence Edwards, "Daddy," the beloved leader of the Twenty-sixth Division, mounted on a snorting thoroughbred. Grand Marshal McNutt rode beside him. General Pershing, showing the heavy toll of time in his lined face and gray hair, rode in an automobile with General Gouraud, the gallant French commander.

The majority of the state posts wore the regulation dark-blue Legion uniform with yellow trimmings, all buddies carrying canes. Individual states varied this. California favored orange, and Florida, not to be outdone, took the same color for many of her posts. To show the advantages of their climate, the Floridians wore ear muffs and heavy white gloves.

The great thrill came with the passing of the massed flags and standards. The two and a half million stood in silent salute while the color guard, carrying a hundred United States flags and Legion standards passed. Here is an answer to the Reds.

The sun set. Darkness settled over Boston's paper-strewn streets. The electric lights shone and still the column marched. "Boom! boom! boom! boom!" sounded the bass drums as I had heard them at dawn. But they became fainter and fainter and finally ceased. In comparative quiet I wandered along Boston Common, past the ancient burying ground. Did the shades of those colonists who fell before British muskets hear those drums? Did those dead stir under the tread of the thousands who had marched past? Did they foresee the future and the destiny that lies before the American Legion?

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 54

1—Mexico.
2—False; pretended.
3—A four-sided plane figure having four right angles.
4—Belgium.
5—The earliest known inhabitants of a country.
6—Los Angeles, California.
7—Mercury.
8—In 1775.
9—Powerful; strong.
10—John Wesley.
11—A quarter.
12—A florid style of ornamentation.
13—One that lived before the Deluge.
14—Walk, single-foot, canter, pace, trot, and gallop.
15—The manufacture of steel.
16—A tramp.
17—Bolivia and Paraguay.
18—George III.
19—After death.
20—A bird of the kingfisher kind.

Problems of Conduct

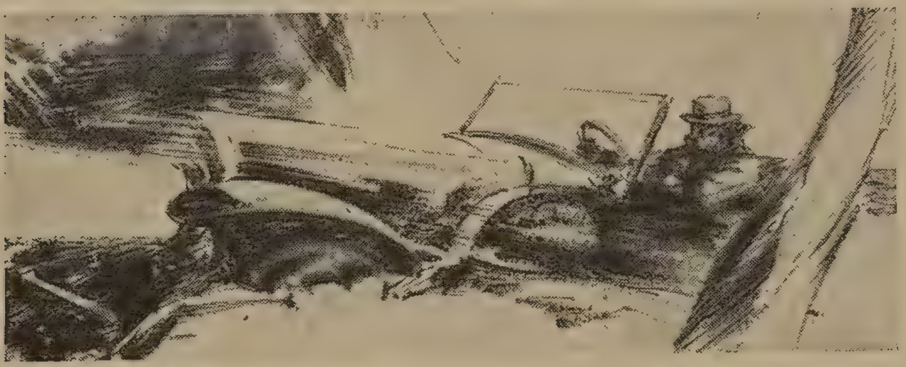
What Would You Do?

$100 Each Week for the Best Question

$200 Each Week for the Best Answers

Here Is This Week's Question

for which $100 has been paid to
CLAUDE UHLER, M. D.
The Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland



You have just received word that an only sister, living twenty-five miles distant, has been fatally injured and is calling for you. You immediately get into your car and set out with all possible speed for her bedside. On your way you approach the scene of a serious automobile crash in which a woman is hurt. You are asked to drive her back to the hospital. To turn back may mean that you will arrive too late to see your sister alive.

What would you do?

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, December 13. They should be as short as possible — brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

BUY NOW!

HOW would you answer the question on this page? Can you suggest a better one, or one as good? Try your hand at either—or both. As indicated in the rules below, Liberty is paying $100 each week for a suggested problem of conduct, and offering $200 for answers to each of these problems.

* * *

This week we are publishing three answers to the problem which appeared in Liberty for November 1, and dividing $200 among the senders, whose names appear below. The problem was:

Suppose you were a well trained, experienced professional woman, holding a pleasant position, earning $250 a month, so situated that with work and study you might get to the top in your line of work. You have no children—will have none of your own. You have a husband, well loved; a good man, kind, hard working, intelligent, but not trained to any special work, not possessed of half your education, but very independent and supersensitive. For three months he has been without work of any kind. Economic conditions in your home city are such that in all probability he will be indefinitely without work. In a small city at a considerable distance he is offered work at $150 a month—merely a job—with scant chance of a future. The small city offers you little or nothing in your profession and less than half your present salary. Yet—the man's morale is already wavering because of his failure and his dependence upon a woman.

What would you do?

The Winning Answers

By MRS. FLORENCE J. GOODWIN
146 Roslyn Drive, Youngstown, Ohio

SINCE I love my husband, and because love and harmony between husband and wife are more desirable than worldly riches, I believe that I would go to the small city.

I might sacrifice my profession to a certain degree, but I certainly would be repaid by the fact that my husband would feel that I had confidence in his ability to support me. All down through the ages of civilized people it has been the custom that the husband shall be the provider and protector of the wife. If this unwritten law of society is violated my husband will naturally lose his self-confidence and morale and the only thing that I would be able to look forward to would be unhappiness and possibly the divorce court.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

In this modern mode of living our ultimate goal of living is to procure happiness; we work, we make money, but what for? Only to have the little things in life which give us happiness. If I should do anything that would mar or curtail the love existing between my husband and me I have defeated my paramount of life, namely happiness.

Yes, I believe it would be wiser and nobler to stand by my husband and move to the small city and possibly sacrifice my professional career.

By MRS. MINNIE HARRIS
207 West Trade Street, Charlotte, North Carolina

THE practical thing to do would be not to consider sacrificing my fine position to follow the uncertain fortunes of a man who is, to all appearances, a failure. Let him accept the $150 position until conditions became better. A separation of a few months would be far better for him than being a parasite on my wages. It would help to restore his self-respect. Couples have been separated before in an economic crisis. They are separated many times in sickness and in war. Some will argue that the husband might become lonely and embittered and get into bad company. If he has any real manhood, however, he will not do so.

BUY NOW!

The sentimental thing to do would be to give up my position and follow my husband, on the order of that "Whither thou goest, I will go" stuff. With my business experience, I should bolster up his nerve and help to make a real success of him. Every woman knows that it is the nature of the male of every species to be the dominant factor in the home. The boy lords over his little sister; the lover wants to direct every breath of his sweetheart; and every husband since Adam wants the "obey" in the "hook-up" to stand.

Now the question is: What do I value more, the comforts that my substantial salary would provide me, or the love and welfare of my husband?

I would advise any other woman under these circumstances to hold on to her job, but if the man in question happened to be *my* husband, I'd follow him to the ends of the earth; live in a tent if necessary; because I couldn't run the risk of losing him. And why, do you ask, would I be so foolish? It's an old mysterious alibi, but it still holds good: "Because I love him!"

By JESSICA JONES
New York Medical Exchange, 489 Fifth Avenue, New York

IT'S rather a Hobson's choice for me. I had a chance to make a decision some years ago and I chose to marry my husband. Right then I was committed to my future actions, for I said, "For richer, for poorer, for better, for worse." Can I now say, "Oh, I was only fooling; I meant as long as suited my convenience"? Or, "As long as he earns more money than I am capable of earning"? Hardly. I can't now decide that my future and my career are more important than his. If I take that view of things I should have stayed single.

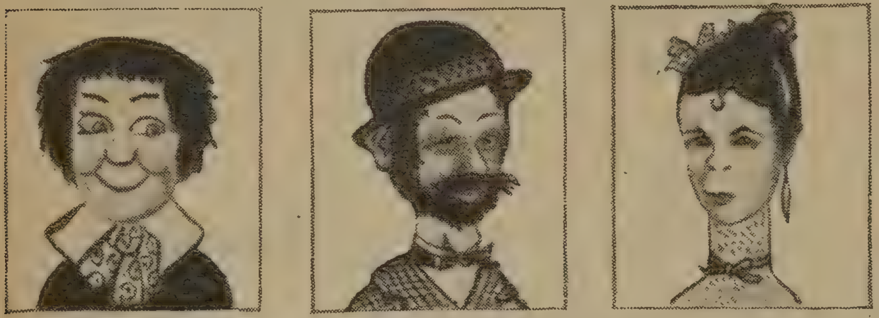
If he had proved unworthy in any way, my decision would be different, but he has been kind, hard working, intelligent, and I love him. That's the most important point. I love him. In that case, how can I expect him to stay here just because there are greater opportunities for me? Would it be love to watch his self-respect wane, to watch him become increasingly unhappy each year?

And here's a point that is not so noble. I am at present earning $250 a month and he is unemployed. That means $125 apiece for us. If we go to that little city and he takes the job for $150, I can get a job at $100. I know I can. I'm good and I have been earning so much more. There you are, you see. We are back to our $250 a month. He is earning more than I am, which is wonderful for his morale and wholesome for mine. Expenses are lower because it is a smaller community and our $250 here is lasting much better than mine used to. He has his self-respect and I have the consciousness that I am not selfish enough to jeopardize both our futures.

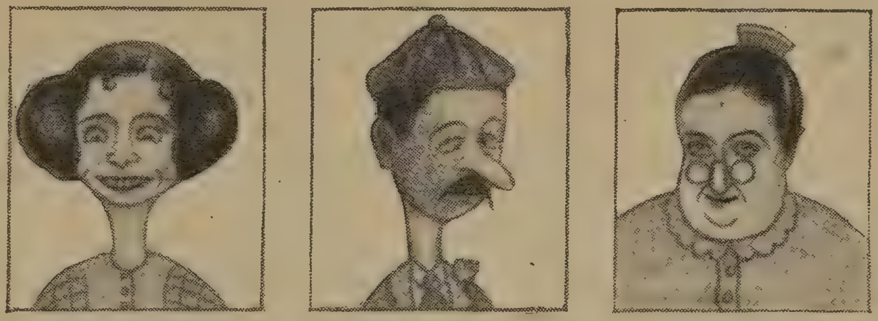
Answers to the question in Liberty for November 8 will be published next week.

$500 for Funny Faces—Here Are the Prize Awards

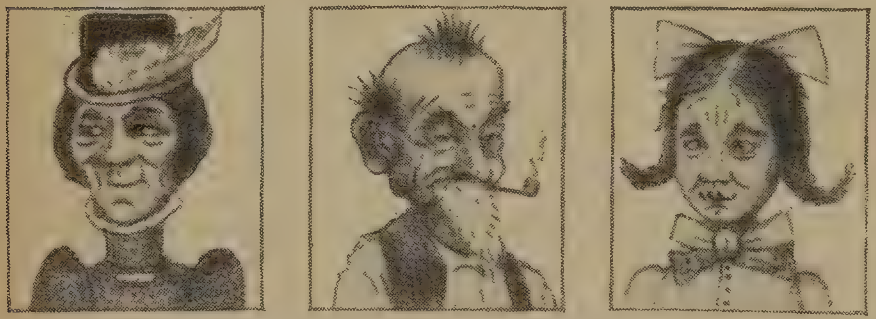
for the funniest faces made from the pictures of Marilyn Miller, Sidney Sutherland, and Natalie Moorhead, in our November 1 issue



FIRST PRIZE, $200—For these faces by Kuhn Roberts, East Radford, Virginia



THIRD PRIZE, $50—For these faces by Ada Shoberg, 1906 First Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota

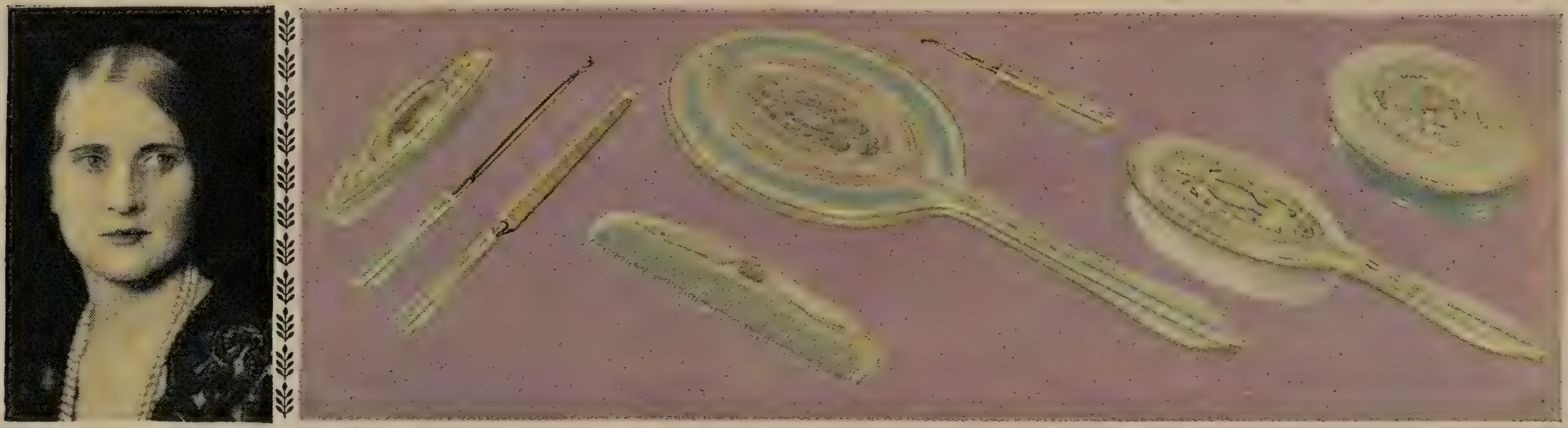


SECOND PRIZE, $100—For these faces by Daisy Johnson, 2218 Belmont Boulevard, Nashville, Tennessee

$5 PRIZES

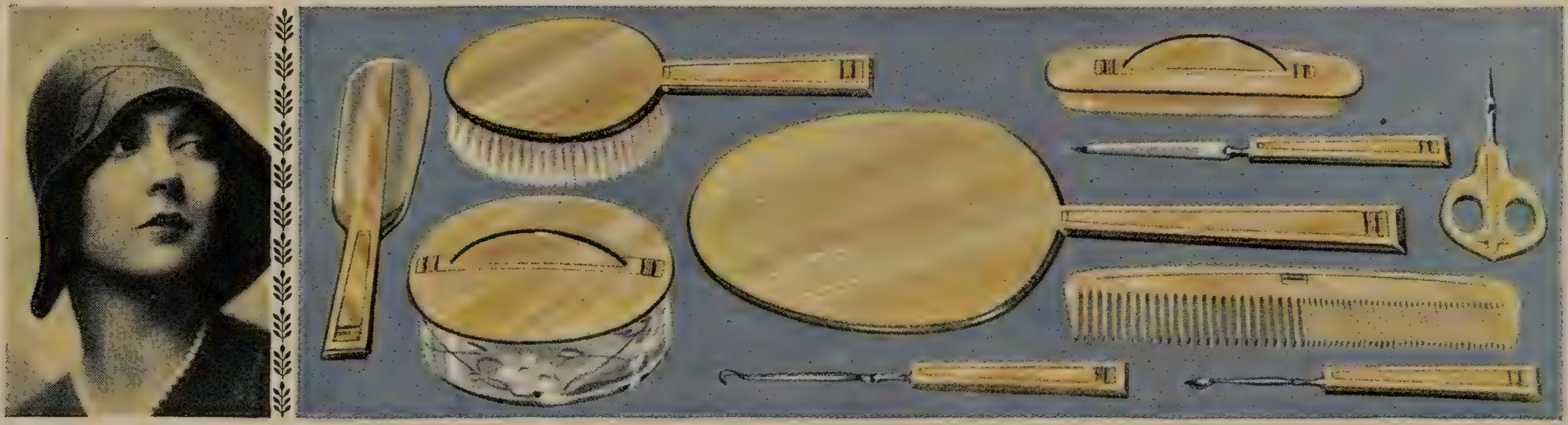
for the week have been awarded to Mrs. Joseph L. Burns, Jr., Jonesboro, Ark.; L. E. Burrier, Tiffin, O.; F. Callahan, Seattle, Wash.; Deedie Dunlap, Rock Hill, S. C.; Mrs. Palmer Hanson, Scobey, Mont.; W. P. Hayes, Portland, Ore.; Elizabeth Kaemmerer, Columbus, O.; Louis B. Kern, Dayton, O.; Chester F. Larson, Chicago, Ill.; G. D. Long, Kansas City, Mo.; A. O. Mason, Port Huron, Mich.; Doris May, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Hollis McLaughlin, Williamsport, Pa.; Lloyd McMahon, Lake Charles, La.; Bede Millican, Cocoa, Fla.; Mrs. W. R. Meek, Marion, Ind.; Hazle K. Michaud, Franklin, N. H.; Sarah Montgomery, Salt Lake City, Ut.; Jane E. Morey, Albany, N. Y.; Reginald Patterson, Winnipeg, Man., Can.; Anna Paulson, Irwin, Pa.; Jared Pidgeon, New Canaan, Conn.; George L. Pugh, Asheville, N. C.; George Schaefer, Camden, N. J.; Gail Shyrer, El Dorado, Kan.; John J. Tanner, Hollywood, Calif.; Edith R. Ward, Baltimore, Md.; Robert J. Widmer, Racine, Wis.; Nona Wilson, Stephenville, Tex.; Doris B. Winsor, Bryantville, Mass.

More Funny Face prize winners next week



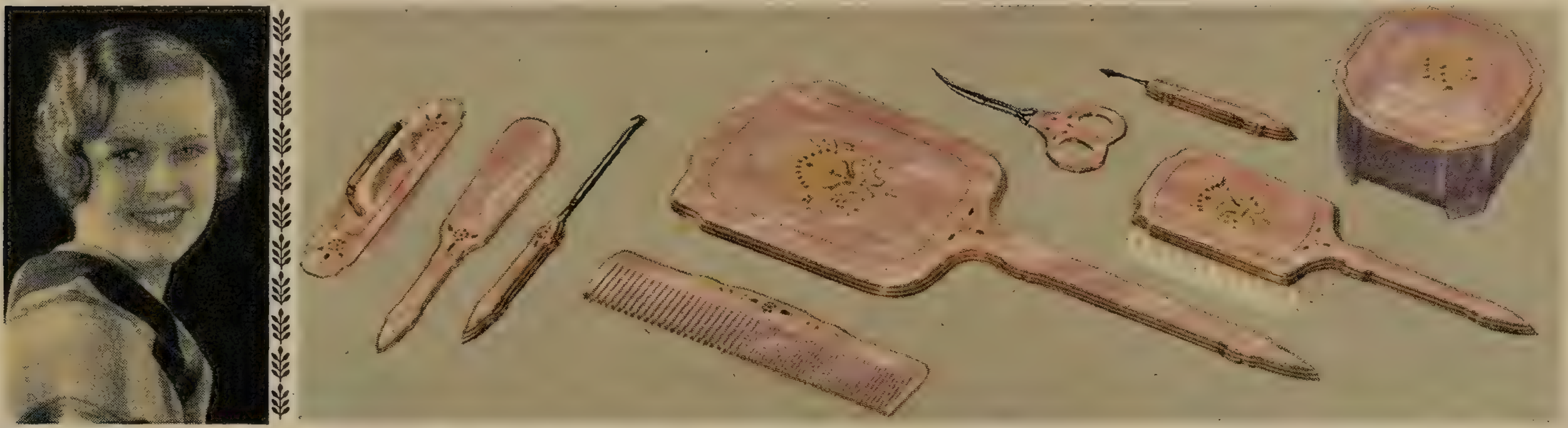
BECAUSE SHE (YOU KNOW WHO) WANTS HER DRESSING TABLE TO BE SMARTLY LUXURIOUS BUT PRACTICAL, TOO...

trianon—In Lucite, Springtime Green and Peach Antoinette, with harmonizing decorations. $16.00 to $33.50 (depending on number of articles selected).



AND BECAUSE DU PONT ASKED NOTED ARTISTS TO DESIGN CORRECT ACCESSORIES FOR EVERY STYLE OF BOUDOIR...

lustris—Satin Lustre surface on Crystal Pyralin in Jade, Maize or Rose ensembles. $15.00 to $27.00 (depending on number of articles selected).



MAKE HER VERY HAPPY WITH ONE OF THESE ENSEMBLES...

madelon—Obtainable in Jade, Rose, Maize or White pearl-on-amber Pyralin. $10.00 to $20.00 (depending on number of articles selected).

WHAT does a woman want? More than anything else, she wants things that go well with her clothes, harmonize with her furniture and suit her personality . . . In short, things that carry out Fashion's supreme law of the Ensemble.

It was for her (*and for you*) that famous artists designed these marvelous new sets for her boudoir . . . smart as if they had come straight from an Exposition des Arts in Paris. And, very cleverly, they created them in so many fashionable colors and textures that you can select the one that will be appropriate for her boudoir and her personality.

Every pattern comes in ensembles of whatever size meets your needs. Every piece bears the famous du Pont oval trademark, and that is your guarantee of perfect craftsmanship. The sets shown above, and many others, are on display now in all the leading department, jewelry and drug stores. Du Pont Viscoloid Company, Inc., 330 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

When buying a fitted traveling case, too, ask for toilet accessories by du Pont

DU PONT

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DU PONT ACCESSORIES FOR THE BOUDOIR

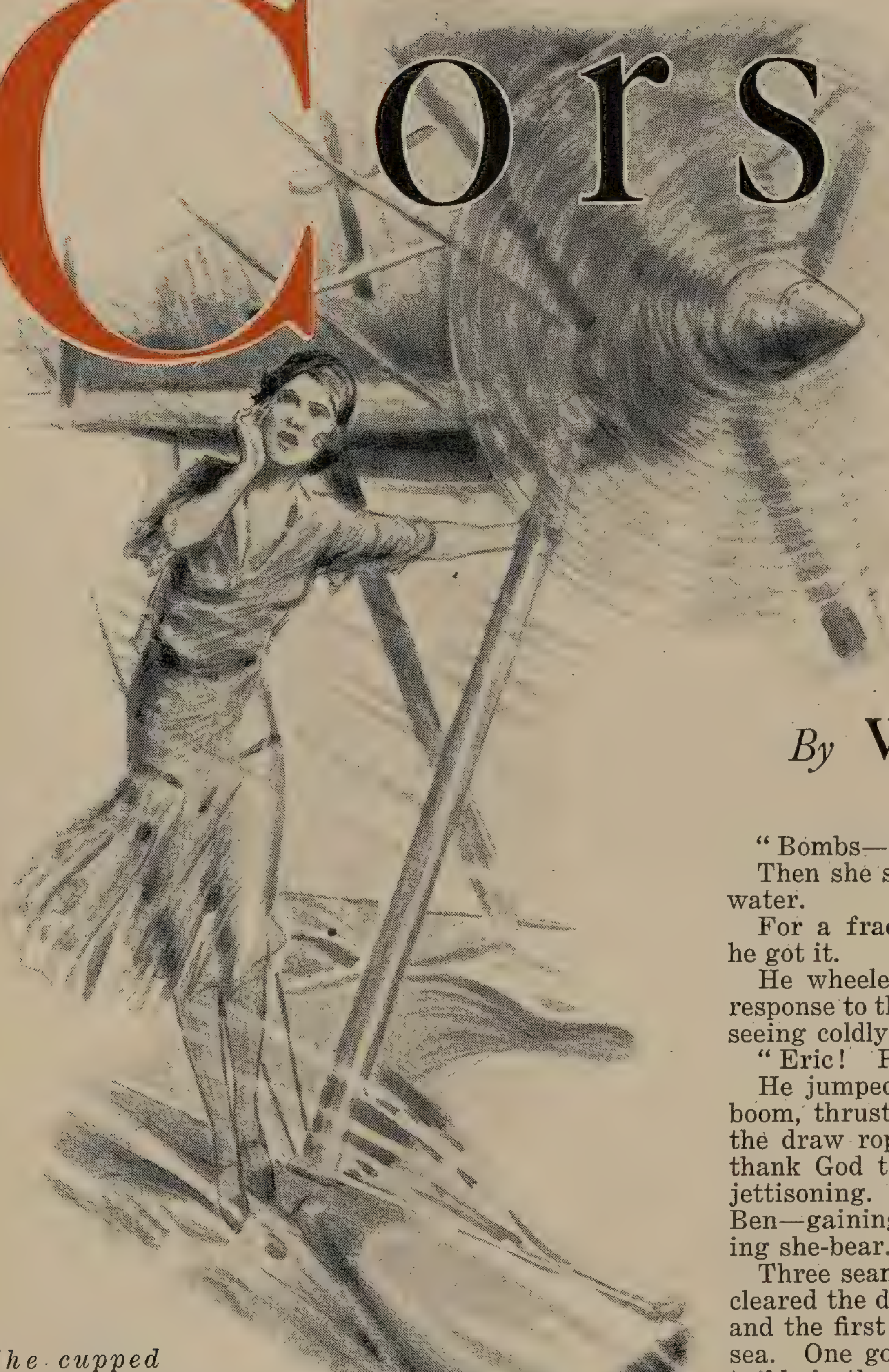
Lucite · Pyralin · Arlton

Corsair

The Love Story of a Modern Buccaneer

By WALTON GREEN

Pictures by HARRY T. FISK



She cupped one hand and shouted: "Bombs—planted—in—your deckload!"

(Reading time: 26 minutes 3 seconds.)

THIS is the story of John Hawks, liquor pirate. After many successful ventures he held up an unresisting schooner and robbed her of her whisky. But his friend, Slim Hermann, who had been a prisoner on the schooner, tried to warn him of danger and was shot.

PART TWELVE—DEFEAT AND VICTORY

THERE is a brain-numbing effect to the sight of sudden death. The only thing that astonishes a man more than seeing another man shot is to be shot himself.

John Hawks stared at the shapeless thing floating face down in the water. Slim? Why, he was just shouting something! What was it?

From overhead and astern there came a snapping roar. The seaplane zoomed down, struck water sharply off their starboard quarter, and taxied, splashing, abeam of them—abeam and heading for the spot where Slim floated.

The woman in the rear cockpit dropped her binoculars, climbed swiftly down to a pontoon, and clung to a strut. She cupped one hand and shouted, her clear contralto cutting through the wind with certain audibility:

"Bombs—planted—in—your—deckload!"

Then she slipped to her knees and reached out to the water.

For a fractional instant John Hawks stared. Then he got it.

He wheeled from the rail, every nerve in lightning response to the stimulus of danger. He was seeing red—seeing coldly and magnificently red again.

"Eric! Peters!" he yelled. "All hands—quick!"

He jumped for the tackle swinging from the derrick boom, thrust the big hook of the snatch block through the draw rope of the nearest netful of whisky cases—thank God the deck hands had netted them ready for jettisoning. A squat figure was beside him—Captain Ben—gaining the deck with the clumsy speed of a fighting she-bear.

Three seamen heaved on the purchase. Slowly the net cleared the deck, then the rail. A yank on the trip cord, and the first boatload of whisky cases splashed into the sea. One gone. Only one more. The men laid on the tackle in the gasping silence of desperation.

Hopping was stumbling down the ladder—Hopping, with Bentinck and Alison behind him.

John saw the girl.

"Get back, God damn you!" he snarled. "Take her back, Chub. All of you, back! Open fire on the schooner, Chub—she's making off. We'll blow her to hell—if she doesn't us."

"Easy does it, mister," growled Captain Ben. "It's all but overboard now—"

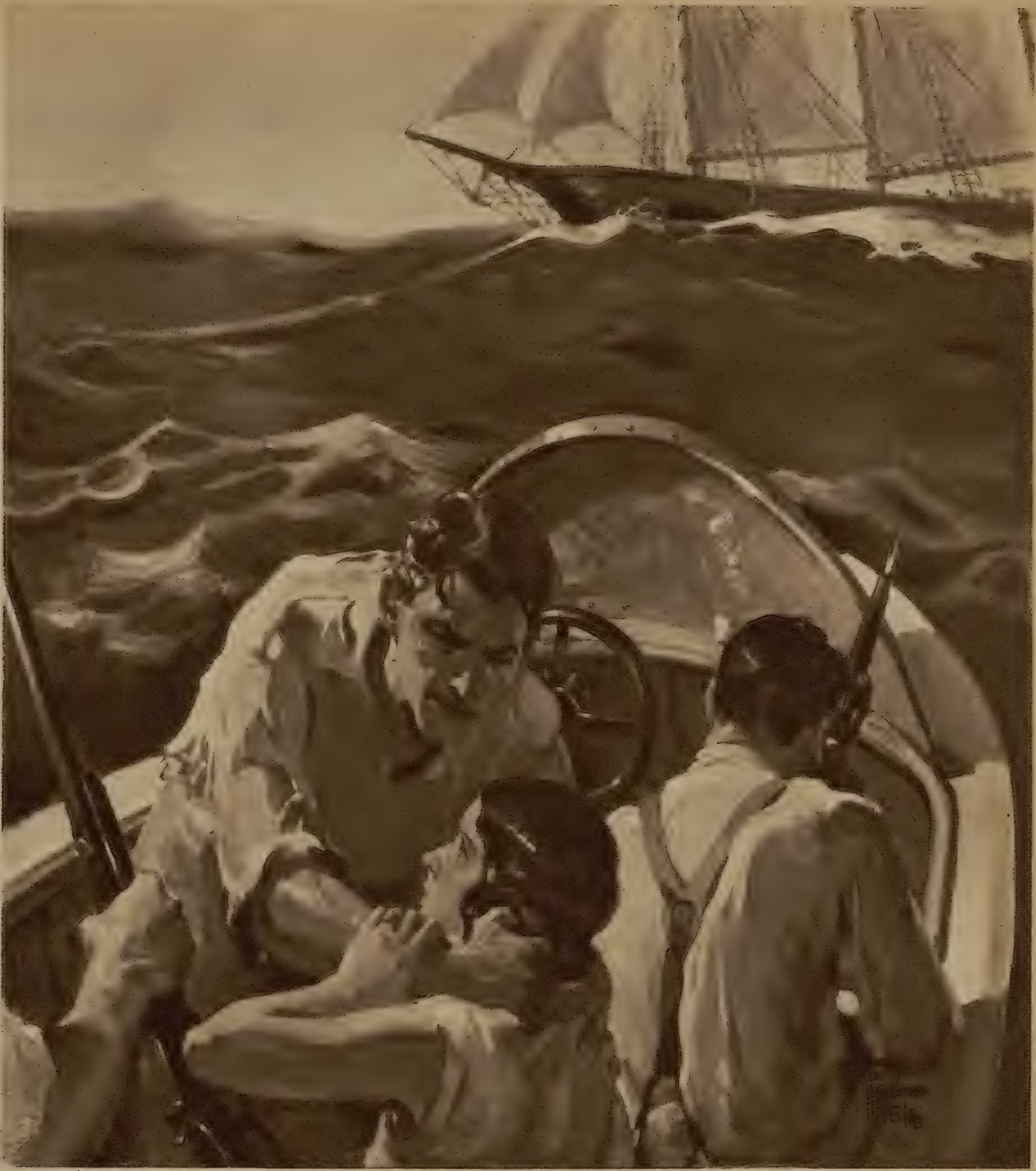
Slowly the boom rose. The second netload cleared the deck, then the rail. The cord was yanked; the great rope bag struck the water with the splash of a diving whale.

Johnny laughed outright—his rare laugh.

And simultaneously with his laugh the ship was struck—struck as though she had rammed a rock at full speed. Struck, and thrown reeling on her beam ends. Shuddering and slow, she righted herself and rolled heavily back to port—rolled back in time to meet the falling geyser of sea water from the subsurface explosion. And almost instantly she began to settle by the head.

Captain Ben picked himself up and walked to the rail. He glanced casually at the gaping wound just below the water line. Glanced casually, and spat meditatively and disgustedly at the inrushing torrent of waters.

"Ten minutes at the outside, mister," he observed, and trotted toward the bridge. "All hands into the boats," he commanded.



John dropped the wheel. His left hand closed on her upper arm—his right gripped the back of her neck.

"Right!" snapped John. "You get 'em off. I'm going in the launch."

"Huh-huh," grunted Ben. "An' if the boats hadn't of been overboard we'd all be swimming for it."

By the time Hawks reached the waist of the vessel she was twenty degrees by the bow. They couldn't have cleared a single boat. John looked over the starboard rail, then ran to the port side.

Good! Chub and Alison were safely in the longboat. The launch was lying forty feet off the quarter, with its crew in place and ready. The deck hands and engineers were piling over the side into a work boat.

BUY NOW!

"You there Eric!" he called down. "Where's the steward?"

"In Mr. Hopping's boat," answered Eric. "He sent the steward over first, sir."

John cursed inwardly. Damn Chub—he'd think of food if he was falling out of a plane at dinnertime. John ran for'ard. Alison's voice came from the longboat. She was standing up; seemed to be arguing with Hopping.

"I—want—Richard—he's—still—aboard!"

John stumbled back toward the saloon.

"Coming, coming," called the Honorable Bentinck, emerging from the companionway. "I just went back to fetch my pipe."

He was lighting it as he swung a tentative leg over the sloping rail. He had Hopping's novel under his arm.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

"Got to have a pipe and a book if we're going to drift around in a beastly skiff," he explained.

"I'm going in the launch—after the schooner," said John shortly.

"Ripping," drawled Bentinck. "May I come along?"

"I guess so," snapped John; "only get off this boat."

Bentinck obeyed.

Hawks glanced toward the bridge. All cleared except the skipper. "Come on, Ben!" he shouted. "None of this going down with your ship business. Come on."

Captain Runker came out, carrying his chronometer case and sextant.

"You bet you I'm coming, mister," he answered, heaving himself along the upslanting rail. "I wouldn't go down with this here packet if she was settin' in a bathtub o' water."

The ship gave a lurch. Her propellers lifted clear of the water. An afterhatch blew off with the air pressure.

"Shove off below," called the captain to the last boat. "She's agoin' to dive. Ketch these." He dropped his instrument cases to the reaching hands of a sailor in the boat. "Shove off, an' keep clear o' the suction."

John swung over the rail. "All right, Ben—let's go."

"Never did like swimmin'," growled the skipper as he leaped after his owner.

Hawks swam to the launch, scrambled over the bow, and seized the wheel.

"Full ahead," he called over his shoulder to the engine man. He held straight for the schooner, with not so much as a backward glance at the sinking Nosila.

The Queseda was in full flight, making it wing and wing dead off the wind. Already she had opened up a mile lead. And the launch was built for utility and not for speed.

"Never catch her unless the wind drops," John groaned, his eyes glued to the schooner's wake. "Must have a kicker, the way she's footing. Eric, lay out the gas masks again, and a bunch of eggs. Bentinck, you'll find a couple of rifles under the starboard seats. Try a little sniping if they open on us."

"Me too," chimed the voice of Mr. Hopping.

"You here?" demanded John. "Thought I'd told you to look out for Alison!"

"That's why I'm here," returned Chub gloomily.

John swung around. The girl was sitting beside Bentinck, very wet and bedraggled. She did not look up. John glared, then bit his lip. After all, it was Bentinck's lookout.

"She kicked me in the shins and pushed me overboard," complained Chub. "So I had to swim after her. Next time I go to sea it'll be on a ship where there isn't any of this nonsense about women and children first," he finished bitterly. Alison sniggered. John bit his lip again, and stared ahead. They were gaining on the schooner. The wind was slackening perceptibly.

BUY NOW and Bring Prosperity Back!

"WATCH that bird in the stern, Bentinck," warned Hawks. "He'll begin shooting as soon as we're in range."

"Right-o!"

"Alison, come for'ard here and get down behind the shield."

"I'm all right here," said Alison.

"Behind the shield, please," repeated Hawks quietly.

"I prefer it here," she returned coldly.

John dropped the wheel, and was over her in a jump. His left hand closed viciously on her upper arm, his right gripped the back of her neck as one would a rabbit. He half dragged, half flung her to the floor boards in the bow.

"Behind the shield, please," he repeated gently. "And keep quiet."

"My word!" exclaimed Bentinck enviously. "You wouldn't dare do that if you were going to marry her."

John made no answer. Alison, her thin nostrils dilating like a blooded horse's, gave no other sign. She crouched where she had been put.

They were picking up the schooner fast. Not five hundred yards separated them. Bentinck was firing with the methodical detachment of the rifle range. So was the man at the taffrail of the other vessel; but his target was small, and the steel shield deflected his best shots.

"That's the man that shot Slim," said John slowly. "I hope you kill him. Take the wheel, Eric."

John stood up, tucked his sodden shirt into his sodden duck trousers, and tightened his belt to the last notch. He unbuttoned the top three buttons of his shirt and dropped half a dozen grenades into the improvised sack. He reached into the arms chest, selected an automatic and strapped it to his thigh. He dropped two extra clips of cartridges in his shirt. Lastly he adjusted his gas mask. "I'm going aboard over the stern," he stated. "Peters and Flynn, follow me." He tossed them masks. "Ericson in command of the launch. Rest of you give us a barrage of eggs until we hit the deck."

"OH, I say," protested Bentinck between shots, "aren't I in on this? You said—"

John tossed him a mask. One of the sailors strapped a pistol about his waist.

"No grenades," objected Bentinck. "I can't work the beastly things. Hah! Believe I winged one of the Johnnies that time." He lowered his smoking rifle.

"Stand by!" warned Hawks. "And watch out for knives—these spigs are mean knife-throwers. Steer for her rudder, Eric—straight under the counter. All right—give 'em the gas—"

He flung three grenades, crawled over the bullet shield, and crouched. The launch nosed up and closed the gap. John drew a few deep breaths, thrust the mouthpiece of the mask between his teeth, and jumped.

He caught the upright of the starboard davit, swung an instant, flung his leg over the taffrail, and crawled under the suspended jolly-boat. Bentinck was a hand jump behind him. The two sailors swarmed up alongside on the port davit. Flynn, barely over the rail, stopped a bullet, and fell back to the deck of the launch, cursing foully and clutching his drilled shoulder.

John knelt down behind the abandoned wheel. Only two men on deck—staggering and clawing at their eyes. Rest must be below—or in the rigging, above the gas. Yes, that was where the plunging fire came from.

The schooner, her wheel free, was broaching to: the mainsail jibed, she lurched heavily, and came broadside to the wind. Gas would be gone in a minute, thought John. Have to fight it out. Damn the rifleman in the foretop.

He ran forward, dodging, jumped to the hoops of the mainmast, and swung himself up the big stick as a linesman climbs a telegraph pole. He did not know it, but Bentinck was behind him. Halfway up—and clear of gas—he tore off his mask. He must breathe—and see; get to the crosstrees and stop that devil in the foretop.

The mast shielded him for the moment. But he couldn't shoot yet; needed both hands to climb.

He heard muffled explosions from below. Good. Peters was throwing grenades down the companionways. That would bottle 'em; stop everything except the man on the foremast.

At the jaws of the gaff he paused for a quick look. A bullet smashed into a halyard block and flicked a splinter into his cheek. Not high enough; must get above him.

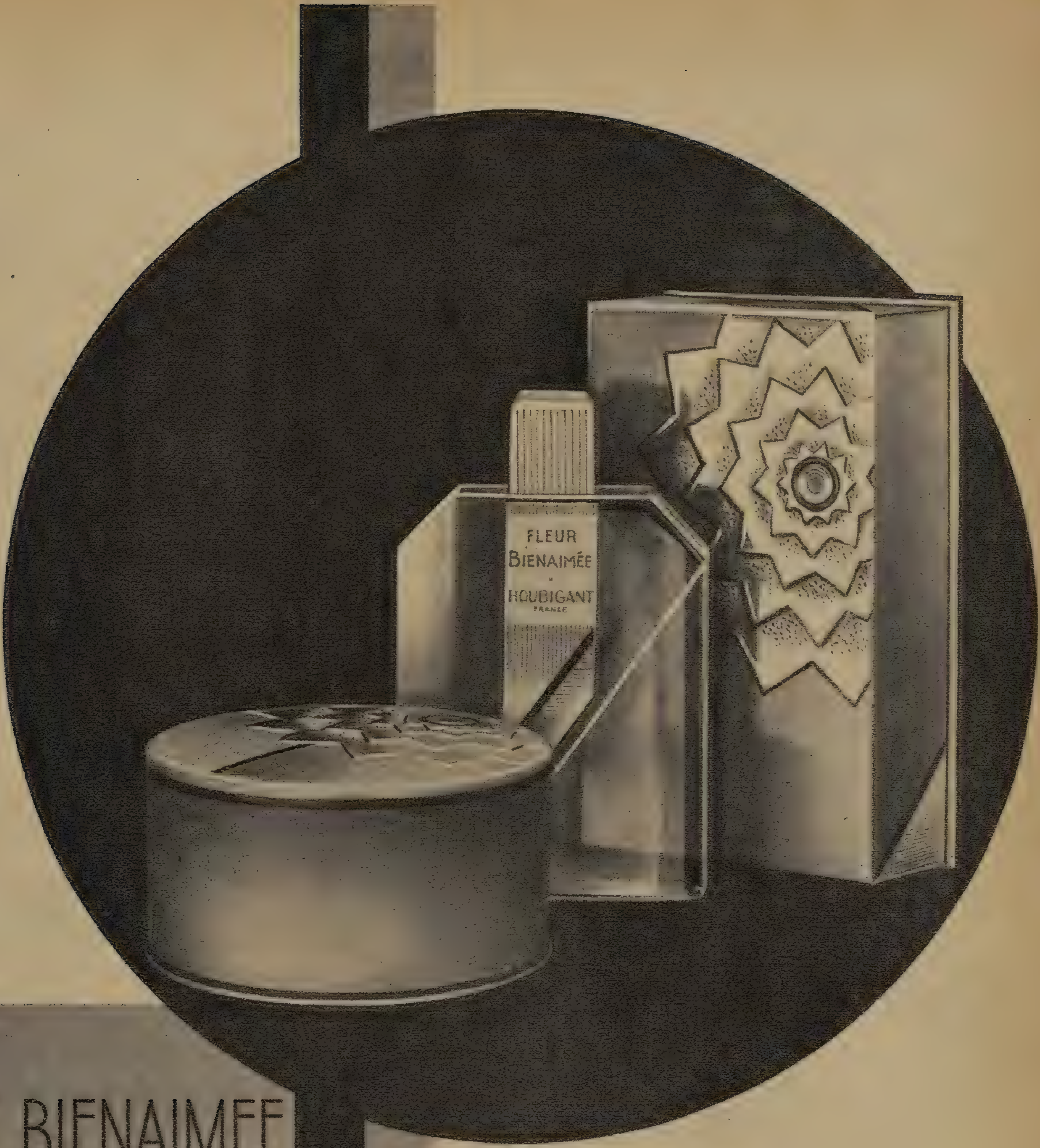
He climbed on up and sat on the crosstrees, straddling the mast. He was now sitting above his man, and with a fat mast between them.

He crooked his left elbow around a peak halyard and yanked the automatic from its holster.

"Drop that rifle and get down," he commanded across the twenty feet that separated them.

"Go ter hell and—" snarled the man with an obscene

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-FOUR]


FLEUR
BIENAIMÉE
HOUBIGANT
FRANCE

FLEUR BIENAIMEE
(*Beloved Flower*)

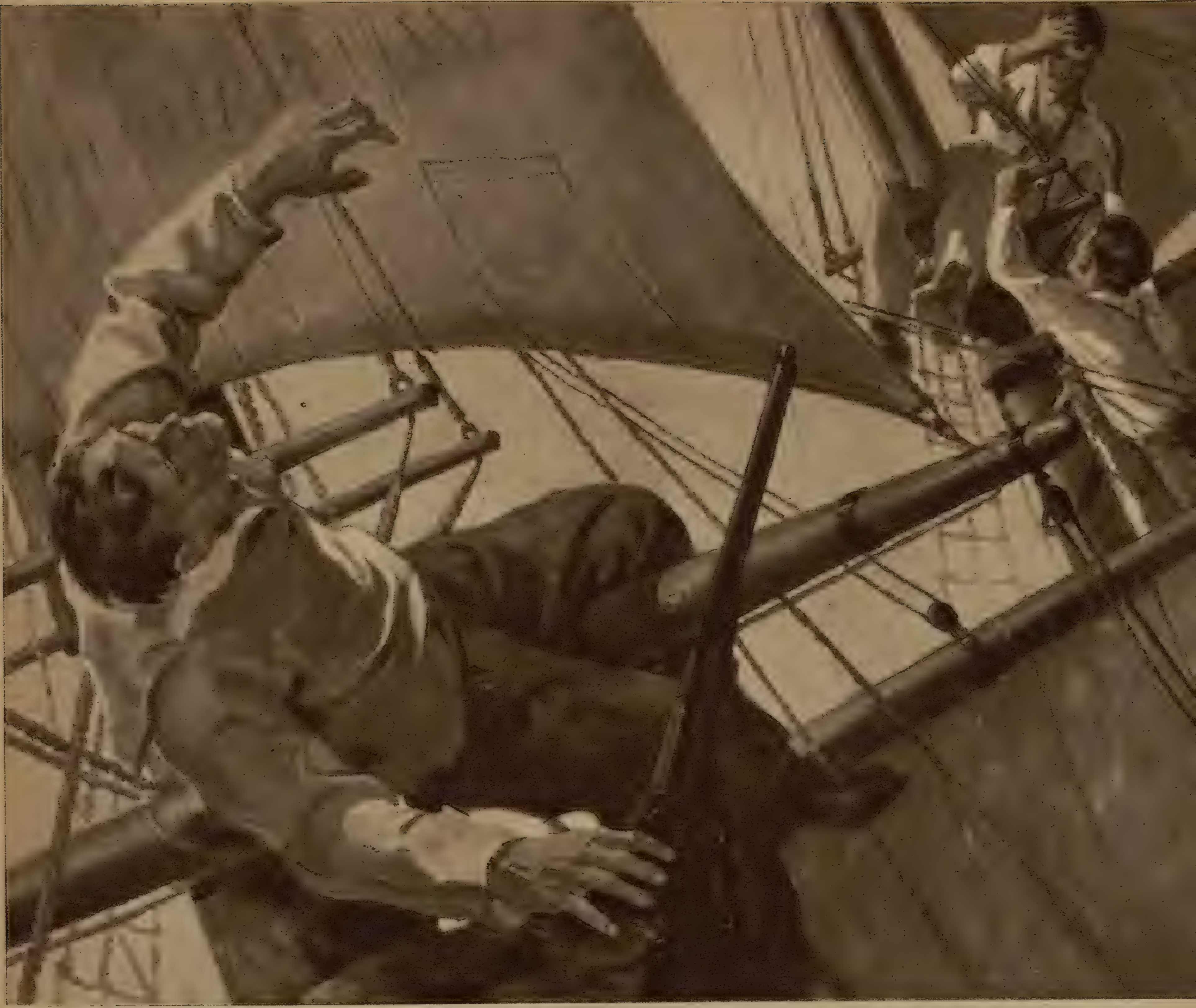
LE PLUS MODERNE
DES PARFUMS

HOUBIGANT
PARIS

PRESENTED AT
SIX, TEN AND
EIGHTEEN DOLLARS

PURSE SIZE FLACON
ONE DOLLAR

FACE POWDER
ONE DOLLAR



The man's rifle clattered to the deck, striking before the man's body.

CORSAIR

Continued from page seventy-two

invitation. "I got the cook, an'—" He punctuated the defiance with a rifle shot.

For a split second he was exposed. In that second John fired twice. But the man fired too.

John's pistol clattered to the deck.

The man's rifle clattered to the deck, striking before the man's body. The body spread-eagled and caught in some rigging on its way down.

John Hawks' body sagged limply too, and a great red streak welled up along his temple. His legs were still over the crosstrees. His head and torso rolled back and fell across the arm and shoulder of Bentinck. Bentinck, with his legs laced sailor fashion in the ratlines beneath the trees, braced himself and hung on.

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

Had Hawks been standing up when he was creased, there would have been nothing to it—but the long drop to the deck—and death.

As it was, Bentinck braced himself and held on. He had to hold on for some time—which was not pleasant with a bullet hole through the palm of his left hand.

But hang on he did. Resistance had ceased with the killing of the man in the top. And at the end of ten minutes they were both lowered to the deck.

Hawks was still out. Bentinck and Flynn had gunshot wounds. Beyond this no casualties. Hopping, who had followed aboard when he saw his chief start aloft, had rounded up and secured his prisoners for'ard: four men all told, including the captain. The fifth man, he of the fighting top, was ballasted and sent over the side.

John opened his eyes to find Hopping and the Corning girl bending over him. He sat up, and touched his head gingerly. Bentinck, smoking his pipe, leaned against the rail.

"Where's my shirt?" demanded John uncomfortably.

Alison laughed.

"Most of it's around your head. I tied Richard's hand up with the rest."

"Shot?"

"Yes."

"Me too?" asked John.

Chub answered:

"Just creased, boss—beaned across the coco. But you'd have gone west all right if Bent hadn't grabbed you before you fell."

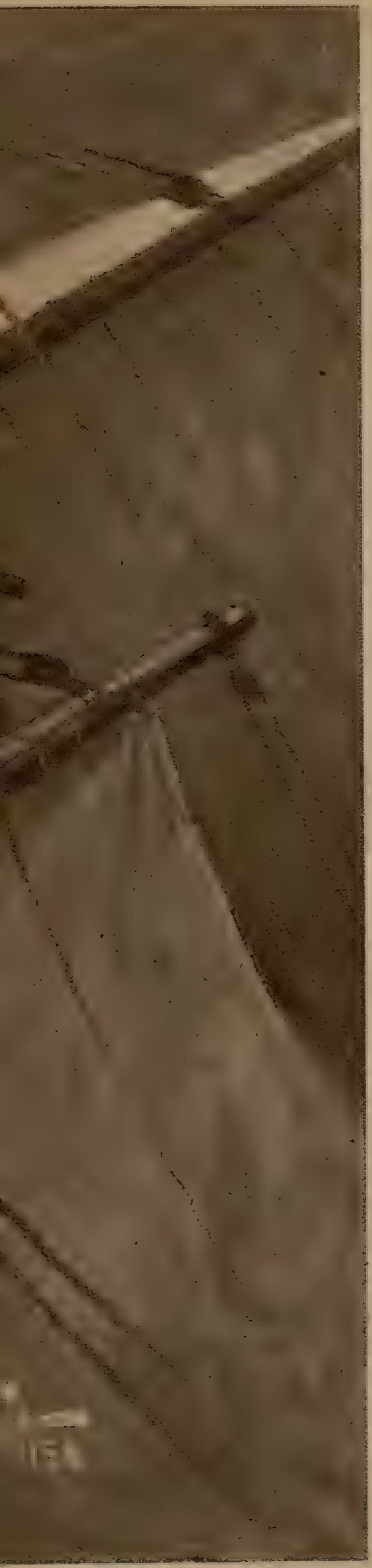
"Oh," said John slowly. "I—thanks awfully, Bentinck."

"Nothing at all, my dear fellow." Bentinck waved his pipe in easy deprecation.

"Nothing at all," chimed Hopping irrepressibly. "England expects every man to—"

"Shut up," snapped John.

"My heroes!" murmured Alison, picking up the little man's mockery.



John frowned, but said nothing. Chub would joke to the gates of hell. But a woman—Damn it! Was there no limit to modern callousness? He got shakily to his feet. He was utterly unconscious of the curious light in the girl's eyes. The deeper the feeling the lighter the words—with some natures. But it would have taken a deal of explaining to make John Hawks understand this.

"WHERE'S the launch?" he demanded.

"I sent her back to tow up the boats," said Chub.

"Good. Did you have any trouble on deck here?"

"No. After Peters had gassed them to a fare-thee-well I helped him tie them up. I came right up close to the captain. I wasn't a bit afraid."

"He was calmly standing on deck, taking movies of you going up the mast," Alison broke in, "while the man in the other mast was shooting at him."

"Oh," said Chub uncomfortably, "I thought he was shooting at John. You did look funny, John. I hope the film comes out well."

John grinned and gave up. He moved aft to the wheel. Peters lounged idly on the spokes as if he had sailed the vessel for years.

"Nice little scrap, Peters," remarked Hawks.

"Yes, sir. Your head all right, sir? An' if you'd mind the wheel a minute, I'll go for'ard an' back the staysail: she'll lay better that way, sir."

John took the wheel. His head throbbed abominably. He picked up a pair of battered glasses that lay beside the wheel box, and watched the string of boats that was towing up behind their launch. He could make out a woman's figure in the longboat with the skipper. The seaplane had disappeared.

The other three came aft and leaned over the rail, watching the approach of the boats.

"Who was the girl in the plane

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The
Type of
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You know her type. Wholesome. Charming. And thoroughly competent in business. She can do her own thinking—and isn't confused about mouthwashes. She knows that "bad breath" should be cured, not obscured. If she were troubled by it, she would seek professional advice. . . . She uses Lavoris, not only because it is an excellent deodorant, but because she is a bit fastidious—prefers products of honest merit and ethical approval. Because she is cleanly—likes its agreeable, refreshing flavor and the wholesome exhilaration Lavoris gives her mouth and throat. Because her health standards are high—and the detergent, stimulating action of Lavoris is a protection against mouth ills. . . . No matter what mouthwash you may be using now, switch to Lavoris for a week. See how clean your mouth feels, with the germ-harboring film gone. Visit your dentist regularly—as often as he suggests—and use Lavoris daily. At drug counters everywhere.

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LAVORIS CHEMICAL CO., Minneapolis, Minn., Toronto, Canada

DO AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU

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CORSAIR
Continued from page seventy-five

that hailed us?" asked Bentinck. "Rippin' sportsman, I call her."

"Yes," said Hopping slowly, "she was what they call the moll of the man who was killed in the water—trying to warn us. They don't come any finer—than those two," he added softly.

"No," said John Hawks. "The end of that story isn't written yet, and I'm heading north to write it."

They relapsed into silence. Presently Hopping detached himself from the group at the rail and joined Hawks at the wheel. "What do we do next, chief?" he asked.

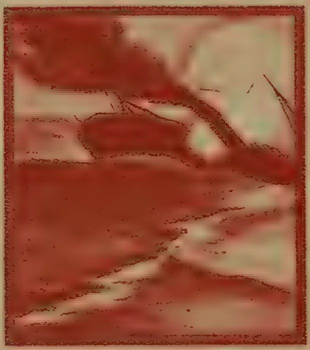
"Get our people aboard, scuttle our small boats, sail this schooner to the rendezvous, and deliver the rest of the liquor to Burton Childs off Tampa Bay."

"What about this schooner?"

"Turn her loose. We'll go ashore in Childs' steamer."

"Yes—and then?"

"The north again. I've got a new Big Idea, Chub. We'll talk it over on the way up."



Chub sighed. "I sort of hoped—with the old pickle boat sunk and everything—that we could have a few weeks' vacation down here. It's early spring yet, and most of the crowd's still here."

"The women, not the men," retorted John. "I want the men. Mr. Corning's starting north shortly—soon as he gets his daughter back alive, I guess."

"Don't believe he'd worry if he didn't," observed Chub. "He's afraid of her. So am I," he added simply.

John smiled slightly, but failed to rise to the bait.

"TELL you what, Chub—I'll promise you all the vacation you want in a very few weeks. But just now we've got to strike while the iron's hot."

"While you're hot, you mean. Oh, well, have it your own way."

"By the way, what's our total net to date? Not figuring this cargo, of course," John demanded.

"Twelve hundred and forty-two thousand—for a year and a half's work, plus sixteen hundred I have with me for current expense," said Mr. Hopping promptly.

"Hum," reflected John. "Not so worse. But didn't the sixteen hundred go down with the Nosila?"

"Hardly," said Mr. Hopping softly. "I have a dummy film spool in my camera case—that's why I carry it around with me. Also, it's much better protection than a revolver—if you think about it."

"You're crazy," laughed John.

"Not at all," said Hopping stoutly. "Suppose I'd climbed on this boat waving a gat and gnashing my teeth, like the rest of you movie heroes! Why, I couldn't have hit anyone, and anyone could have shot me. Do you see?"

BUY NOW and Bring
Prosperity Back!

"Huh!"

"But no one thinks of shooting a man with a movie camera at his eye. Human nature, my son, that's all. They don't want to spoil the picture, especially when they know they're in it. I'll guarantee to stop any murderer on earth by grinding away at him with a movie box."

Hawks was chuckling.

"Yes," continued Chub, warming to his theme. "All you got to do is yell 'That's fine—hold it!' and the maddened wretch halts with eyes gleaming and knife upraised—while you grind away and let someone else shoot him."

"Cut it!" groaned John. "My head aches enough anyway. Listen, Chub, what'll we do with Sophy Kolof? I—you know—I can't bear to face the girl when she comes aboard."

Hopping glanced astern.

"They'll be here in a few minutes," he said slowly. "Just leave her alone, is my dope. Alison will look out for her."

"We'll have to send her north—and sort of take care of her," suggested John.

"Keep her working, keep her busy, that's the best thing. It'll be good for her and she'll be valuable to us. If there's any plain or fancy killing you want done, right now is the time to let Sophy Kolof do it."

"I've had enough killing. Damn it, man—can't you ever lay off the bitter, cynical stuff?"

Hopping, for a rarity, did not answer. When he next spoke, it was with unwonted seriousness.

"John, do you remember how cut up you were after you thought you'd killed O'Toole's guerrilla in the alley that night?"

John's eyes took on a steely look.

"Yes," he said coldly. "And I know what you're driving at. The answer is that killing that man today doesn't make me turn a hair. I've put all that behind me long ago. I knew it would happen sooner or later. It's part of the game. It's war—private war—and they are ready for it. I won't ambush, or kill in cold blood. I won't even shoot first—you know that. I rob these men, and if they try to kill me I kill them, that's all."

"Isn't that what the bandit says when he kills a cop who is shooting at him?" asked Chub.

Hawks frowned, perplexed. "N-o, not exactly. The cop is not a criminal. He's doing his duty against an enemy of society. I'm not an enemy of society; I'm an enemy of criminals. There's a distinction, I think."

"There's a distinction between you and me," observed Hopping laconically. "I'm doing all this because I have a criminal mind, and I know I'm a crook, and I love it, and that's an end of it. But you're like all the rest of the really big shots of humanity—you've got to dig up some highly moral alibi for your highly unmoral performances. Your kind rides roughshod through history with a Bible in one hand and a blackjack in the other. All I can say is—more power to you," he ended piously.

"Yes," said John seriously, "you can kill all you want, but that's just about what I've been thinking lately. The only thing that counts is how you end up."

Hopping subsided like a pricked balloon.

"Well," he said gloomily, "I s'pose you'll feel still better when I tell you the guy in the foretop was the same guerrilla that stuck you up in the alley a year ago."

"What!" exclaimed Hawks. "How do you know?"

"The schooner captain told me. It seems this man asked for the job, and O'Toole sent him down to bump you."

John's eyes narrowed, but he did not answer directly.

"About time we went north," he said slowly. "Well, here are the boats. Ask Captain Ben to step aft, will you?"

II

IT was something over two weeks later, in the city of New York, in the same old upper Fifties, in a basement restaurant, in a rear room, and at an iron-topped table, that Sophy Kolof and Charles Hopping sat side by side at dinner. "I haven't seen him for nearly a week," Chub was saying. "He's working on a build-up and he says he'll wise us when it's ripe."

"Yes?" she said. "And what's his latest Big Idea?"

"He doesn't want to buy another boat. Figures on pulling one or two big jobs from the shore end."

"He's safer at sea."

"That's what I've been telling him. He's walking all around town without any bodyguard at all. D'you s'pose O'Toole's going to lay off him after that Key West job? Not so you'd know it. I'm worried stiff about him, Sophy, for a fact. And about you, too."

"You should worry about me," she said indifferently. "I'm O.K. An' nothing much matters, anyways."

"I know, Sophy. But, say—Bigger John says you're to draw Slim's split till further notice."

"Huh-huh. Tell him thanks. I don't really need anything now. I been hiding out most of what we've took in this last year. And I don't know what I can do for you."

"You can do lots. How hot are you in New York?"

"With the bulls? Not at all. They haven't even got my fingers downtown. I never been mugged, and I've never took a rap."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-EIGHT]

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A rental of $140,000 a year will be derived from subleases of stores in this particular section alone. This income will make it possible to reduce the rates of many rooms throughout the entire hotel.

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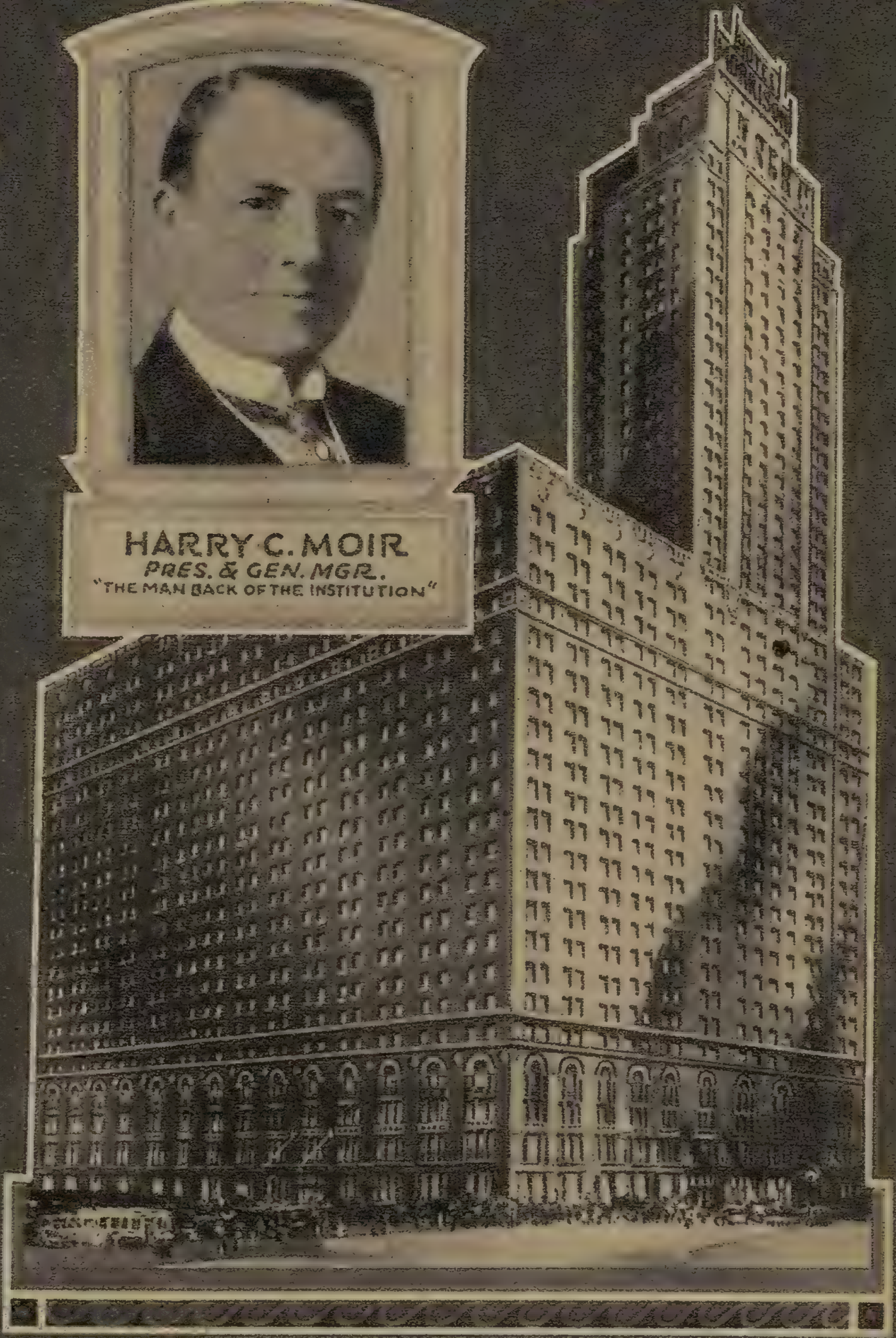

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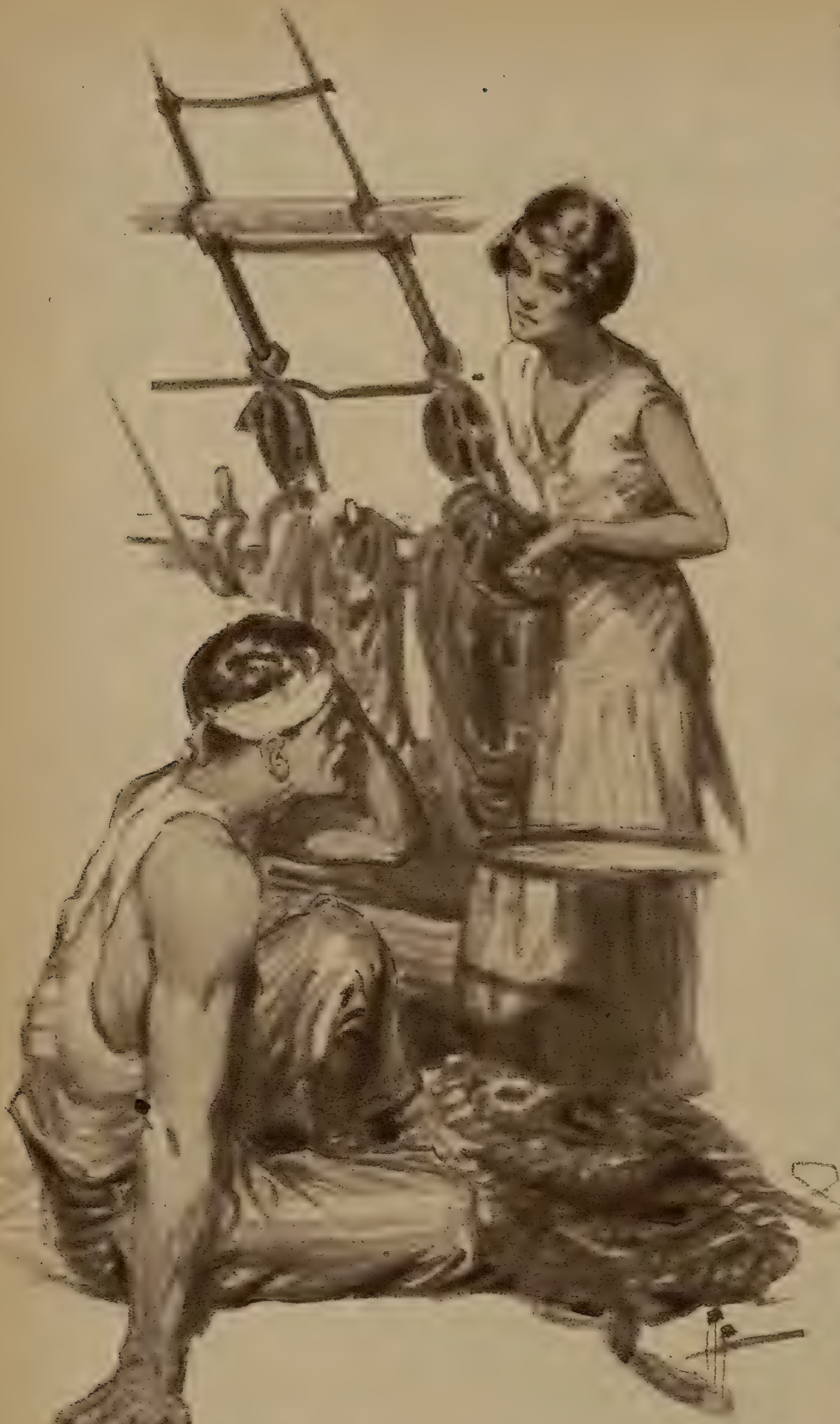
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

Morrison restaurants are nationally famous for their perfect menus and moderate prices. In the Terrace Garden you can dine and dance amid colorful surroundings. The historic Boston Oyster House is noted for its delicious sea foods.



"My heroes!" murmured Alison. John frowned, but said nothing. Was there no limit to modern callousness?

CORSAIR
Continued from page seventy-six

"With O'Toole's mob I meant."

"Oh, all the old-timers know me, o' course, going back six, seven years to when Little Solly was shot. An' back o' that to when they killed Midge Meyer on me. But they don't know I was in this liquor racket along with Slim."

"Did anyone make you in Havana?"

"Not that I knows of—outside of—of—"

"Yes—Fish-face you mean. Don't get jumpy about saying it. He was a yellow cur and had it coming."

"I ain't jumpy, nor sorry neither. I was jest thinking I hadn't orter of told anyone—not even you an' B. J. But I wanted the both of youse to know that I'd bumped him so's I could get away in time for—for Slim—an' for you people. It wasn't nothing else—y'unnerstand?" She looked at him keenly.

"I understand," said Hopping slowly; and it may be set to his credit that he did understand, and that he did not let her know how well he understood. And, lastly, that he thought the more highly of her.

"I understand, Sophy," he repeated gently, "and I hate to ask you to do anything more."

"O'Toole's bunch"—she returned persistently to the thought—"I been hangin' round with a couple of 'em since I got back—O'Toole's bunch lays the Ferguson job to a Cuban girl he was keepin'. A girl that had swore to knife him."

"Fair enough," said Hopping. "Well, let me know what you hear. Especially about the chief."

"I'll make a play for O'Toole himself if you say the word."

Chub hesitated.

"Well—feel him out," he agreed finally. "Make sure, first, you're not uncovered. Then find out what you can."

"Huh-huh."

"If you're absolutely O.K. with that mob, I may have you take a room at the McAlpin. There are two men living there John wants to get in on."

"Too bad I throwed our dick down the sewer in Havana. Slim always used to buy 'em for us. I'll give you the address. It's the same company as makes 'em for the Department of Justice agents."

"Good," said Hopping. "And how about tapping telephones? We may need that before we're through."

SOPHY hesitated.

"That's a lot harder. O' course, I can pick up one of the cheap headsets they all uses—them kind that has a pair of spring nippers you can snap on to any wire. But they give 'emselves away to any operator that's on to her job."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Hopping. "I didn't know that."

"Sure. The real good ones, with compensatin' batt'ries and all of them fixings—the kind the government an' the big police departments uses—is hard to find, less'n you can connect with some headquarters dick. And it's a real piece of work to take a wire out—in the city leastways. Takes a expert juicer, b'lieve me—a telephone company man, or a post-office inspector, or some guy like Slim himself."

"Well, see what you can do, Sophy."

"Sure. An' I'll give you a ring when I know something. Where you living?"

Chub gave her the hotel.

They sat awhile after dinner, drinking their coffee and smoking cigarettes. Hopping was tremendously attracted by the touch of thoroughbred in Sophy.

Astonishing woman, he thought. Not so different, in essence, from the Corning girl. Older, but not more weary; harder, but no harsher; and with an answering aristocracy of spirit that jumped the chasm of classes. Sophy he knew to be a Polish Jewess spawned in the sink holes of Hester Street, reared in the gutters of adversity and iniquity, a gangster moll since adolescence. But she had come through it fire-clean. Unsullied, in some queer and unexplainable way—courageous, and true, and loyal above even the warped standards of her kind. Hopping sighed. Damned queer world, he reflected. Here he was, a crook himself, a crook by choice and not by necessity. And yet he was marveling because such elementary virtues as loyalty and fastidiousness should show out in the character of another crook!

Sophy was watching him. "Well," she said slowly, "I got to be moping. Tell me one thing, Mr. Hopping. Is

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

your big boss going to marry that girl that was on the boat?"

Hopping came out of his reverie. "What's that? No, certainly not. She's engaged to the Englishman that was with us. He's the younger son of an earl, you know."

"He might be the older son of a king an' it wouldn't make no difference to her—not if I made her right," observed Sophy sapiently. "Well, good night. Watch yourself, mister. An' don't leave here till I been gone five minutes anyways."

Sophy left the restaurant. At the corner she doubled back into a drug store and entered a telephone booth where she could watch the street. A few minutes later Mr. Hopping strolled past the corner, followed at an inconspicuous interval by a gentleman who had detached himself from the shadows of an areaway across the street.

Mr. Hopping paused and examined the window display in the drug store. Then he walked on a block, and stopped to window-shop again. In the middle of the next block he dropped his bunch of keys, looked back as he picked them up, and satisfied himself that he was being trailed.

BUY NOW!

He walked jauntily on, quite content to let the gentleman put him to bed, as the phrase goes in the world of crime and police. Tomorrow he would shake the man, change his flop, and keep under cover.

What Mr. Hopping did not know, and what the gentleman who followed him did not know, was that Miss Sophy Kolof was performing a like office for the two of them.

When desperate, Sophy had amazing stratagems. In next week's installment of the story you'll see her planning and fighting with every resource in her power.

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The Young Intelligentsia

We were discussing plays one day, when my nine-year-old niece spoke up: "I'll tell you the kind of play I like—the one where a woman puts a fly in her husband's soup and the husband gets mad and starts trouble."—Adele Keating, 25 Claremont Crescent, Berkeley, Calif.

* * *

Just a Natural Cynic

A young mother enrolled her daughter in the first grade of a public school. Leaving the building, the mother said: "Wasn't she a sweet teacher?"

The little miss replied:

"Oh, they're all that way when the mother is along."—G. F. Werth, 2916 Field Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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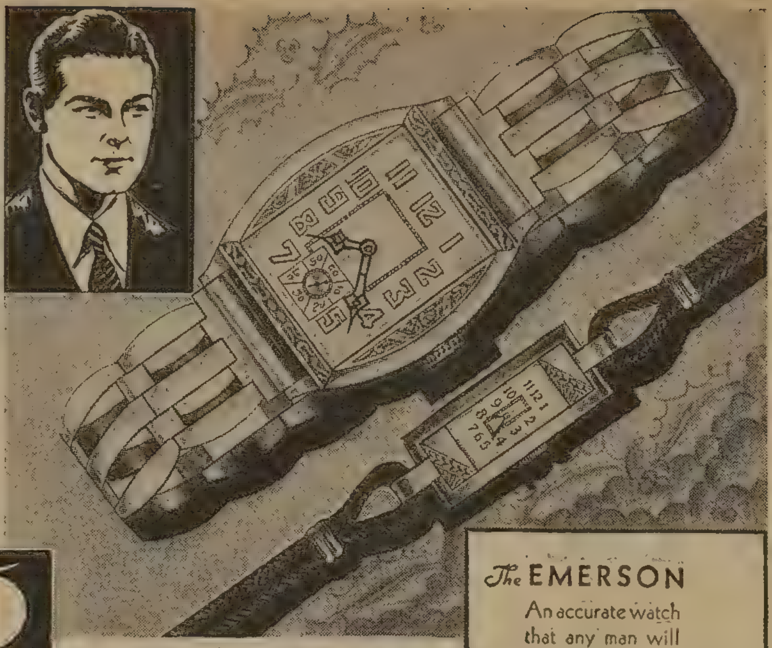

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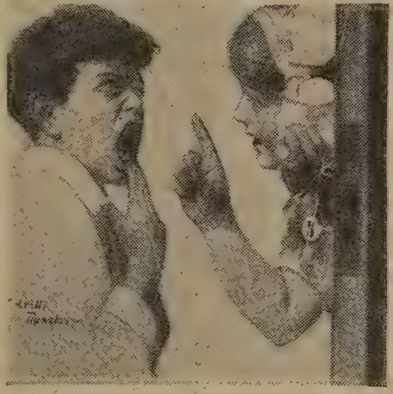
"Now Shut Your Eyes"

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"QUIT stepping on my lawn!" Lil's neighbor, Mrs. Tait, called from her second-story hall window, where she was airing her sickly canary. "I planted bulbs there and I don't want to pull—"

"Oh, pull in your neck!" Gwen Smithers laughed up at her. "I'm not stepping on your lawn. I'm just jumping on it. I'm jumping over fences into every yard on this street. Look!"



This week's cover picture.

She yelled so loudly that many neighbors drew aside their curtains to look. Near-sighted ones wished they had glasses to see more, and far-sighted ones wished they hadn't seen so much of Gwen's sensational leap over Mrs. Tait's spiked iron fence.

"What heart failure!" Mrs. Smithers gasped as she watched her daughter's private Olympic game from her dining-room window, where she was cutting off a dried geranium leaf. Then she opened the window and called, "No more jumping fences! You'll fall and break your neck. Then you won't be able to go to school and you'll grow up stupid."

"I couldn't be stupid now," Gwen giggled, continuing to vault fences. "I know the names of all the continents, the islands off Italy, the difference between an izmus and a pinincellar, and—"

She suddenly stopped airing her knowledge. She had vaulted into the Hancocks' yard—and there sat Red on the porch with his head between his hands.

"Can the yellin'," he mumbled. "My head aches because all my teeth ache an' I'm on my way to Dr. Horton's."

"I'll rub it for you," Gwen offered, sitting right down next to him on the step. "I'll rub it like my mother rubs my father's head when he's had too much beer." And she began to massage his scalp.

BUY NOW!

"That won't help my teeth," Red complained in a weak voice. "Nothing will help my teeth except the borin' machine at Dr. Horton's, an' I'm scared."

"You mean the thing that goes buzzzzzzzzzzzz?"

"Can that noise!" he told her in a sore voice.

"I should think you would want it canned," she giggled with a mean glint in her eyes. "Who wants a riveting machine like that in his mouth, grinding around between his teeth, sawing them off an'—"

"Oh!" poor Red moaned. "Stop it!"

"You're not going to Dr. Horton's," she told him in a pleasant trained-nurse tone. "You're going into my house and I'll fix up your teeth."

"I'll give it a try," he said. "Oh, my tooth!"

"Tooth?" she asked, leading the way through her side door. "I thought you said 'teeth.'"

"This loose one makes 'em all ache," he told her.

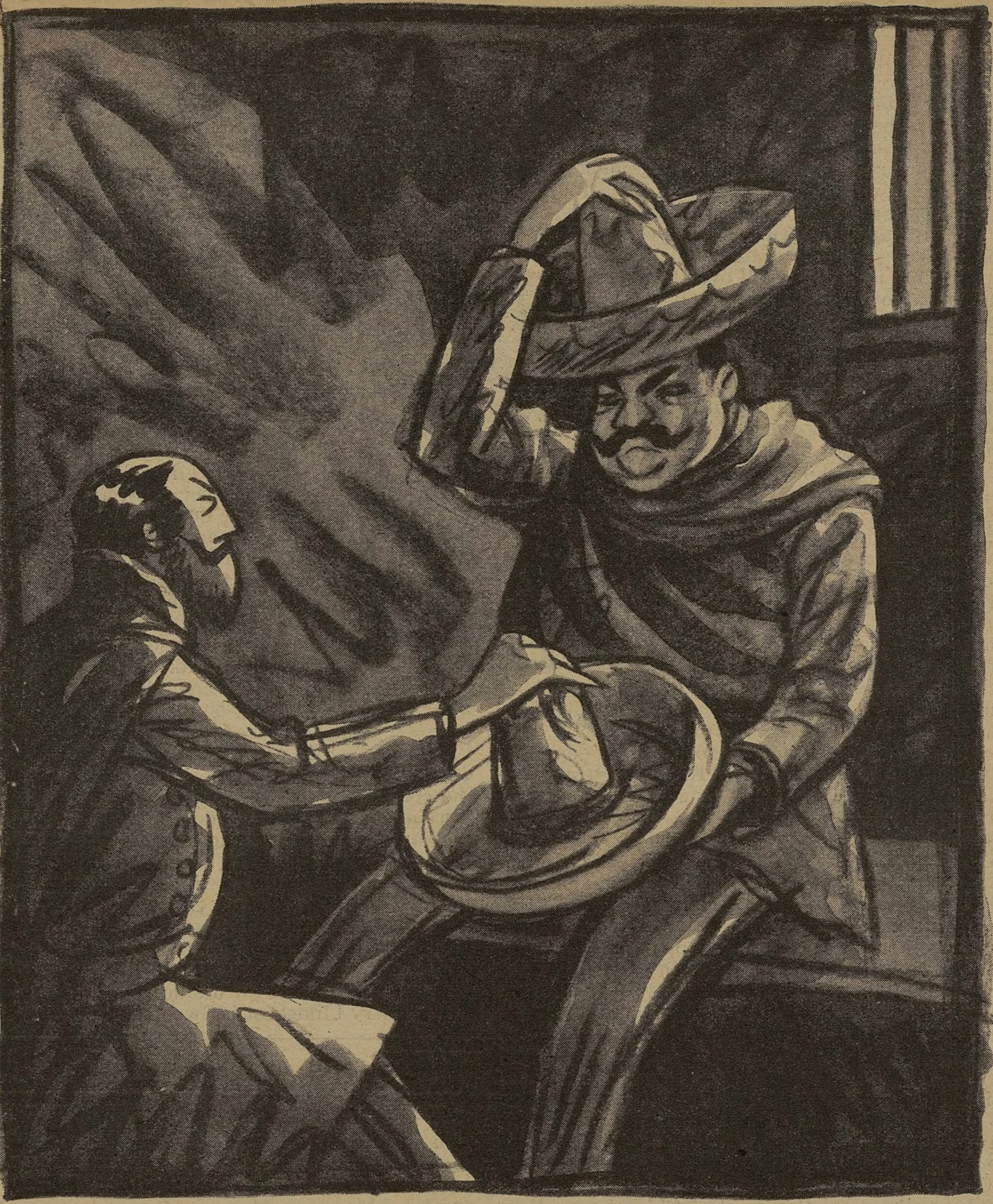
"It won't be loose and give you pain more than two seconds more," Gwen assured him, taking a look.

She held his jaws open with her knuckles while she tied one end of a string around his tooth—and the other end? Around the kitchen door knob.

"Oh!" Red yelled, wild-eyed. "Will it hurt?"

"Oh, no, it won't hurt," she said sweetly. "I'm a swell D. D. S. I'm just going to count to four an' close the door. Now shut your eyes!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Prayer)



Something goes on during the night—they change hats, or something.

A Brief Course in World Politics

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

(Reading time: 6 min. 8 sec.)

THERE used to be a time when anyone could keep in touch with the world's history (if anyone was fool enough to want to) by consulting Rand, McNally's map or by remembering that, no matter what country it was, there were only two things that could happen: either the king could have some people beheaded, or some people could have the king beheaded. It was all very simple and cozy.

But the Great War, in addition to making the old Rand, McNally's map look like an early American sampler with

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTY-ONE]

"God Bless Our Home" sewn on it, and in addition to making the average man's income look like what you find in the pocket of last winter's suit, also made it a great deal more difficult to follow subsequent changes in political parties throughout the world. It has become so complicated that it is hardly worth the trouble. Beyond a certain point the thing loses interest.

For example, we read one day in the newspapers that Germany has gone over from the control of the Workers National Peoples Socialist Centrist Party (with 256 seats) to the Bavarian Nationalist Optimist Fascist Unreinigung Party (with 396 seats), which means that trouble is brewing all over the map of Europe. Now, try as you will, it is difficult to understand this. Especially as the next day you read that the election which hurled the Workers Nationalist Optimist Centrist, etc., people into office, was a preliminary election or *Wahl*, and that the finals have shown that the balance of power resides in the hands of the Christian Hanoverian Revalorization Gesellschaft Party (with fifteen seats and a bicycle), which means that Europe is on the verge of a conflagration, beginning with a definite rupture with the Slovenes (the Extreme Left Slovenes, that is, not to be confused with the Conservative Radical Slovenes or Gas House Gang).

Republicans and Democrats I can understand, but I don't care. Liberals and Conservatives are an open book to me; one is liberal, the other conservative, or vice versa. But when you get twenty-four parties, all beginning with "W," on each one of which the future peace of Europe depends, then I am sorry but I shall have to let Europe figure it out for itself and let me know when it is going to have another war. That is, if it can find me. I still can run pretty fast.

I try to keep up with the political parties of Germany because I am very partial to German food and whatever that stuff is they serve with it. But keeping track of China is something that I can't, and won't, do. Anyone who tries to keep track of what is happening in China is going to end up by wearing all the skin off his left ear from twirling around on it. The only way to follow the various revolutions and army maneuvers in China is to throw yourself on your face on the floor and kick and scream until some Chinese expert comes and explains them to you. Not a *Chinese* expert really, but an American expert on China. A Chinese expert would only serve to confuse you the more.

BUY NOW and Bring Prosperity Back!

YOU simply can't get anything out of China by reading the newspapers or the weeklies. I doubt very much if the newspapers and weeklies can get anything out of China themselves. For, in China, not only do they change parties every twelve minutes, but the parties themselves keep changing. The Northern Army, under Wu Wing Chang, will suddenly, without warning, become the Southern Army under Li Hung Chu. You may follow the Peiping forces, in their victorious march up the left bank of the Yangtze-Kiang and then, on Tuesday morning, read that somebody has blown a whistle, that the soldiers have pulled little strings in their uniforms changing them from red to robin's-egg blue, and that Wu Wing Chang has turned into somebody named Arthur McKeever Chamison of Oak Bluffs, Massachusetts. The last man I knew who tried to follow the Chinese armies ended up by picking little spots of light off walls and putting them in a basket.

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 LEND SLAPS LACS
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OVATE ADELA PANES
LED■AIDS■AMOS■TEN
TREADLE■TRET■MORE
   BEL■ORINOCO
STEED■ARES■MASHIE
THAT■PREY■BASTARD
AIR■IRIS■SUCH■GAD
INERTIA■OTTO■DATA
REDEEM■EDIT■CARES
   SMALLER■HAT
HOST■TEES■REPENTS
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 SLAW STREW DARE
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Answer to the puzzle on page 56

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LEST SMOKE STET
ODOR PARIS CORA
OGLE IRENE RASP
TEES RIN■PRUDES
    THEN■STUB
ANOLIS■CLASSICS
ROVED■BLATS■RUE
IDES■PROSE■BABA
SUR■LEASH■NADIR
ESTRANGE■MOTETS
    ETAS■PUNT
CRAVEN■BIS LONG
ROTE CARET EMIR
ATER ELATE RINE
WANE SATYR STEW
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Answer to the puzzle on page 57

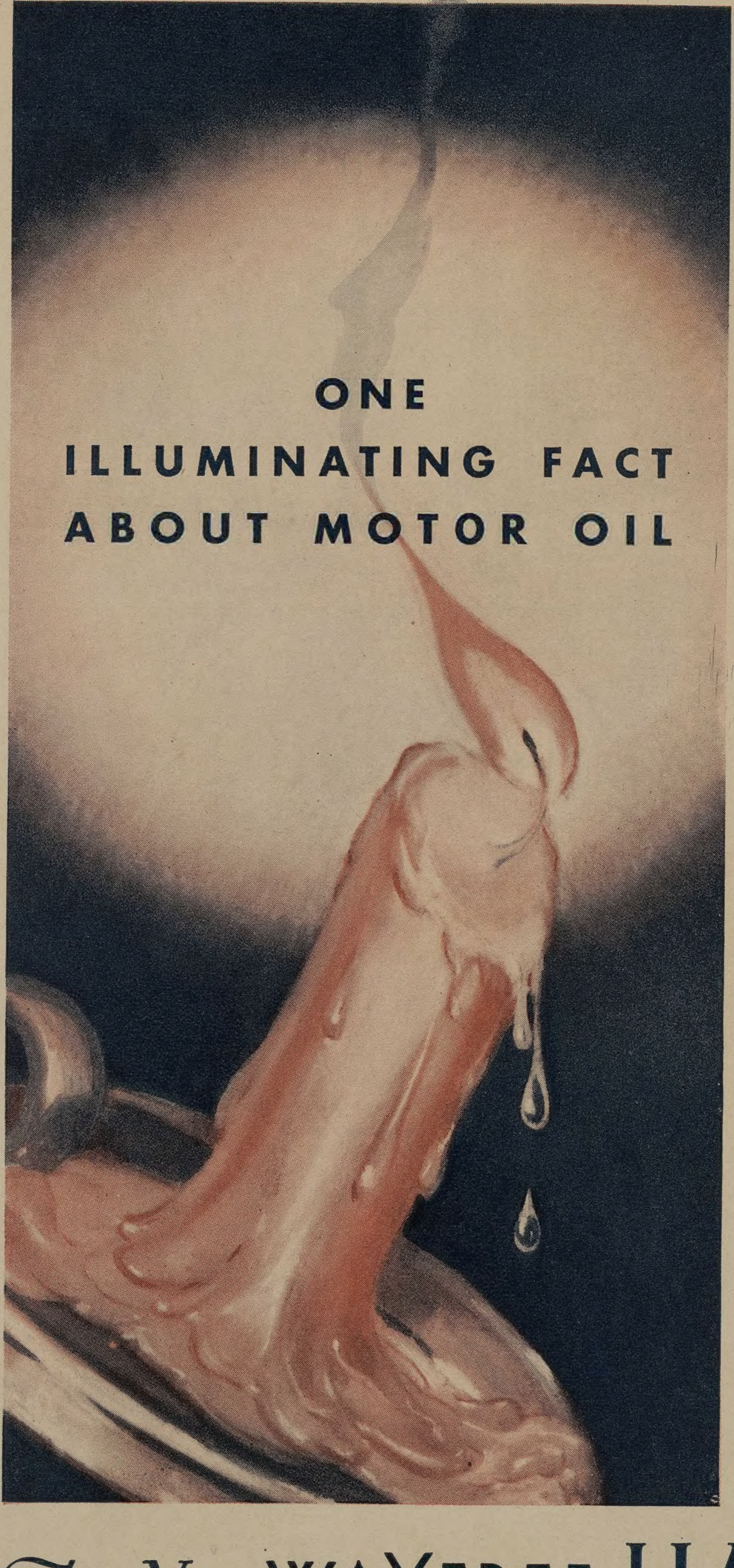
Then there is South America. Or perhaps we should say, there *was* South America. A lot of jokes have been made about South American revolutions and their frequency, but it isn't the frequency so much that is disturbing as it is their going around all sounding alike. It really makes very little difference to me whether the cabinet of Dr. Huijos or the cabinet of General Yrobarja is in power, but I don't like to pick up my paper and find that Dr. Huijos is General Yrobarja. That, frankly, does confuse me, and I resent being confused, especially after I have been following a thing very carefully from one day to another. There must be a lot of activity going on during the night in those South American revolutions, activity that never gets into the papers. Otherwise it wouldn't be possible for one party to be in power right after the salad course at dinner and another one in power, without so much as a word to the referee, before breakfast the next day. *Some*thing goes on during the night—they change hats, or something—and I personally don't like the looks of the thing at all.

OF course, I did get a little needlessly confused over a revolution they had down there some months ago, and I am perfectly willing to admit that it was my fault. I forgot for the minute and thought that Peru was the capital of the Argentine. You can see how that would tie things up a bit in my mind. One day the revolution in the Argentine was settled and the next day it was at its peak in Peru, with no mention (naturally enough, as I later realized) of what I had read the day before about Argentina. "What is this?" was the way I phrased it to myself. One day President Leguia was thrown out and the next day President Irigoyen (who, up to this time, had taken no part in the conversation) was thrown out. And all through it ran someone named President Uriburu. "Maybe I missed the papers one day," I thought. "Maybe I slept through Friday." It was in checking up on this end of it that I came across some items which recalled to my mind that Peru is one country and the Argentine is another, and that cleared up the whole ugly mess for me. When I say "cleared up" I mean nothing of the sort.

It is this sort of thing going on all over the world which makes it so difficult for a sincere student of *Weltpolitik*. The country I like best is Sweden. They have a nice king, who shows up every once in a while in the news reels, so you can keep an eye on him. They may have Centrist and Double-Centrist parties, and, in their own quiet way, they may fight out certain issues among themselves, but there is none of this "Overthrow of Cabinet Upsets World's Balance of Power" or "New Alignment in Ingeborg Menaces Europe's Peace." I would like to bet that they have two parties, the Harvards and the Yales, or the Blue and the Gray, and that when one party is in power the other is making snowballs to throw. That is the way the whole world should be, if you will pardon my making a suggestion.

As it stands now, I am likely to throw the whole thing up and go in for contract bridge. There, at least, you know who your partner is. You may not act as if you knew, and your partner may have grave doubts about you ever knowing, but, in your own mind, the issues are very clearly defined. And that is a lot more than you can say of the world today. (A list of what you *can* say for the world today will be found tucked away in a stamp box in the upper left-hand drawer of my desk. It may be stuck to the under side of one of the stamps, but it should be there.)

Another article by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.



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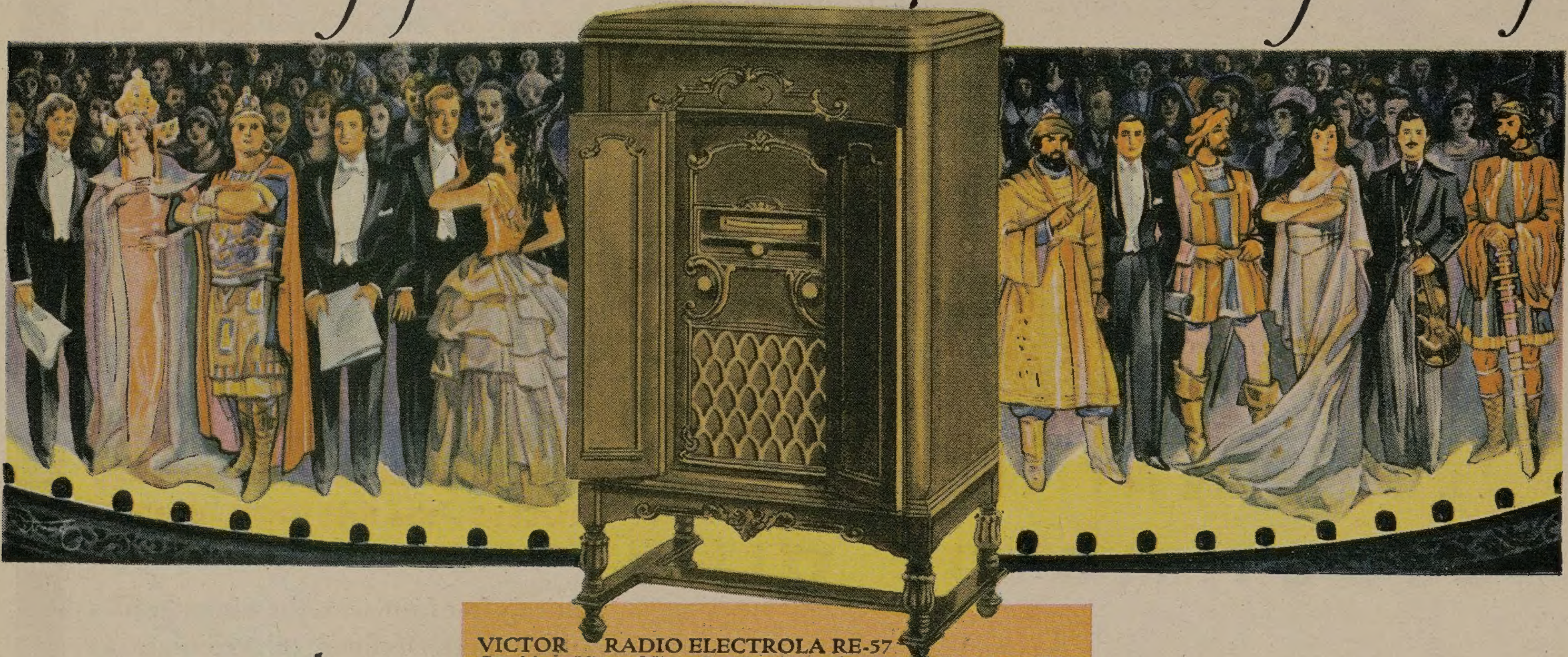
The Gift that keeps on Giving



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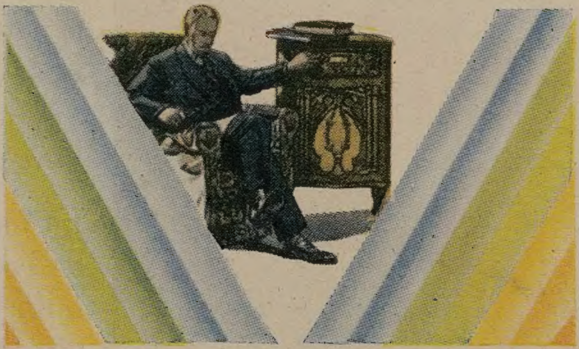

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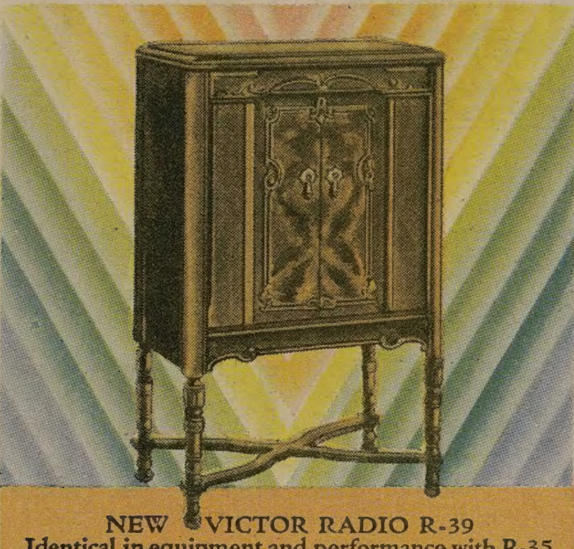

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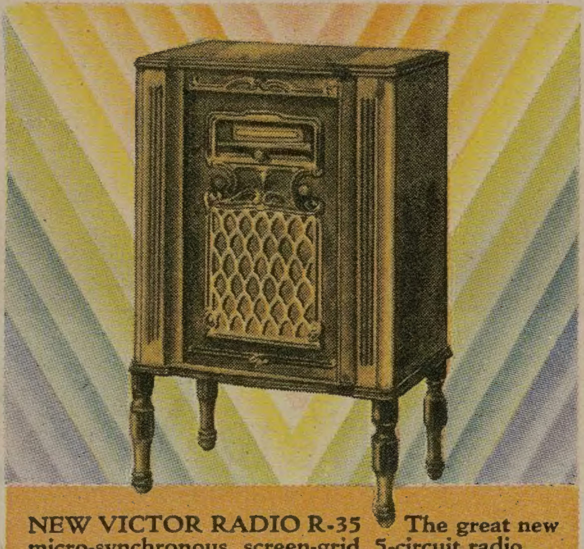

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